

SCREENLAND

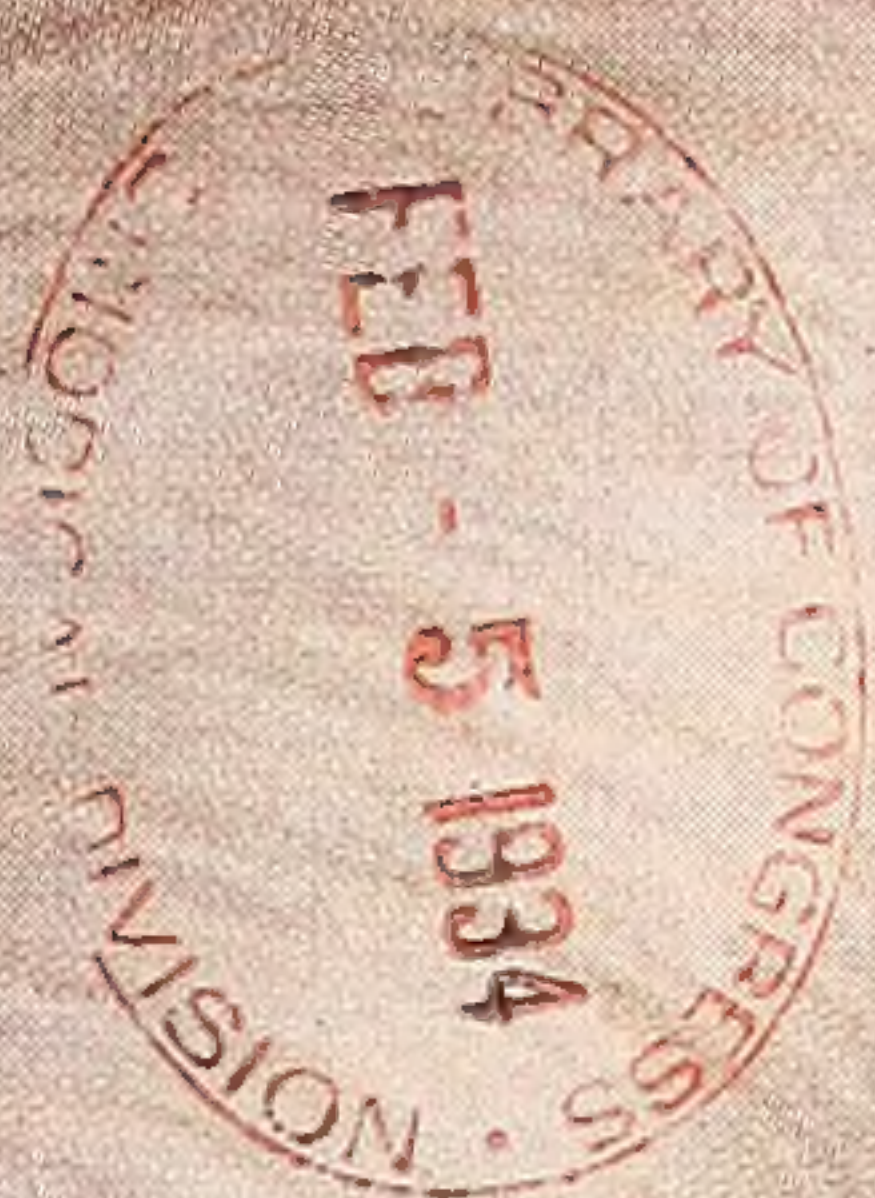
The Smart Screen Magazine



February

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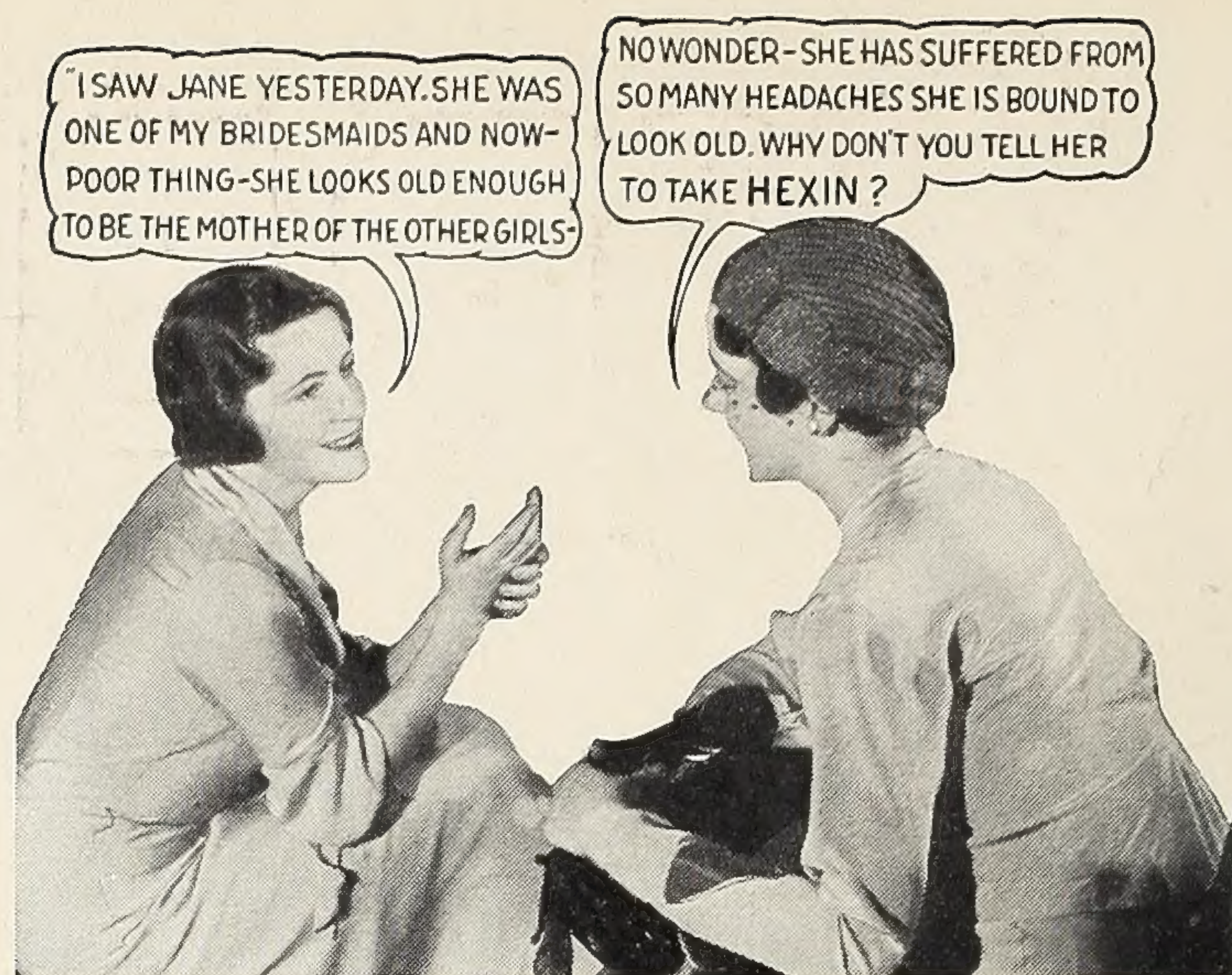
Jean Harlow

Charles Sheldon

Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition
Katharine Hepburn's College Days
Will Hollywood Accept Nudism?

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN Suffer Pain—Needlessly

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically



What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1)

blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago S-5234

Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT



"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship... shedding their good manners with their clothes... casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. The director—Cecil B. DeMille.



NO MEN ALLOWED



"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun... six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. The director—Leo McCarey.



"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams... a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson... the lover—Douglas Montgomery. The director—Richard Wallace.



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Good Pictures!

Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in Marie's birthday picture: "Christopher Bean."



When a month is marked with so many good pictures that we have to begin to review them for you on this page, you know your movie-going will be a pleasure! For example, there is "Christopher Bean," Marie Dressler's "birthday picture." At 62 the Grand Old Girl of stage and screen turns in one of her finest performances as the co-star of Lionel Barrymore in this clever adaptation of the stage play. It's a novel story, with Miss Dressler playing a New England housekeeper and Mr. Barrymore a country doctor whose quiet lives are stirred by the discovery that paintings in the housekeeper's possession are works of art worth many thousands. The struggle between the doctor's greed and Marie's devotion to the dead artist's memory is poignantly told. Not a great picture, but always interesting—and the co-stars are at their best.



"Duck Soup" with the Four Mad Marxes.

They're loose again! The four frenetic Marx Brothers this time get mixed up with the mythical kingdom of Freedonia, with results devastating to sense, sobriety, and sanity. The laughs aren't, perhaps, as deliriously sustained as in their past nightmares. But it's still twice as goofy a comedy as any you've seen in a long time. Margaret Dumont and Edgar Kennedy are present for added fun, and Raquel Torres for pulchritude. In brief, a typical Marx riot. Thanks, boys, for the buggiest ride of the season!

February, 1934

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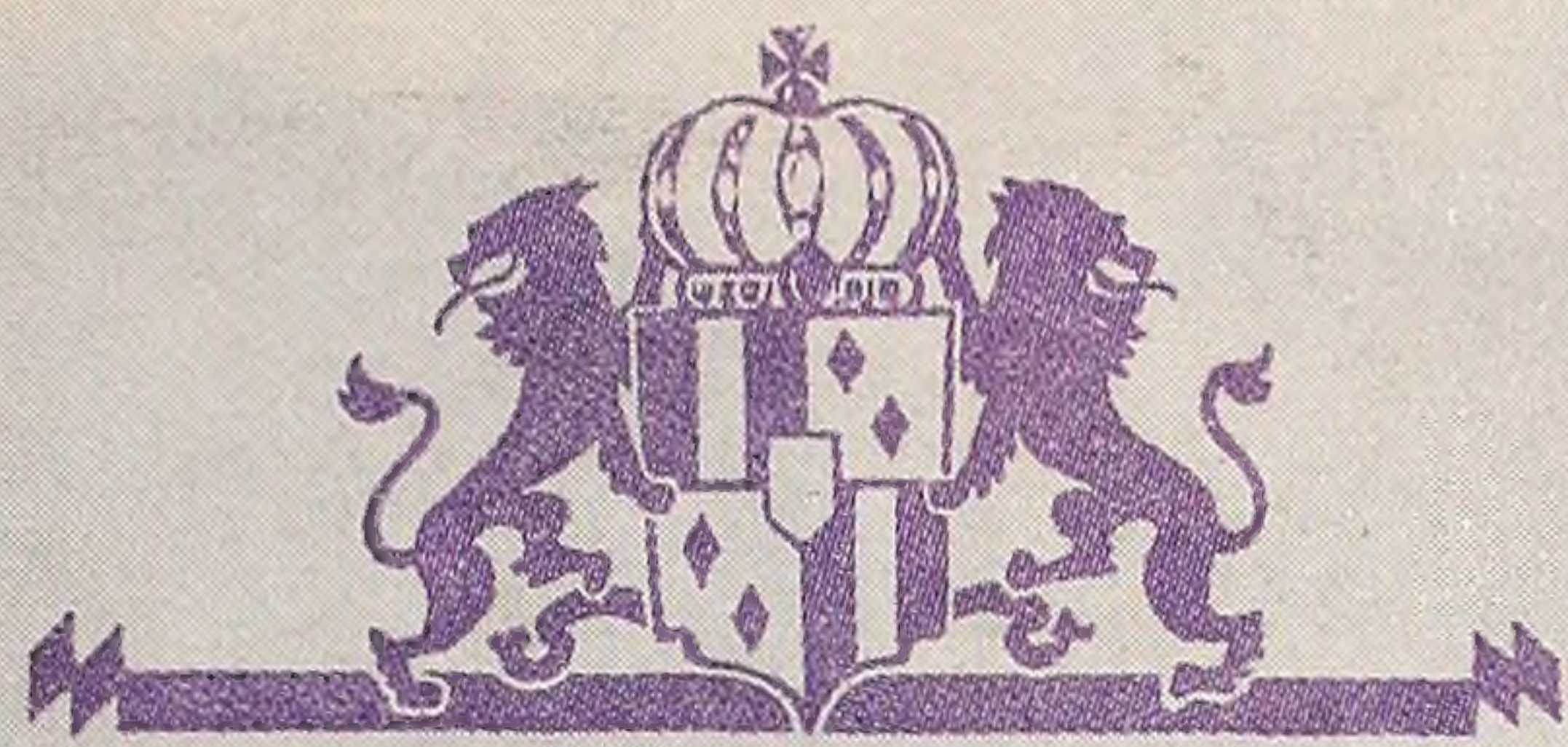
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GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN



The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger



METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

Now You're Talking!

The voice of the people
is the producers' guide

The eight letters below receive
prizes of five dollars each

SOUND-TRACK SALLIES

Kay Francis—Mellow 'cello.
Ann Harding—Downright; done right.
John Gilbert—Passion (or asthma).
Janet Gaynor—Itsy, bitsy ga-ga.
Mae West—The Greeks had a word.
Irene Dunne—Easy on ears.
Claudette Colbert — Utterly charming
head cold.
Harpo Marx—Restful.
Marion Brownell,
219 Commonwealth Ave.,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

SILENCE HATH CHARMS, TOO!

When that breathless moment arrives—
when the drama reaches its crisis, and for
an instant nobody speaks—why drag in
unnecessary and irrelevant music? "Morn-
ing Glory," "Voltaire," "Sign of the
Cross," all had their silent seconds, and
everybody liked it. Please, directors—
don't spoil the cinema's Biggest Moments!
Fannie Shuelein,
220 W. 93rd St.,
New York City.

QUIT "BEARDING" THE LIONEL?

Why lead the versatile talents of Lionel
Barrymore into a rut? Did he not make
screen history with such unforgettable
portrayals as *Rasputin*, and the Russian
General in "Mata Hari"?

Stereotyped, simple-minded "old man"
parts will doom him to oblivion. The
greatest of the Barrymores is capable of
varied interpretations.

Mrs. H. D. Cooksey,
128 Forest Rd.,
Raleigh, N. C.

GALLANT GRETA!

Garbo is accused of being a snob and
a recluse. To me she is fine, loyal and
sincere. Her choice of John Gilbert as
her leading man in "Queen Christina"
was a splendid gesture, and it gave us an
insight into the real unselfish soul of
Garbo.

Milly Buranitz,
244 60th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Cagney wins! The
letter-writers take
Jimmy to their
hearts this month
after having seen his
lively performance as
the dance director in
"Footlight Parade."
The versatile James
has proved to the
world that he's an
adept dancer and
singer, as well as the
screen's toughest
boy.*

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"

Helen Hayes talks too much! So do
Chatterton, Harding, and Howard.

Most of the films these fine actors ap-
pear in are from stage hits, with little
action and much dialogue. I like action!

Stage stories are making the talkies
"ALL talkie"—while audiences slumber!

F. M. Martin,
2424 Spaulding, Apt. 5,
Berkeley, Calif.

GREAT SCOTT!

My fondest wish is to see "Ivanhoe" on
the screen, with Frederic March in the
title rôle. Claudette Colbert would make
an ideal *Rebecca*, and Doris Kenyon could
play *Lady Rowena* to perfection. What
a picture! Will my wish come true?

Albert Manski,
66 Bowdoin St.,
Boston, Mass.

A BIGGER AND BETTER CAGNEY!

I think James Cagney gave the best
performance of his career in "Footlight
Parade." Without any loss whatsoever
of his lovable, rugged charm, he is actu-
ally acquiring a polish (yes, I said
"polish"), and a depth of character and
new, appealing seriousness. All in all, an
irresistible combination!

Mary Clark Weathers,
Louisville, Ky.



There's a battle royal raging in this month's
mail bag, between the view-with-alarms and
the pointers-with-pride! Plenty of well-de-
served praise, and lots of discerning criticism,
are in evidence among the rapid-fire comments
from our readers. And the boosters win the
day!

Screen voices, casting habits of the directors,
new picture themes, the eternal Garbo, and
other timely talkie topics come in for trenchant
comment. And Jimmy Cagney, Ann Harding,
Bing Crosby, Irene Dunne, David Manners, and
a host of other favorites receive the "bravos" of
justly excited admirers.

And now how about your own little say in
this free-for-all cinema forum? Get your favorite
ideas or prejudices off your chest—it's fun! And
for added zest, there are those eight \$5 prizes
awarded each month to the authors of the eight
best letters.

Send us your movie message today! Remem-
ber the fifty-word limit on all communications
—and mail your letters to reach us by the 10th
of the month. Address Letter Department,
SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

A CYCLE OF FANTASY

Let's immortalize our beloved childhood
fairy-tales! Walt Disney's "Silly Sym-
phonies" and the inimitable Mickey Mouse
have contributed greatly to this end. But
the field is practically untouched, and I'd
like to see some talkie stars in these fan-
tastic rôles. "Alice in Wonderland" is
something like it!

E. M. Sartain,
Portal, Ariz.

Now see all these Warner Bros.
stars in one glorious picture....

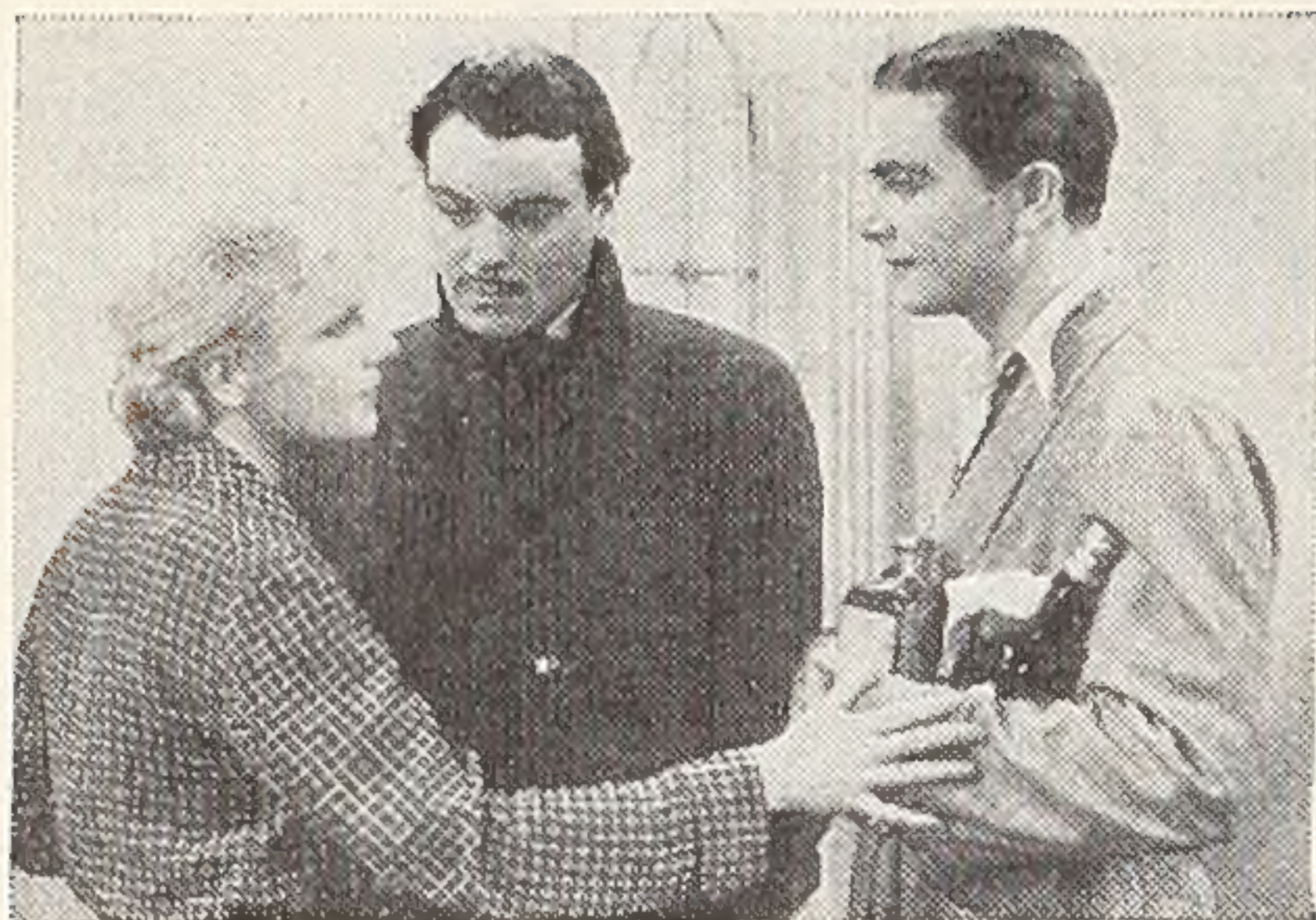
AL JOLSON KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY ROBERT BARRAT
Merna Kennedy HENRY KOLKER

in
**"WONDER
BAR"**

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly different conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

From
the Directors of
"Footlight Parade"—
LLOYD BACON and
dance numbers cre-
ated and directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

5
Brilliant New Songs
by "42nd Street's"
Famous Composers—
AL DUBIN and
HARRY WARREN
A First Nat'l Picture



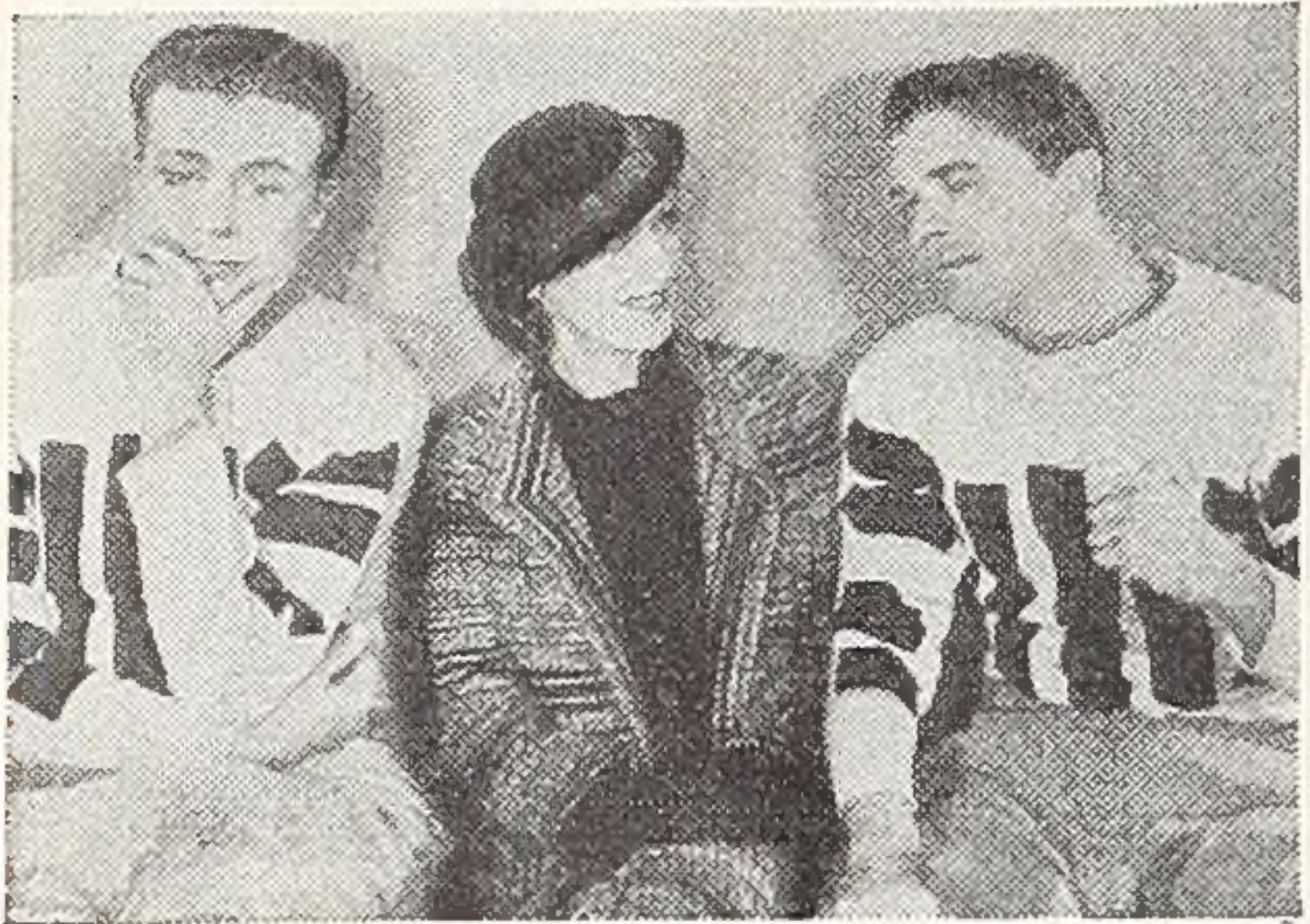
The
Right
To
Ro-
mance
R-K-O

Ann Harding, as a woman surgeon who succumbs to her longing for romance only to find that she has made a mistake, adds another chapter to her long career of patient suffering. After Robert Young, the man she marries, does her wrong she realizes that Nils Asther, a fellow-scientist, was the right man all along. Miss Harding is very lovely in her rather stuffy rôle, and the proceedings are lively when the plot isn't plotting.



Lady
Killer
Warners

Here is Jimmy Cagney in a typical Cagney vehicle—fast-moving, hard-boiled, hilarious. It begins with Jimmy as the brains in the New York gambling-house racket, and ends in outlandish Hollywood where he becomes a movie star and tries to forget his past. Perhaps it is based on the actual career of a popular screen actor—you decide. Mae Clarke does nicely; Margaret Lindsay is lovely as a movie actress. Cagney is—Cagney.



College
Coach
Warners

A touchdown! You'll like this story which reveals the "inside" of dear old Calvert's football racket. Pat O'Brien, as the coach who hires tramp athletes in order to build a winning team, delivers a first rate performance. Lyle Talbot does right by his rôle of a swell-headed gridiron hero; Ann Dovrak is the decorative heroine—Dick Powell sings a catchy song—and Hugh Herbert furnishes the laughs. And there you are!



The
Mad
Game
Fox

Power, speed, and melodramatic tension are present in this timely story concerning the "snatch racket," once known as kidnapping. Spencer Tracy, a racketeer with a sense of decency, is outraged when an associate stoops to the "snatch" game, incidentally stealing his girl. Tracy, released from jail on his promise to "get" the offender, makes good. Tracy packs lots of punch; Claire Trevor is a pretty heroine.

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on
Page 62



The
In-
visible
Man
Uni-
versal

Here's a new one! A chemist with an insane lust for power perfects a formula for making himself invisible. He then embarks on a campaign of terrorization until trapped by the police. H. G. Wells' thriller is made intelligently and with well-contrived suspense, yet the "horror" element is never overdone. In fact, some of the situations arouse legitimate laughs. The title part is well represented by Claude Rains' dramatic voice. Gloria Stuart is the girl.



Tillie
and
Gus
Para-
mount

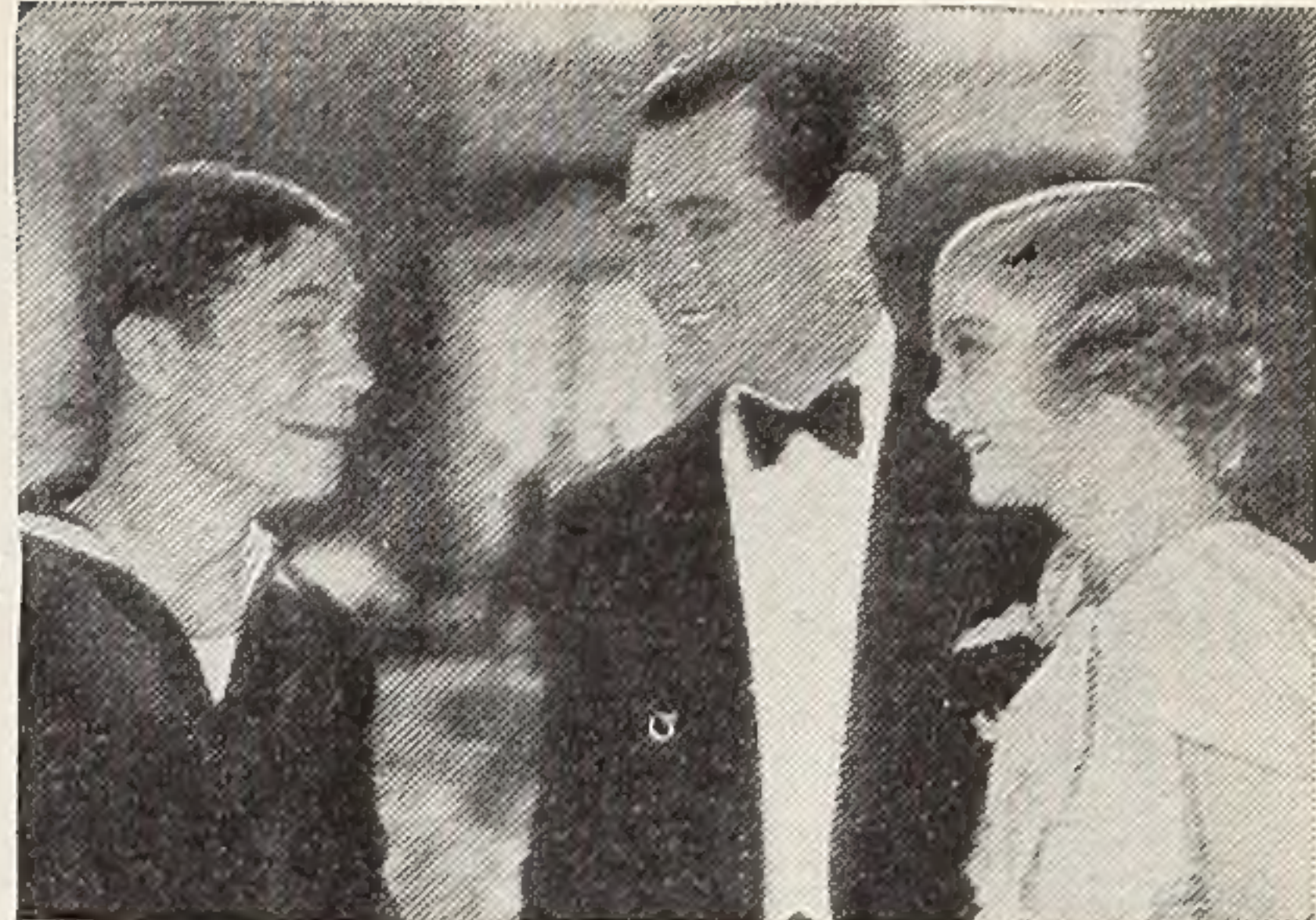
Don't let the insipid title of this picture scare you off, for in its unassuming way it is one of the most amusing and refreshing comedies in many moons. The dialogue is unhackneyed and full of laughs, and so are the genteelly lowdown antics of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, an ideal team for goofy entertainments of this type. Baby LeRoy, though plainly showing his advancing years, lives up to his high standard of histrionism. A picture to see and enjoy!



Broad-
way
Through
a Key-
hole
Twen-
tieth
Century

Night club singers, gang chieftains, crooners, crooks, cops, and other racketeers do their entrancing stuff in this Broadway saga by that eminent authority, Walter Winchell. The atmosphere is authentic, the music lively, and the story exciting; but the picture does not differ sufficiently from its too-numerous forerunners. Constance Cummings is good and Paul Kelly is better still. Russ Colombo croons his lyrics pleasantly.

Son of
a Sailor
First
National

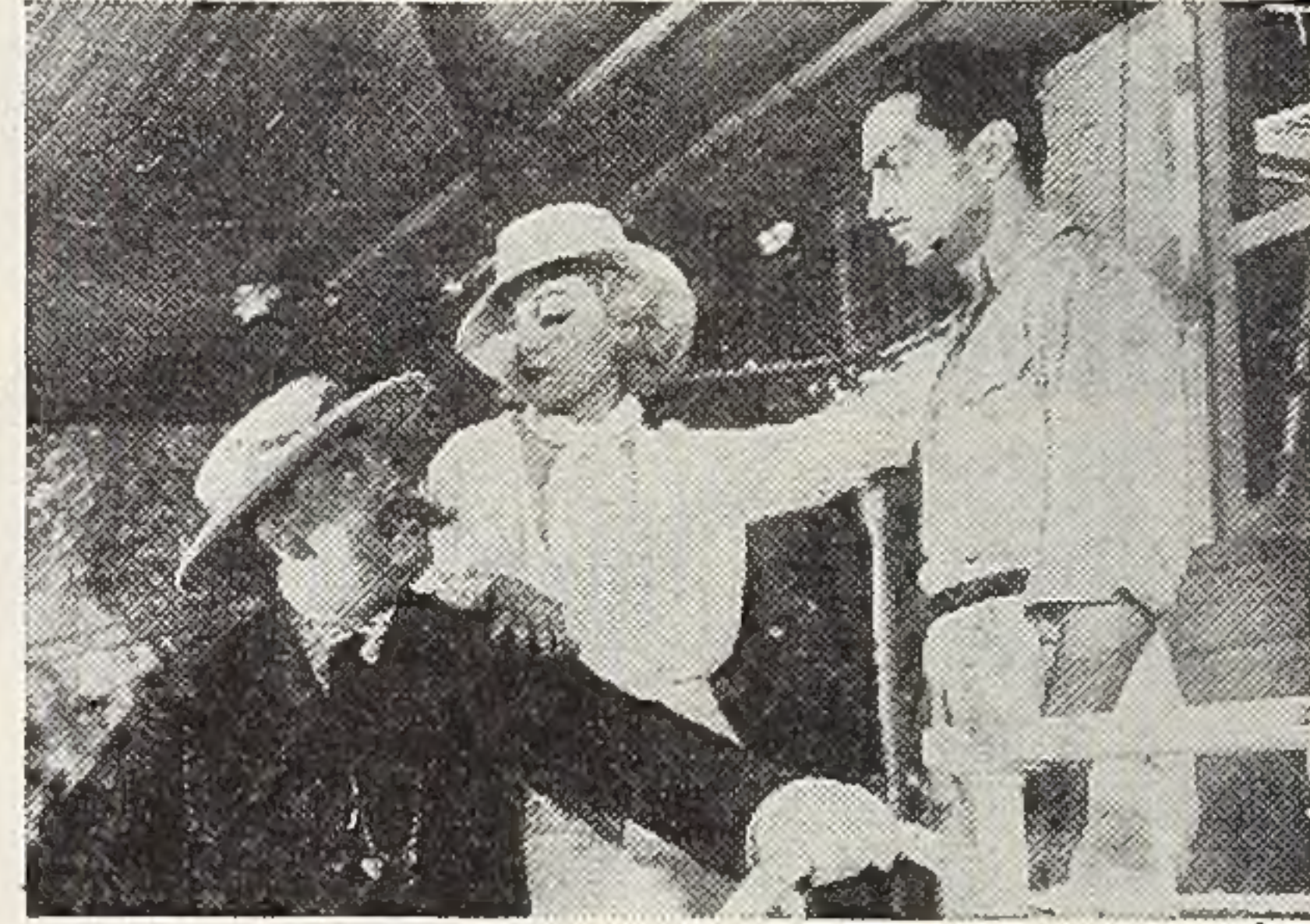


Here's one of the better Joe E. Brown films. He's a teller of tall tales in this one. Joe boasts that he's a fighter, and before you know it his fellow tars have arranged for him to fight the *Boston Buster*! Joe unwittingly boasts that he knows the Admiral—to the Admiral's grand-daughter, of all people! Complications? Plenty! Laughs? Many! Recommended? Certainly! And besides that, you'll meet Jean Muir.



Blood
Money
Twen-
tieth
Century

There's undoubtedly a first-rate movie in the bail bond racket, but this one falls just short of making the grade. George Bancroft, in his screen come-back, is properly masterful, and Judith Anderson, though a shade too elaborately decadent, is good as an underworld lady. The story, however, becomes sadly involved and settles none of the issues it raised. Frances Dee's acute portrayal of a giddy girl is excellent.



White
Woman
Para-
mount

There's a new wrinkle or two in this tropical-island melodrama, but on the whole it follows the time-tried formula. Charles Laughton is the cruel and slightly cuckoo boss of the island; Charles Bickford is his tough lieutenant; Kent Taylor is the handsome juvenile; and Carole Lombard is the be-menaced white girl. As played by this troupe it becomes an enjoyable show, thanks mainly to Laughton's rich impersonation.



The
Way to
Love
Para-
mount

This is definitely not a Chevalier masterpiece; yet the simple little tale of a happy-go-lucky Paris vagabond who finds love and a job is diverting enough on the whole. The magnetic Maurice sings, grins and mispronounces engagingly, while the other players help with proper unobtrusiveness. Ann Dvorak, the troubled waif whom he befriends, gets little to do. Livelier story and direction would have helped considerably.

Havana Widows

First National

Meet *Mae* and *Sadie*, meaning Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. They're a couple of wise-cracking show-girls looking for the right sort of two-legged gold-mine in Havana. If you like slap-dash, rowdy comedy, here's what you're looking for. Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh, Lyle Talbot and Ralph Ince add to the boisterousness, and there's the most hilarious free-for-all fight you ever saw, starting small and piling up into a riot. The Blondell and Farrell are cute tricks.

My Lips Betray

Fox

Here's a charming bit of fluff—mythical kingdom-Cinderella stuff. It starts off with a new twist but unfortunately soon falls into the usual formula. The King's inebriated chauffeur, El Brendel, offers Lilian Harvey, who plays a dancer, a lift home in his boss's car. And did the neighbors talk! Overnight fame for Lilian follows this episode. Of course John Boles, playing the monarch, investigates the matter, and of course there's a happy ending! But La Harvey deserves better material for her captivating art—and we hear she's getting it!

Million Dollar Melody

Educational

Lillian Roth's first song-and-dance short, with ditties by James Hanley and Benny Davis, makes an agreeable little show. Miss Roth puts over her song numbers with charm and spirit, and demonstrates anew her talents as a comedienne. The plot, concerning the rise in market-value of the heroine's song-writing husband after his supposed suicide, and the necessity of keeping him "dead," is unfamiliar and amusing.

From Headquarters

Warners

You mystery-story readers who have been wondering what makes the wheels go round in police headquarters will complete your education from this exhibit. Inspector George Brent, assisted by the finger-print squad, ballistic experts, and all of the other deductive departments, unravels a pretty little killing in which stunning Margaret Lindsay is involved. It's a picture you might put on your "must" list if you go for mysteries. If you don't, it's pretty good entertainment for you just the same.

Blind Adventure

R-K-O

This mystery-comedy film carries you through a giddy series of surprises, counter-surprises and super-surprises, embellished with a number of amusing lines and situations. Robert Armstrong solves a murder in fog-bound London, brings the transgressors to book, and wins Helen Mack's hand in the process. Not a bad hour-and-a-quarter's work! Roland Young gives a delightful performance as a Cockney crook with a nice gift for epigram.

The Kennel Murder Case

Warners

Put this down as one of the keenest "detekatif" stories ever filmed, with S. S. Van Dine's novel of the same name serving as a plot, and with William Powell as the suave *Philo Vance*, and Eugene Pallette as the blundering *Sergeant Heath*. The mystifying action has been handled in an ingenious manner, although the wiser spectators may pick the murderer without too much trouble. If we had room we'd like to hand out a blue ribbon to the little black Scottie for a grand performance.



Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS



with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

WE WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

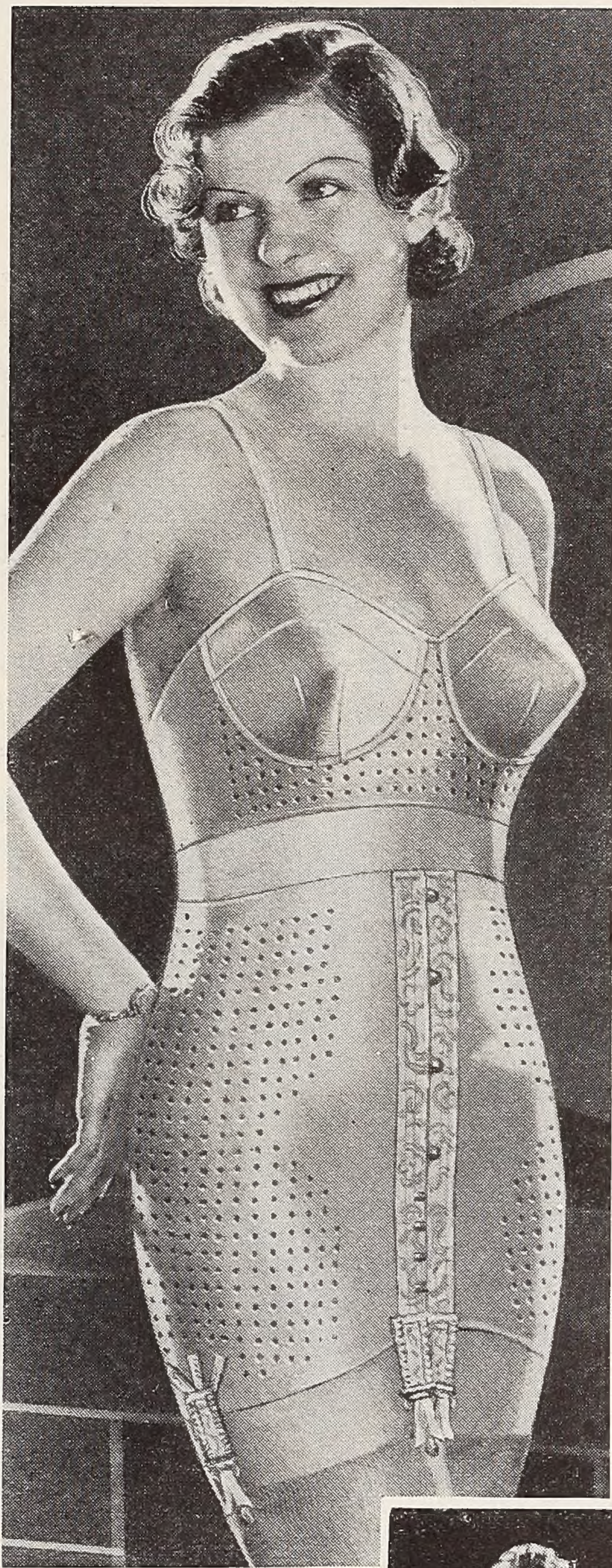
■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

VENTILATED TO PERMIT THE SKIN TO BREATHE!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR TEN DAYS . . . AT OUR EXPENSE!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

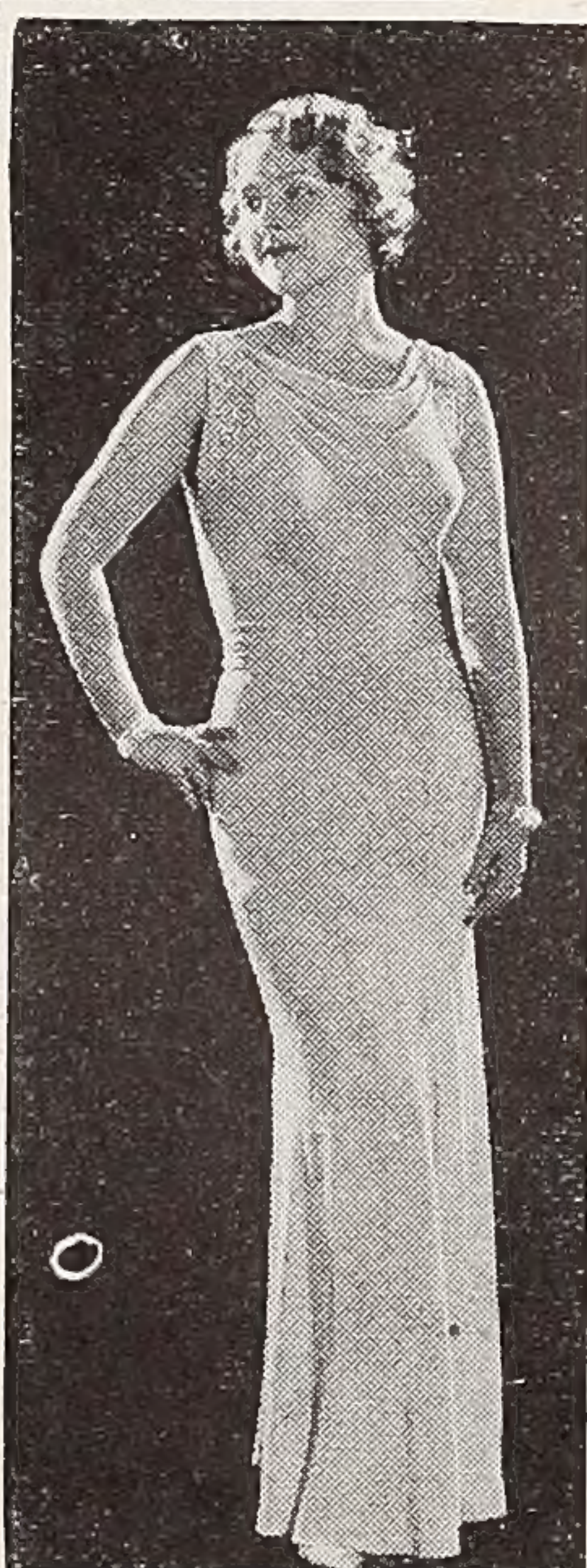


■ This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

... writes Miss Jean Healy

■ "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian . . . "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble . . . "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

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Hepburn as Jo, Jean Parker as Beth, Joan Bennett as Amy, Frances Dee as Meg—all stars!

To the Wonderful "Little Women" We Dedicate our Honor Page

To everyone concerned in this production, from star to script girl, from director to "props," we extend our profound thanks for The Perfect Motion Picture. And—lest we forget—to Louisa M. Alcott!



To George Cukor, superb director, and Miss Katharine Hepburn, amazing star.

To Douglass Montgomery, below, with Miss Hepburn, for his fine sensitive performance as Laurie, Jo's boy.

To Paul Lukas, whose portrayal of the German professor, Jo's man, is heart-warming and very real.



THEY CRASH THE BEAUTY RACKET TO SEE WHAT MAKES "IT" GO!



BERT
WHEELER

ROBERT
WOOLSEY

loose again in

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"

with

RUTH ETTING • THELMA TODD • DOROTHY LEE

The funniest pair on the screen
in a musical girly-go-round . . .
Taking the curves with howling
delight at sixty laughs a minute!

Music, Lyrics and Screen Play by Harry Ruby
and Bert Kalmar • Directed by Mark Sandrich

RKO RADIO PICTURE

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

Every song
a tune to
whistle!



Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* . . with her Lovely **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the

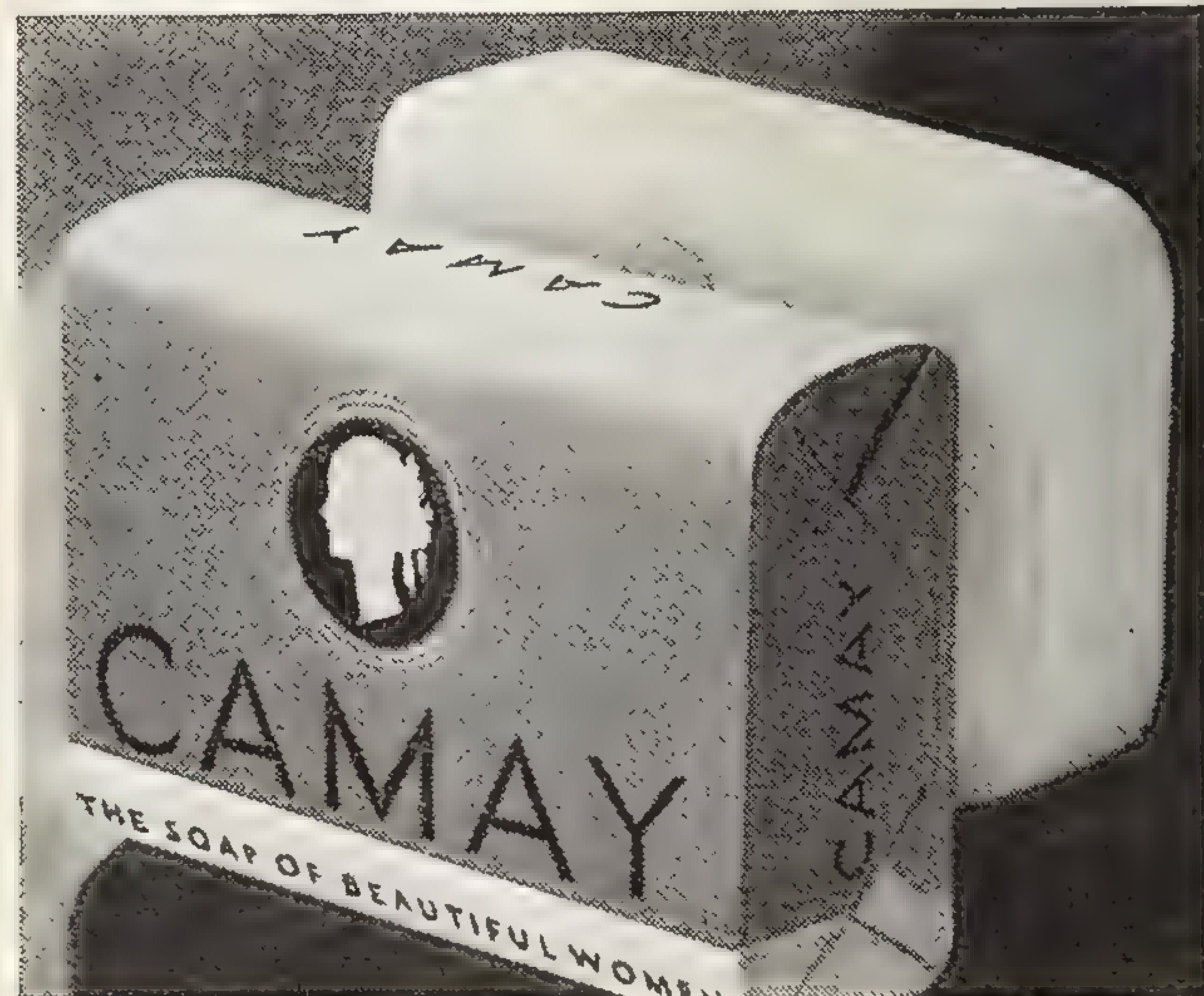
searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

The Editor's Page.

HELP,
HELP!



By
*Delight
Evans*

Two fair deserters
—Elissa Landi and
Katharine Hep-
burn.

Exodus from Hollywood—or, Broadway's Revenge!



Lilian Bond



Herbert Marshall

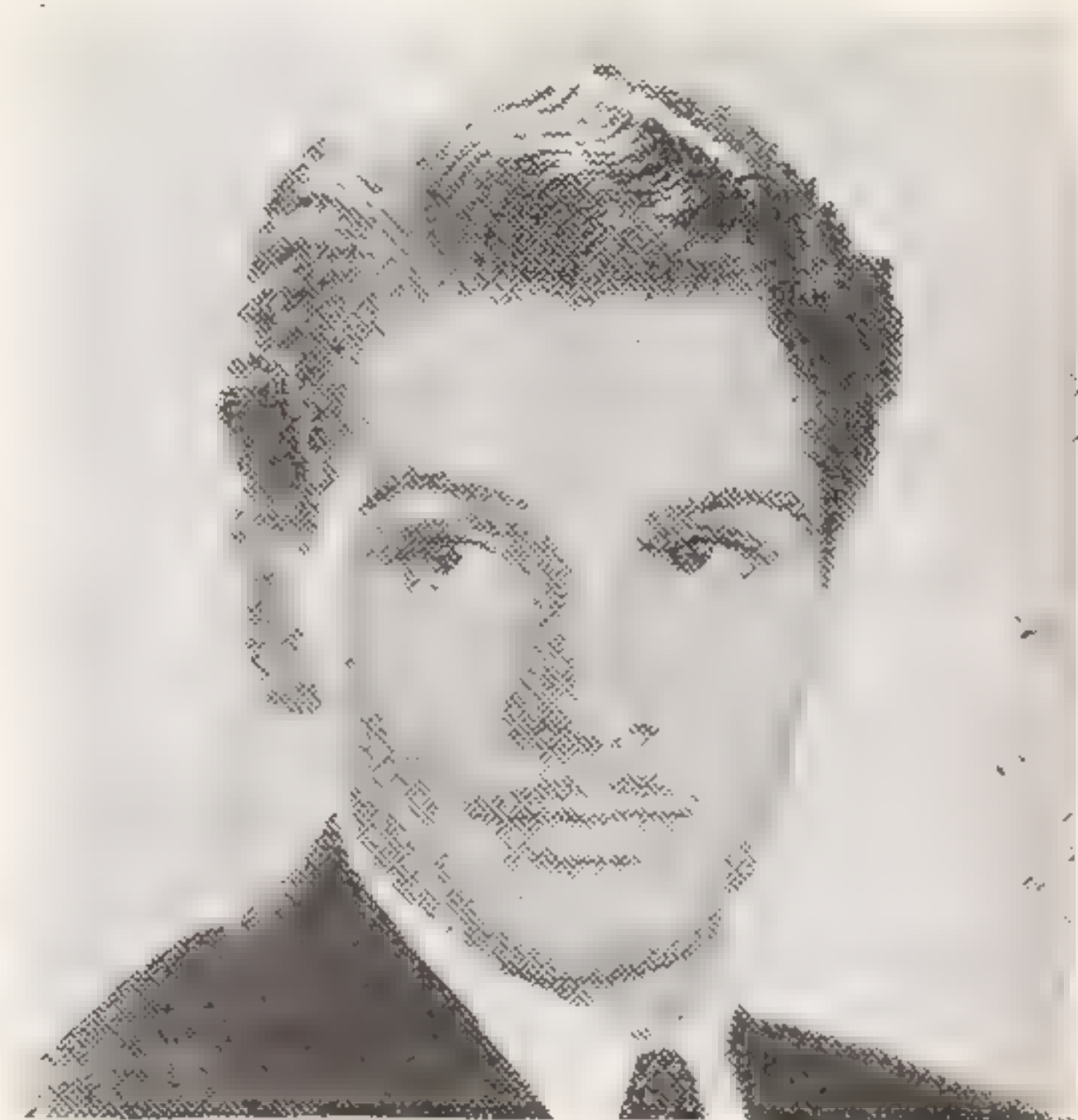


Nancy Carroll

THIS has gone far enough! In fact, it has gone straight back to Broadway—and that's too far from Hollywood. After all these years the stage is having its revenge. Remember Hollywood bought its best "names." Now Broadway is luring them back. And what's the matter with Hollywood that it is taking so calmly the desertion of some of its biggest and best attractions? It was bad enough when Helen Hayes announced her intention of spending six months of the year on the stage. When Nancy Carroll left for the "legit," perhaps only a few of us cared. It wasn't too heart-breaking to lose Lilian Bond, Laurence Olivier, Conrad Nagel, Estelle Taylor, Douglass Montgomery. But when Hollywood permitted Elissa Landi to leave instead of tempting her with better rôles; and when Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton both admitted they must have their stage interludes—it seemed that fun's fun but that the joke was beginning to be on dear old Hollywood. At that, we might have borne up bravely if the worst blow of all hadn't fallen. Just as "Little Women" had skyrocketed her into very nearly first place on the list of movie idols, Katharine Hepburn accepted an offer to appear on Broadway in "The Lake." True, she completed "Trigger" before leaving, but right now movie audiences are so hungry for Hepburn they want more—and more. Miriam Hopkins, with her greatest screen hit in "Design for Living" making her more than ever in demand with film-goers, left Hollywood to play in "Jezebel." Both Hepburn and Hopkins, of course, were established stage players before succumbing to the movies, but while they left Broadway quietly they return in glory—and how their screen "draw" will help the "legitimate" box-offices! There are even insidious rumors that Jean Harlow may be tempted to star in "The Holmeses of Baker Street"—say it's not true, Jean! Franchot Tone frankly says he would like to do a play—and he thinks Joan Crawford would be marvelous on the stage, too. Wake up, Hollywood! Don't let your best stars stay away too long. You've given them money so it must be Art they want. All right—give 'em Art!



Helen Hayes



Laurence Olivier



Jean Harlow

GUCKER, LOUISE FULTON	3420 Hamilton Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
GUITERMAN, HELEN	155 Riverside Drive, New York City
HANEY, AURA	614 Mac and Pl, John, Miss
HARRIS, HER	719 B street, Phila., Pa.
HARRIS, ELEANOR MADELINE	291 Colon re.,keley, Cal.
HAWKINS, AGNES	1331 Columbine Street, Denver, Col.
HAYES, CHRISTINE MACEWAN	108 E. 86th Street, New York City.
HEPBURN, KATHERINE HOUGHTON	352 Laurel Street, Hartford, Conn.
HESS, MARGARET STRAUSS	16 W. 86th Street, New York City.
JEFFER, SA	306 Manantongo St., Pottsville, Pa.
HOLLANDER, BEATRICE	3125 H. St. Holmesburg, Pa.
HOLMAN, RUTH	58 Sherwood Road, G. C., Ill.
HOPKINSON, MARY	2702 N. ... Chicago, Ill.
HUDDLESTON, JEAN FULLER	407 Central Park West, New York City
HULSE, MARGARET HARTLEY	Bedford, Pa.
HUPFEL, MAGDALEN GLASER	Fishkill, N. Y.

Today's screen idol as she was when a student at

FROM the time she was a little freckle-faced girl who could dive like a duck, stand on her head and do all sorts of awe-inspiring stunts on her sliding trapeze in the garden—there were two things that “Kate” Hepburn cared for more than anything in the world.

One was making up plays and “putting them on.” When she was twelve she staged her own idea of “Beauty and the Beast,” playing the “big, bad wolf” herself with gusto, in a ferocious-looking head she had made with cardboard and flannel.

The other was some day to go to Bryn Mawr College. This was her mother's college, and that of her aunt, her mother's sister, now Mrs. Edith Houghton Hooker, of Baltimore, both of whom had been very distinguished students. They had been at Bryn Mawr at the chafing-dish-large-pompadour-and-padded-hips era of the college girl, around the close of the century, and were keen about college.

School, and education, and suffrage, and “freedom” and all such “strong-minded” subjects, as well as the more jolly side of college life, were discussed freely in the bosom of the Hepburn family in the great rambling Hartford house where Katharine Hepburn grew up.

“Now at Bryn Mawr—” Mrs. Hepburn would say, and go off into some fascinating story of her college days.

“I want to go to Bin Mar!” would come the plea from little freckle-face.

“All right, some day you shall go,” was the answer. Just as it was “yes” when Kate wanted to march with her mother in the Woman's Suffrage parade. And so the tradition of son going to father's college was kept up in this family by daughter going to mother's college. And Kate Hepburn went to Bryn Mawr.

But it was not until the Spring of her Junior year at college that she showed strong signs that she still re-

tained a deep but hidden longing to tread the boards.

That year, mostly through the influence of one Miss “Beany” Parker, coach of Varsity Dramatics who had violent stage ambitions herself, Kate Hepburn was enthused into trying out for the college presentation of the well-known Broadway play, “The Truth About Blayds,” in which she played the male juvenile lead.

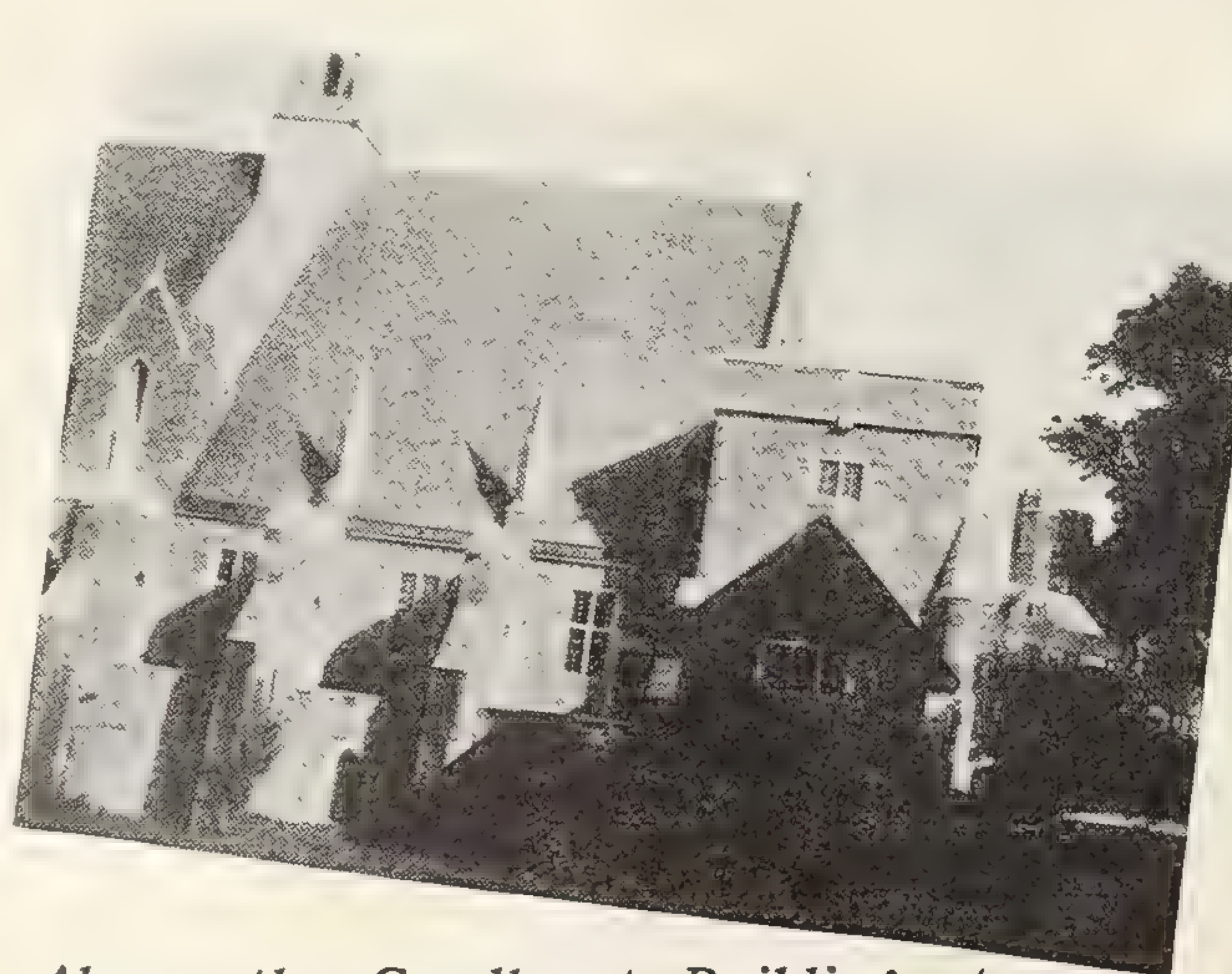
The next year, her senior year, she played in the Varsity Dramatics version of “The Cradle Song,” which had become so familiar to New York audiences by that time through the Civic Repertory Theatre presentations of Miss Eva Le Gallienne.

“Katharine Hepburn as *Theresa* was so extraordinarily lovely to look at that it was difficult to form any judgment on her acting. Her voice had, perhaps, too much of the childish treble but her little movements, her poses, and the contrast of her gaiety with the restrained atmosphere of the convent could not have been improved,” stated the next issue of the College News.

“In other words, up to this time the general college attitude was ‘Kate's marvelous-looking, but, good heavens, she can't act!’” a girl who was present at that college play told me.

But Bryn Mawr students were never again to say that Hepburn could not act!

“Big May Day,” a celebration of each fourth year



Above, the Goodheart Building at Bryn Mawr where plays were produced. Right, Katharine's room.





Your Katharine as a college girl! What was she like? Meet her in this never-before-told story

Katharine Houghton Hepburn



Bryn Mawr, Class of 1928!

at Bryn Mawr, with May Pole, dancing, and plays, came shortly before the class of 1928 left the college halls forever.

For her rôle of *Pandora* in the May Day version of "The Woman in the Moon," the college's distinguished professor of Diction, Professor Samuel Arthur King, took a hand in Kate's rehearsals. Up to that time she had had no professional training. Such earlier coaching as she had received had come from the aforesaid "Beany" Parker, coach of the Varsity Dramatics, who was an amateur undergraduate like herself.

Professor King was the first expert to work with Kate Hepburn, I believe, in an intensive effort to help her place her voice and find herself dramatically.

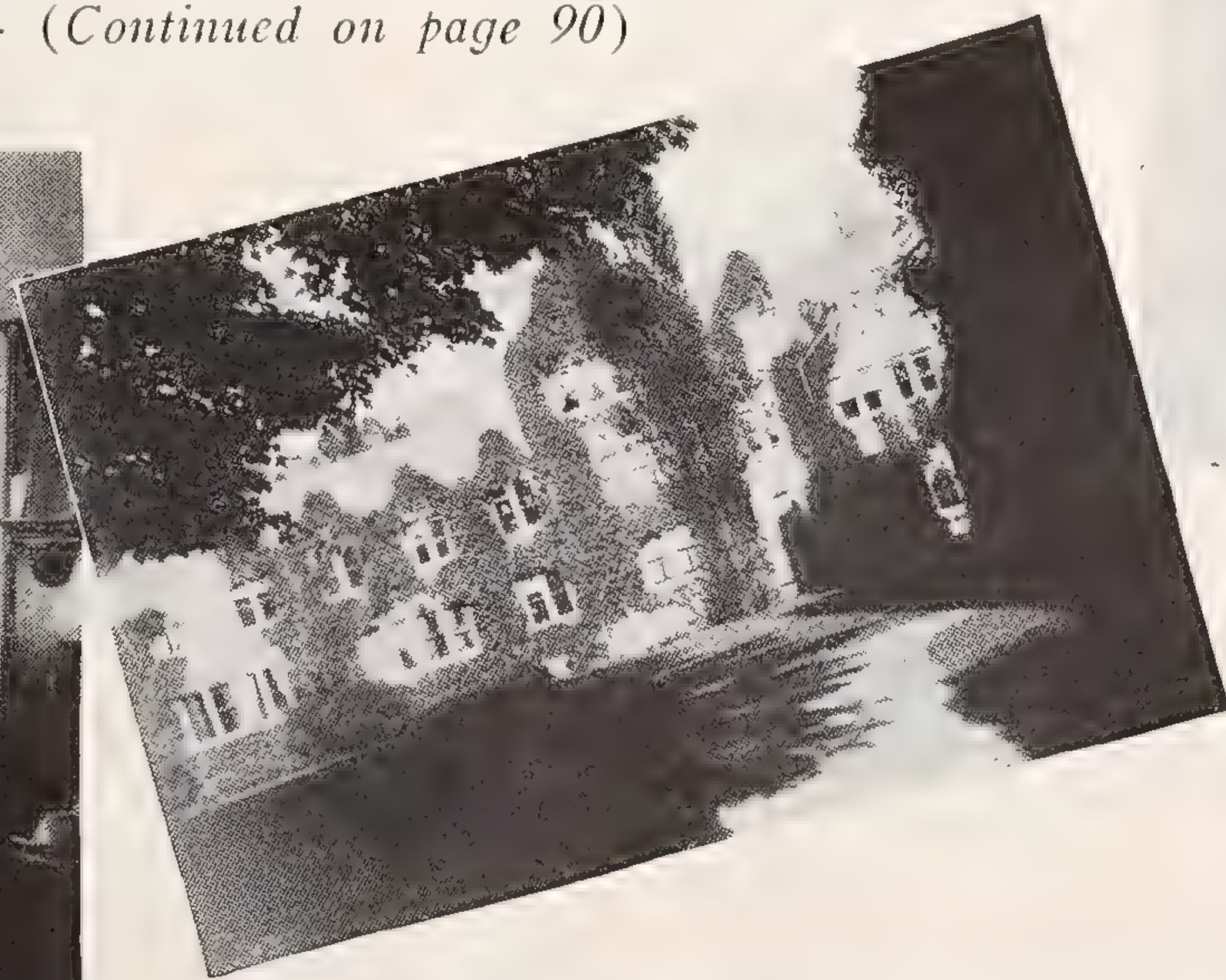
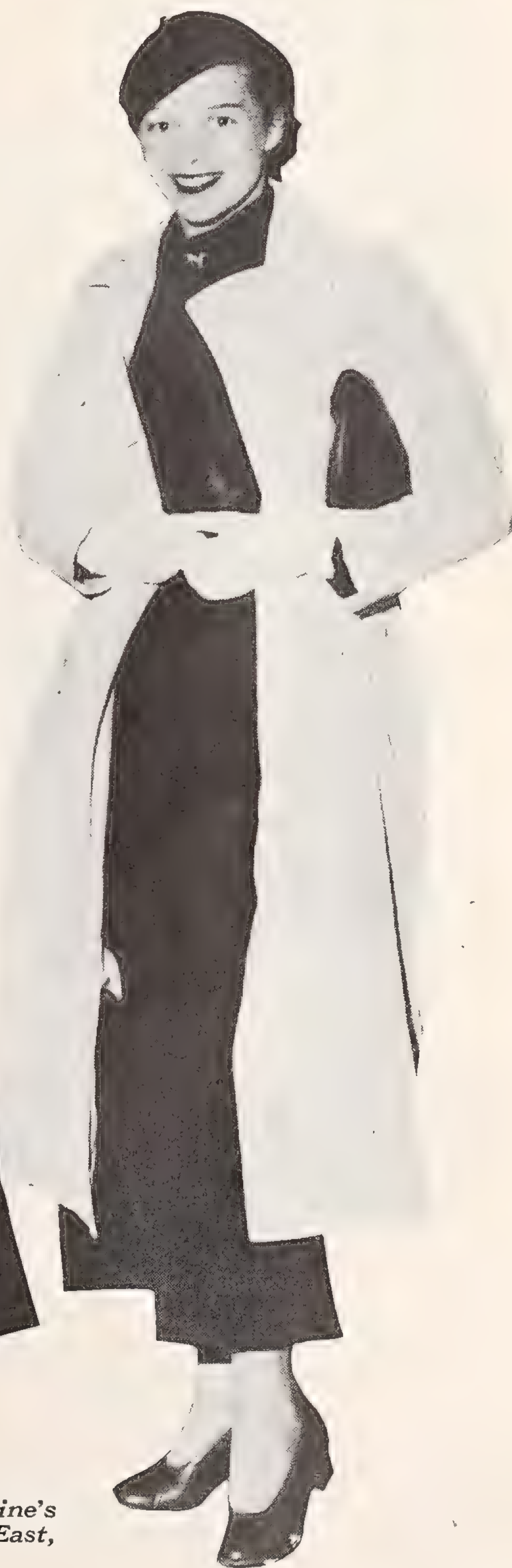
The audiences of classmates, parents, and visitors were thrilled and amazed at the poise and beauty of her performances, of which there were three.

It was their appreciation and a rising sense of power and courage that made Kate Hepburn determine to make the stage her profession. And which led, four years after her graduation and as grilling a stage experience between college and Hollywood as ever a girl went through, to her sensational début as a hitherto untried actress for the screen.

Kate Hepburn, Bryn Mawr, '28, is the first college girl—at least the first gradu- (Continued on page 90)

By
*Betty
Shannon*

The pictures above show Katharine Houghton Hepburn as she looked as a student—from a page in the Bryn Mawr Class Book of 1928. What a change! See her, right, as she looks off-screen today.



Left, another glimpse of Katharine's college room. Above, Pembroke East, "Kate's" college home.

By
James M.
Fidler



Joan Crawford agrees that the solar rays are full of health-giving properties. She's one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic sun-baskers—in her own backyard and a bathing suit!



"Nudism is more than a fad," thinks Dick Arlen. "But it's such a radical change from the habit of ages that it can't become common in a day."

The athletic Joel McCrea and the lovely Katharine Hepburn like to dally with the sunbeams, too. In fact, Joel gets as close to them as possible.



Will Hollywood

IS nudism about to become an actuality in Hollywood?

Will the screen actress of tomorrow moan, "I have nothing to wear"—and mean it?

Will next season's best-dressed star sally forth in a wristwatch and a pre-occupied air—and retain her title?

Leaders of the nudist cult have recently been visiting the film colony with the concentrated purpose of interesting the stars in nudism, because, they say, "if the film stars adopt our cult, the world will follow suit."

These exponents of nudism are not being coldly rebuffed by the film colonists, despite Will Hays' edict that no motion picture company shall produce a movie depicting life in nudist camps. In fact, the cult leaders are going about town wearing broad smiles (and regu-

lar clothing, for the sake of the city fathers), and are claiming among themselves that before another year has passed, a great nudist camp will be situated right outside the Hollywood city limits—and many famous stars will be regular guests!

"I'm going to buy the property next door, erect stands, and sell seats—each seat to be equipped with a telescope," Jack Oakie remarked at a gathering. Maybe it was a jest, but seven guests at the same party immediately placed orders with Jack

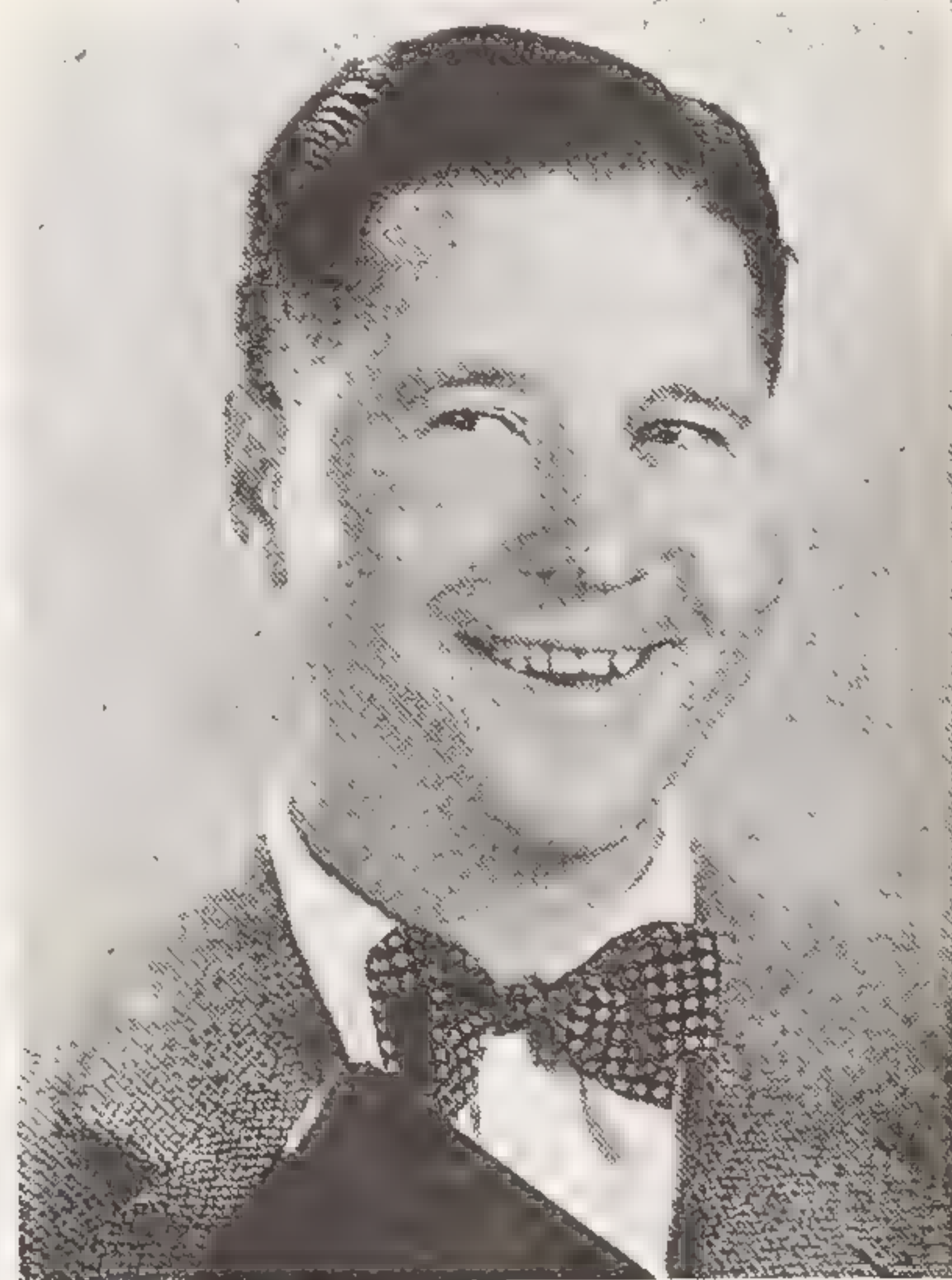
Buster Crabbe, one of Hollywood's leading Apollos, hasn't much to fear from the "back-to-nature" movement.



The "nude deal" advances on film-land—what are the stars going to do about it? Read, and be surprised!



"There's going to be a nudist colony right in Hollywood," predicts Gloria Stuart, Eddie Cantor's leading lady in "Roman Scandals." Well, all right!



"I don't know anything about it—but it sounds like a 'skin game' to me," quips Jack Oakie.

(Left), George O'Brien and Johnny Weissmuller would be a credit to any au naturel gathering.

Accept Nudism?

for front-row seats.

Nudism is developing into a serious subject in America. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of adherents have joined up. "Nature camps," as the open-air encampments are titled, are situated in every state of the Union. These camps number memberships of from a score to hundreds of men, women and children.

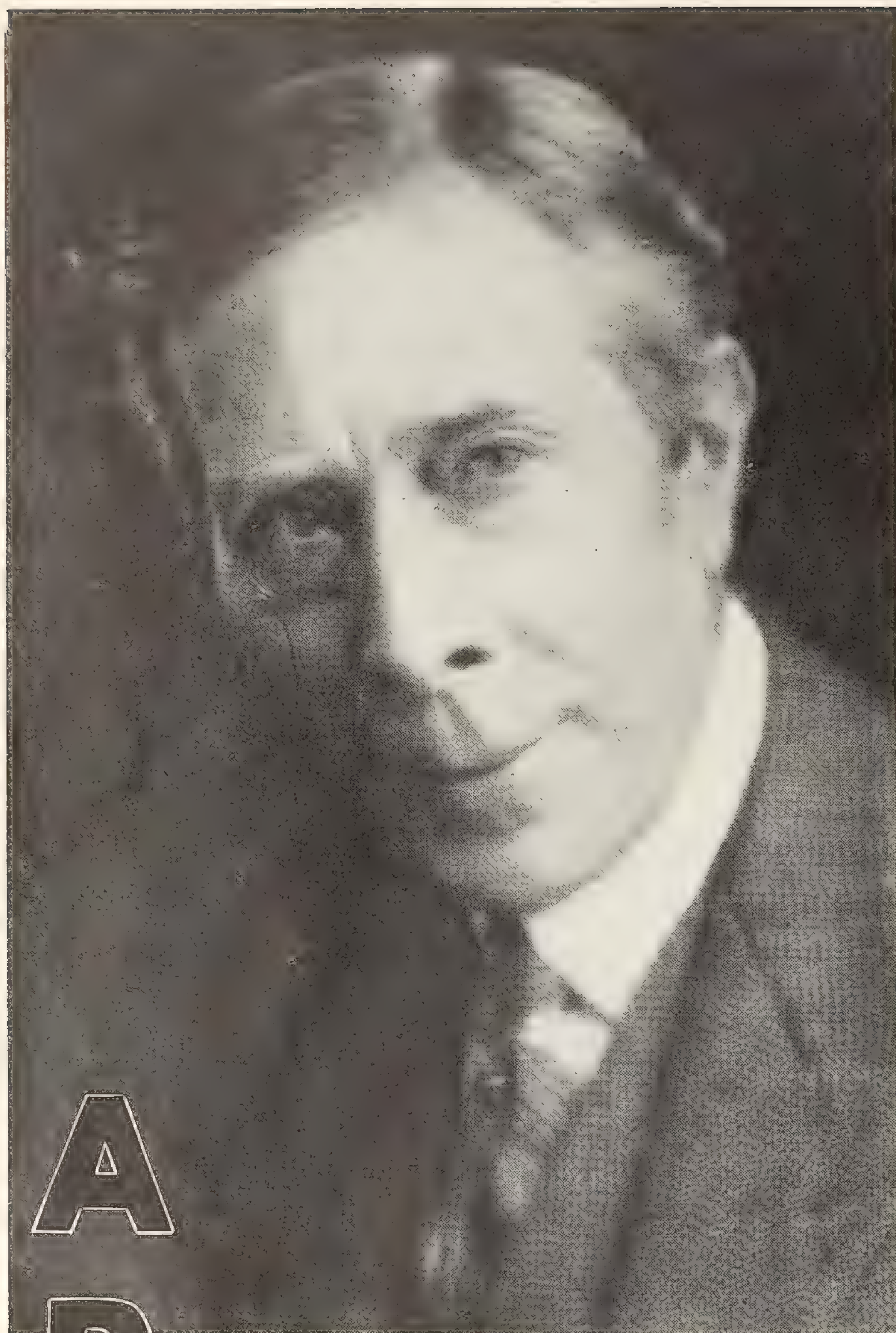
California is a logical goal for the cult, because the climate lends itself to year-round nudism. Old Sol shines 325

days a year (according to the Chamber of Commerce), and the coldest weather is not too bitter for back-to-nature gamboling in the open fields.

Too, the stars have given past evidence that they believe in sun-baths as a health provider. Few stars fail to indulge in sun-bathing. It is legendary that Great Garbo enjoys hours of rest in the solitary—and well-guarded—confines of her own back yard. Joan Crawford is an advocate of solar bathing. In fact, few stars do not regularly expose their bodies to the health-giving rays of the sun.

The California beaches—Malibu, Santa Monica, Laguna, and others habituated by the stars—have long been noted for near-nudism. Men on those beaches wear the briefest of shorts, and nothing more. Women wear similar shorts, and the (Continued on page 92)

A nature-loving lass is Ida Lupino, England's new contribution to the films. California sunshine agrees with her!



A

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Tells What

Happy

Marriage

Has Taught

Him

What are matrimony's "Dangerous Ages"? Why do so many blissful unions turn into failures? These and other vital problems are answered by the Films' First Actor after thirty-four years of happiness

By

Ada Patterson

GEORGE ARLISS has been married serenely and happily to a dignified partner whom he dares to call "The Pioneer"—married for thirty-four years, with no slightest intent, at any time, to become unmarried, or dismarried. (Since society is determined to tag with a term those who have not entered, or have severed the matrimonial obligations, why not say of a bachelor he is "unmarried"? And of a man whose bonds of wedlock have been severed by the aid of the courts, he is "dismarried"? It would spare us unnumbered complications.)

On a certain September day, Mr. Arliss says, he married "the prettiest girl in the prettiest church on the prettiest day in England."

There had been obstacles. When were there not obstacles to marriage? First, because, as George Arliss says, in his autobiography, "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," she didn't seem to like him! It was in Miss Sarah Thorne's school and company at Margate. He was the "new man" in the company and had to bear comparison with the last. "I was introduced to everybody and seemed to be regarded as fairly acceptable except by one girl who seemed to look at me with somewhat unnecessary contempt. A nice girl, too. She had very pretty arms. You couldn't help noticing that."

She even tried to arrange a match between him and a girl in a large hat who apparently regarded him with far more favor. She promoted the proposed match by inviting both to tea, and obligingly had gone out. "The whole thing having been a frightful fiasco" the young would-be match-maker stopped her match-making for that discouraging pair. But it required eight years for the actor to learn that the girl with such nice arms had not been as indifferent as she seemed; for while they were arranging for their afternoon wedding at Harrow Weald, on that September 16, she revealed that her eyes had not held the contempt the shy actor thought they did at that epochal meeting at Margate.

"Wear brown," she said. "All brown. Your suit, your



Lady and gentleman! In this interview Mr. Arliss demonstrates one of his important precepts for lasting marital harmony—that of continual gallantry on the part of a husband toward his life partner. He insists that Mrs. Arliss deserves the credit for all the important decisions which have led to his present eminence.

hat, and your boots. Wear brown from head to foot!" "Brown? That would be an odd color for a wedding! Why, dear?"

"Because that was what you wore the day we met!"

What masks even girls with "very pretty arms" can wear when first they meet The Man!

But Cupid is a determined sprite. Again and again he brought them into the same provincial touring companies in England. He even arranged a sudden storm that should drive both of them to the stage of the Royal Theatre of Margate one afternoon. That gave the actor a chance to propose. He was worried because there was no "little home" of his dreams anywhere which he might invite her to enter immediately as mistress.

But a large one eventuated. *Two!* A handsome apartment in the Seventies near the East River, in Manhattan. Another for the summer at St. Margaret's-by-the-Sea in England. Florence Montgomery and the young man who wooed her that afternoon, on the stage of an otherwise empty theatre, proved again that most desired things come to those who wait. They waited eight years for the "prettiest day" at Harrow Weald in England.

Throughout all of the succeeding four and thirty years he declares she has been The Pioneer. For "I had no particular ambition. I don't think I ever have had. I just wanted to be on the stage and play parts." Florence Montgomery had much ambition for him. When came the chance to sail for the United States in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company it was the girl with "the very pretty arms" whom he had met at Margate and who seemed to regard him with "somewhat unnecessary contempt" who made the decision. When managers began to talk to him of stardom he told her of his answers to them that he preferred the calmer life and the lesser responsibility of a mere member of a star's company. To her

he elaborated the argument. She dismissed it with a short and potent syllable. "Tcha!"

The ensuing situation he summed up with, "At one bound I became a star and an obedient husband (an unusual combination). And I have never since tried to escape from the position in which Flo had decided to place me."

That is the background for Mr. Arliss' interesting opinions about what is the matter with marriage and how to make it permanent.

"It goes back to human nature, don't you think?" the distinguished actor said to me meditatively, looking down at a carved desk top in an executive office of the United Artists in New York, on his return from England and on his way to Hollywood. "Human nature, in Hollywood as elsewhere."

He had consented to talk, for the first time for publication, about marriage. A short, shocked laugh greeted my statement that one of every seven marriages in the United States ends in the divorce courts and that in one of the forty-eight states half of the marriages end with two succinct words "Decree granted." "Fifty-fifty marriage!" he exclaimed.

"What do you think is the solution?" I asked.

Again the meditative look at the carved surface of the desk.

"It is the attitude with which we approach the marriage question, isn't it? The mental attitude that determines most questions in life, barring accidents.

"I don't blame a couple that cannot get on together for separating. I think that is what should be done unless there are children. If there are children the parents should bear with each other, and even deny themselves the dubious pleasure of quarreling. For contention in the family has lasting and serious effects upon the children who witness it.

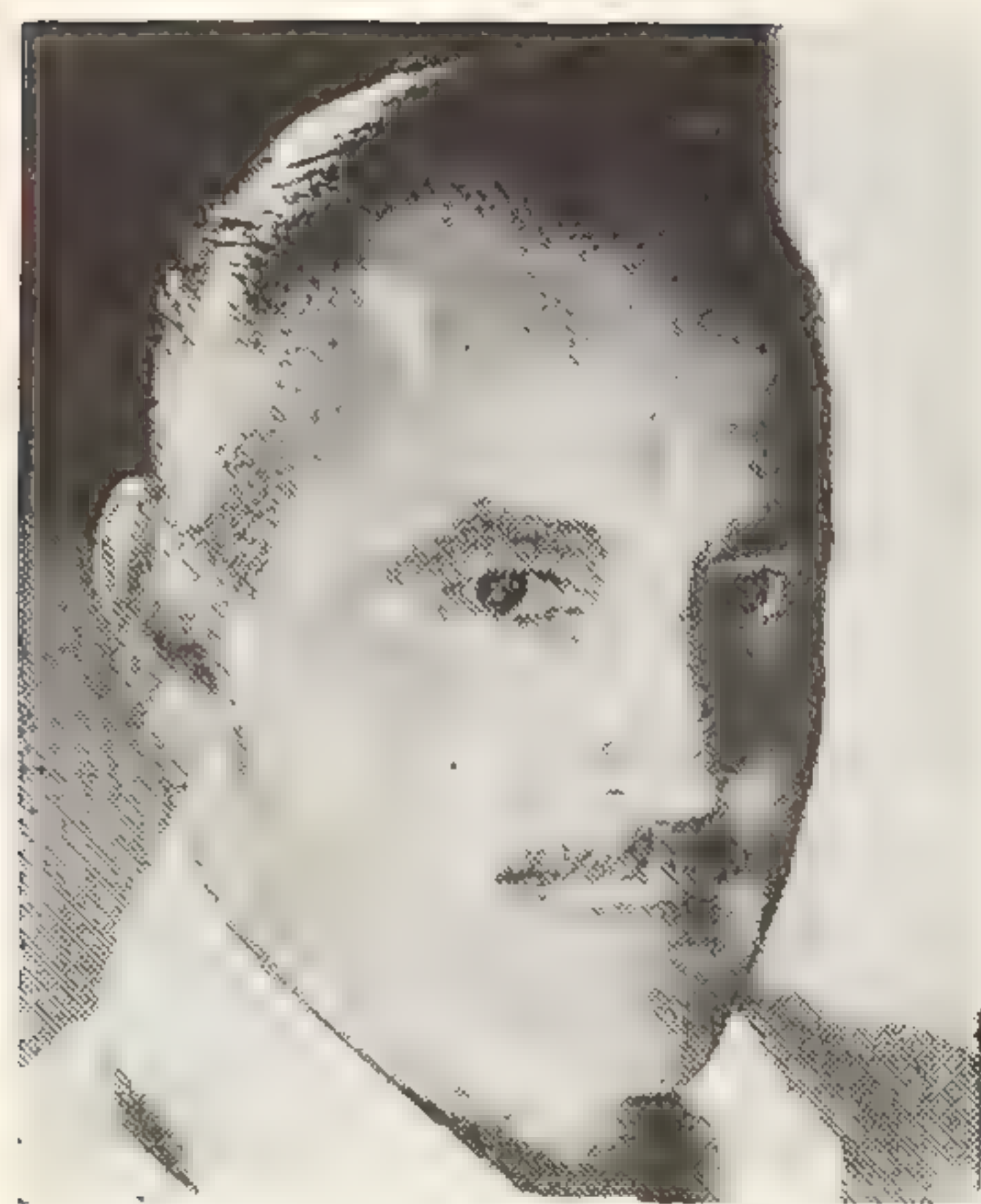
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MEDALS!

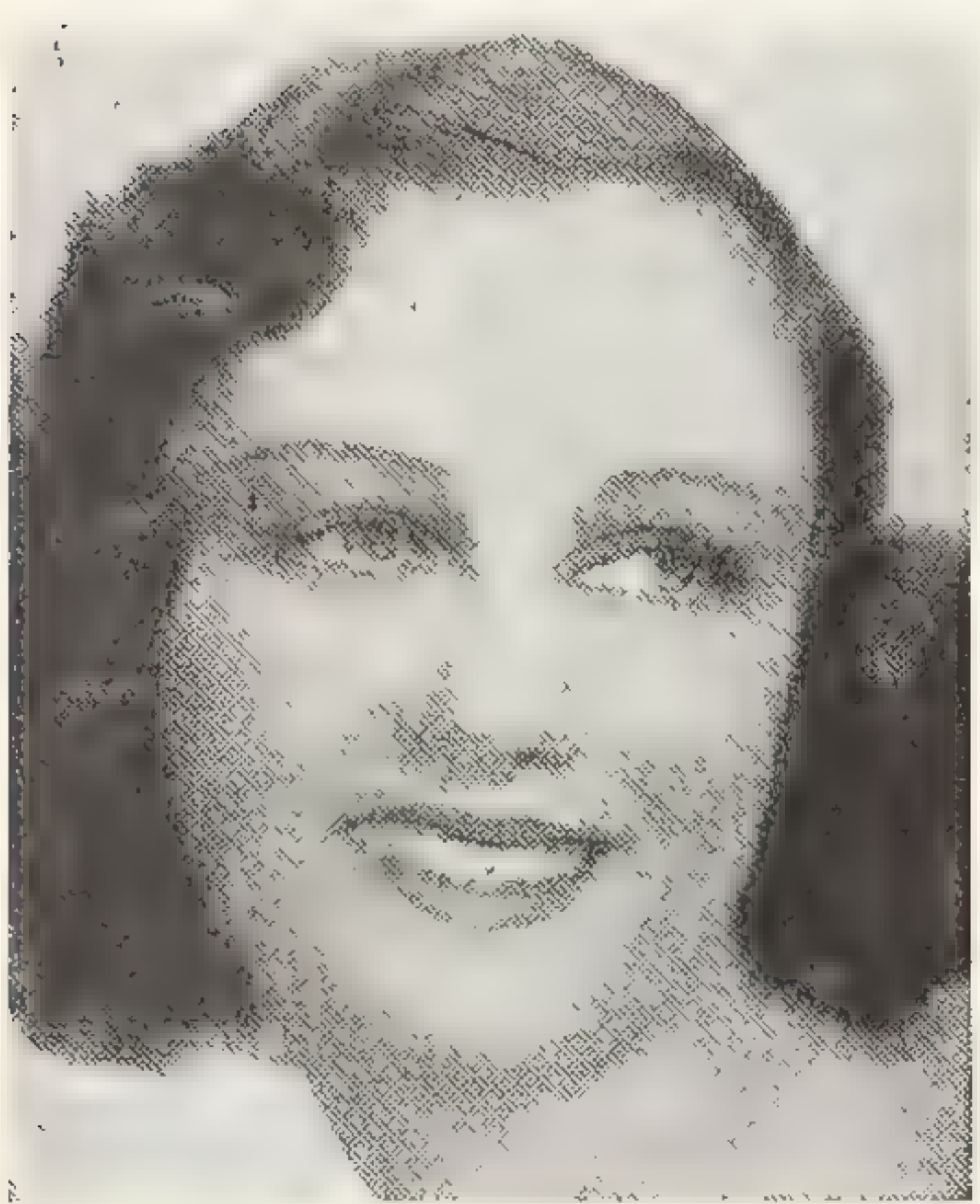


By special request: third annual cheering-and-razzing review! Remember, if you don't agree write to the author—he can take it.

In fact, he has!



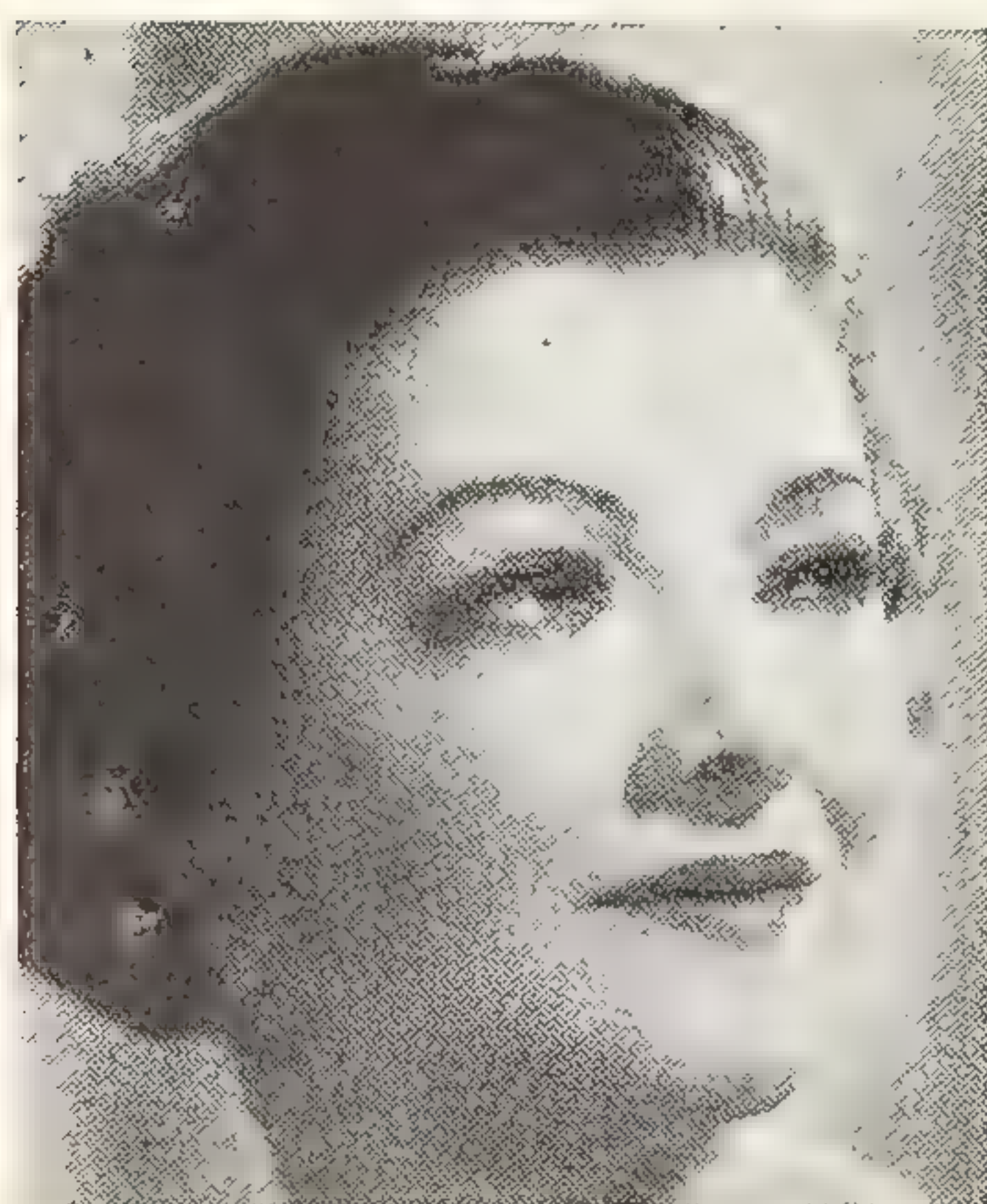
What about Barrymore?



Judith Allen —hmmmm!



Norman "Good Sport" Foster.



Myrna-without-a-Loy!



James, what have you Dunn?

THIS Medals and Birds business is beginning to get me down. It isn't only the labor of raising flowers all year to give away in one splendiferous gesture at the end of it—it isn't the drain on my exchequer of providing gold medals for actors who accept them as their meed—it isn't the trouble I go to to keep on hand a goodly supply of birds, (or Bronx cheers, if you prefer), because I *love* that! I say it isn't any of those things that's getting under my skin. It's the looks I get from friends and acquaintances for months after the awards have been made.

Last year about three months after my findings had been made public I was introduced to Preston Foster. "Glad to know you," he vouchsafed, and immediately placed a safe distance between us.

"What's the matter with you?" I grumbled, following him up.

"You're the guy that sticks knives in people," he explained, still backing up on me.

"Well, all you've got to do is cross yourself and bow seven times when I come on the set and you don't get knifed," I retorted, still following.

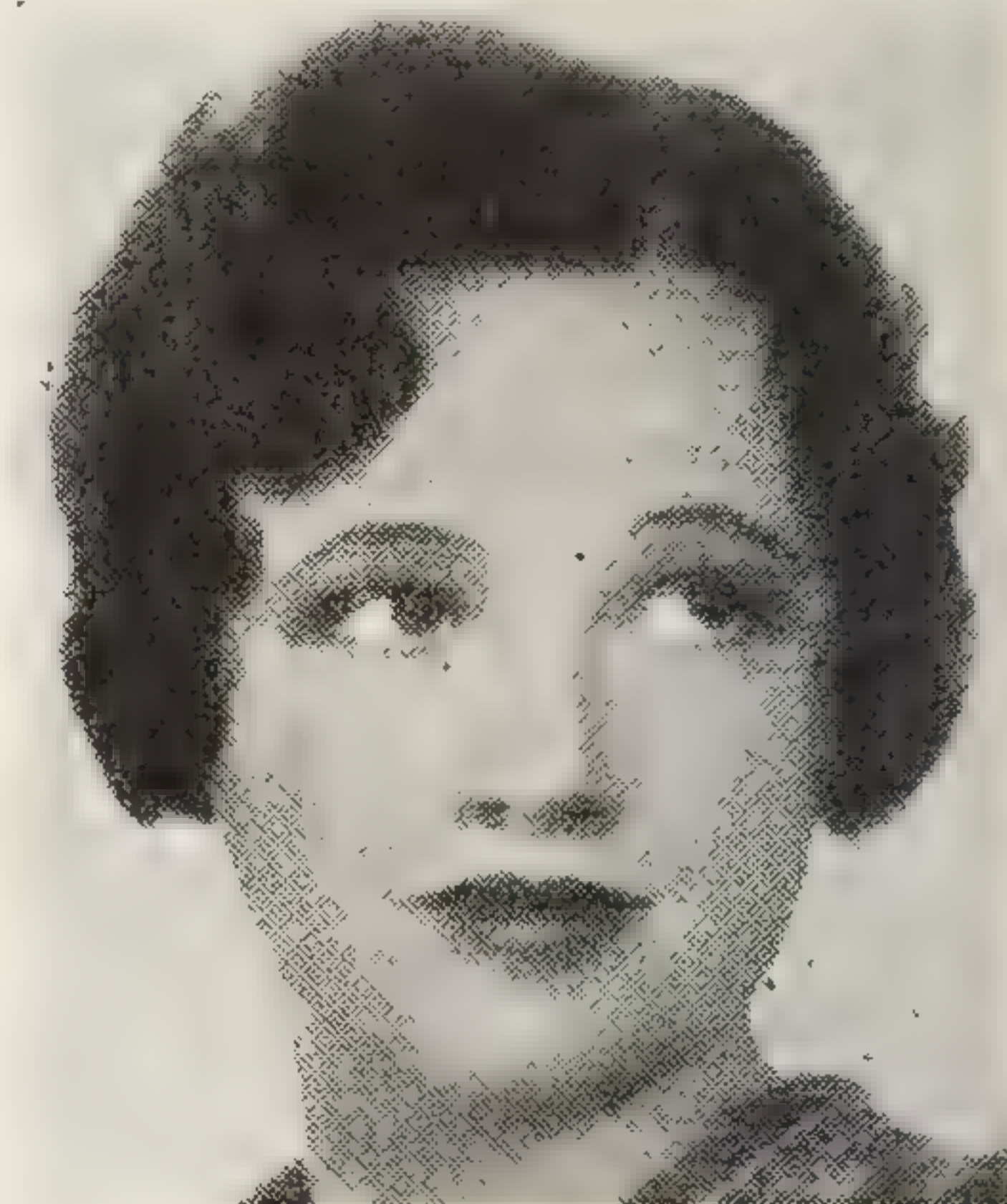
Preston, having backed up against a brick wall and being unable to back farther, rubbed his chin reflectively. "Maybe you're right. Anyhow, I had a laugh over that article and one of those birds sure tickled me. Boy, *that* was one I'd like to have given vent to myself!"

Well, Mr. Foster, just to prove I'm not as black as you paint me, you get a medal for fooling Fox into giving you a contract.

Year before last in a burst of generosity and infatuation I gave the whole hot-house of flowers to Madame le Marquise, Constanza Bennett. Last year I'd recovered my equilibrium to the point where I contented myself with passing out all the orchids in the place to her. You can have the orchids again this year, Constance, because to me you're still the most beautiful, charming, and sophisticated woman I know—but I do wish you'd realize that the world isn't a treasure house put here

expressly for you to plunder and that when people do something you don't like you can't go around like the Queen of Hearts yelling "Off with their heads!" My enthusiasm is cooling and you'd better do something about it.

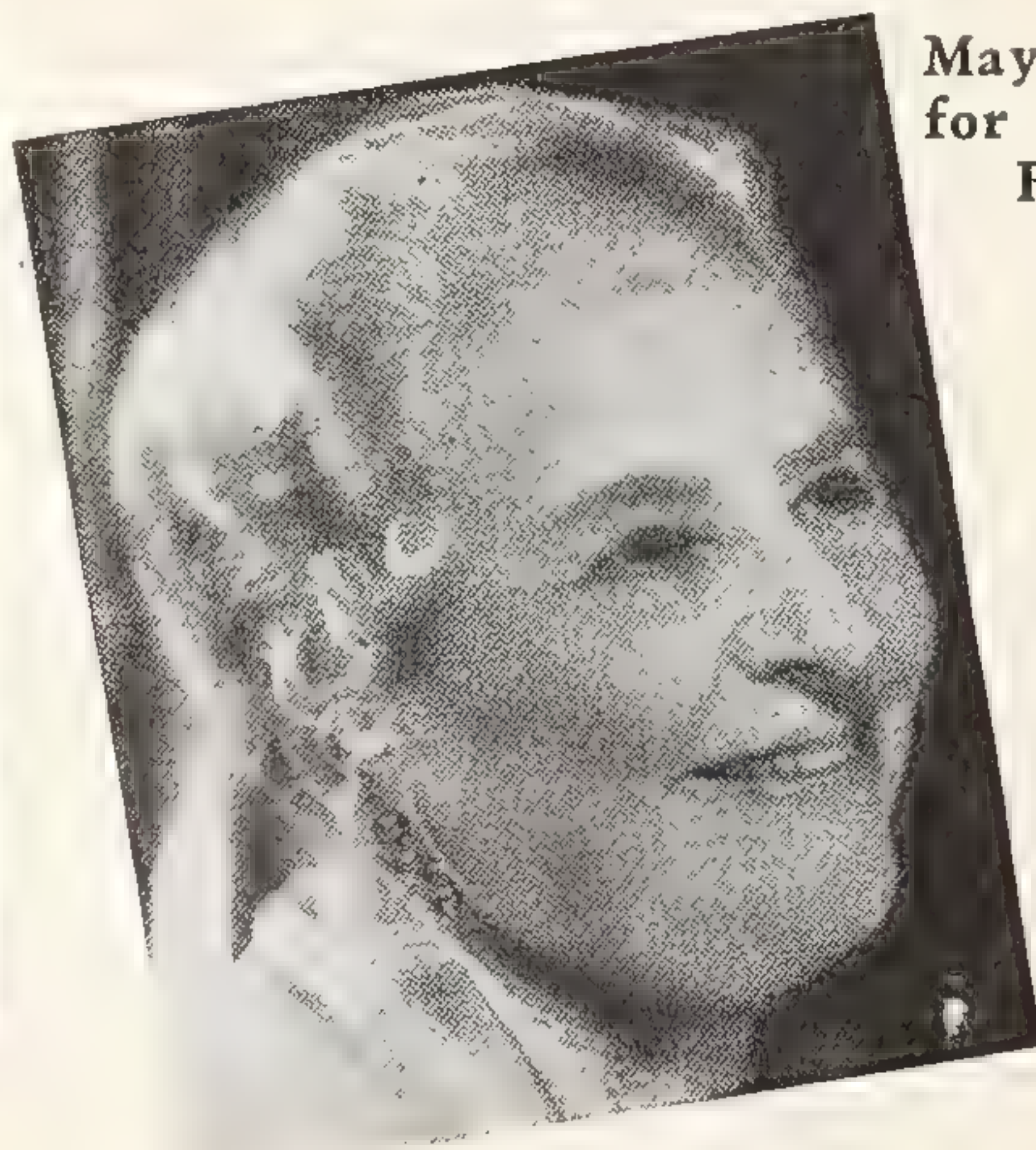
Richard Arlen gets a shiny fourteen-carat gold medal for being, after five years' close friendship, the most consistently regular guy in Hollywood. That makes three times running you've got this medal, Dick, so that makes it permanent.



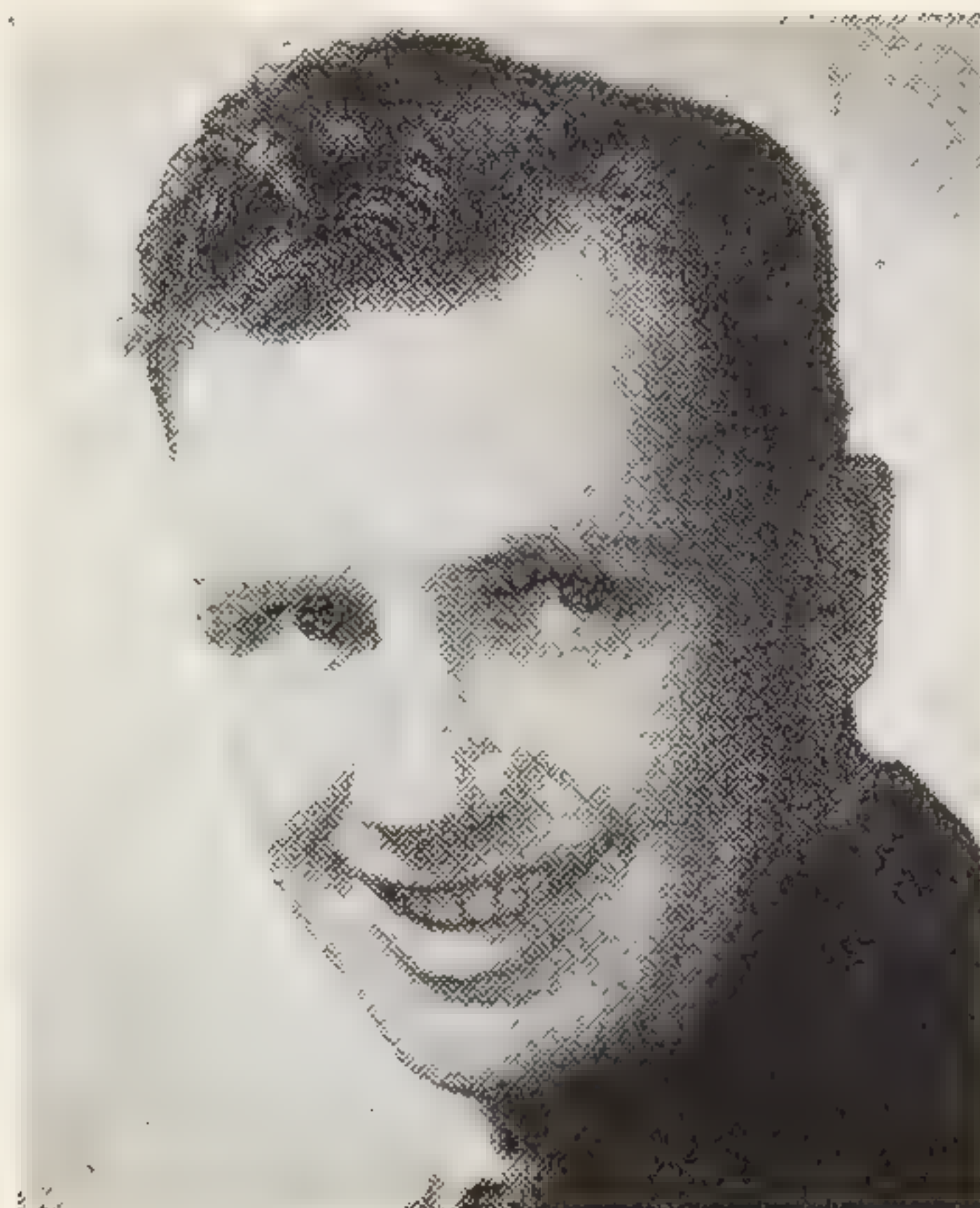
Who can Judge the Arline?



Lyle he-can-take-it Talbot



May "Lady for Always" Robson



That Devine Andy—how does he fare?



Little, new, but oh-my Ann Hovey



BIRDS!

By S. R. Mook

Hollywood's bravest war correspondent

Bill "Screen"
Boyd gets his.



Claudette Colbert is still the only actress I know who is as good-looking off the screen as she is on, so she rates the bed of chrysanthemums. And, what with prohibition about to be repealed, I don't care what the other affronted ladies of the cinema think—and say.

Fredric March gets an improved 1933 gold medal for being the most versatile actor in pictures and Spencer Tracy's is diamond studded for being the most natural. What *that* boy can do to put life into a colorless rôle is nobody's business—or everybody's.

To Bette Davis goes the bed of car-

nations, that, apparently being her favorite flower, for her cleverness in spiking rumors of a marital separation. When said rumors were flying thick and fast and her husband was out of town, she appeared at a première with eight escorts all tagged with her label (carnations). Since then no one has heard anything more about a separation.

And Ann Dvorak gets the Sweet Williams because she's been so darned sweet about seeing writers and discussing any and all phases of her career with them. Most actresses, after any sort of unpleasantness—whether it pertains to their business or their private lives—immediately shut themselves in and refuse to see the press. Not Ann!

A heart-shaped gold medal to John Barrymore for his devotion to his family. Mr. Barrymore has always given me the impression of being the most conceited and self-sufficient person I've ever run across. That makes his family life the more incomprehensible—and praiseworthy.

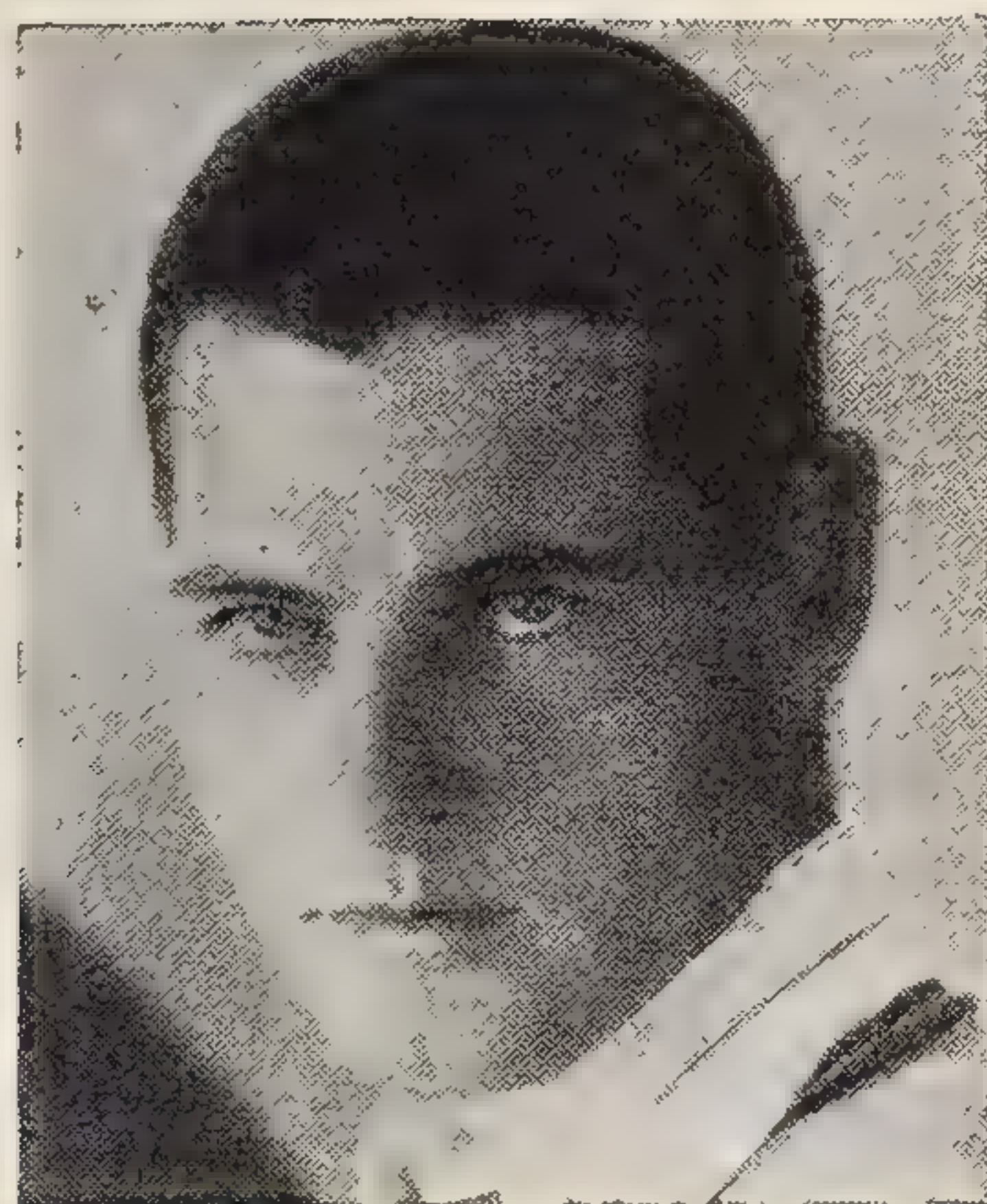
I used to love flowers, and the fun I had distributing them helped make my life something of sweetness and light. But now, with my hay fever, all I can think of is to scatter them to the four winds. Witness:

The bed of American Beauty roses being extra large and more than one person can wear—and keep within the confines of good taste— And speaking of good taste, I'll never forget the time Lupe Velez showed me a sixteen-carat diamond ring, remarking that that was as large as a person could wear in the daytime and be well-dressed, but that she had a twenty-four-carat diamond she donned for evening wear. Well, to get back to those aforementioned American Beauties, they go—and all the prayers and good wishes I have go with them—to Wynne Gibson, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill and Carole Lombard for not only being beautiful but the most regular scouts I've ever met anywhere. And if it happens there's an odd number (Continued on page 84)

Don't miss
the Dorothy
Mackaill
award!



Una sense-of-
humor
Merkel



Arlen, the Big
Medal Man



Gable. Med-
als or birds?



Mary "Cud-
dly" Carlisle.



Mary "Sweetheart"
Boland.



Dick "Good Humor"
Powell.

Ooooh, Diana
Wynyard!



What does "Little Boy"
Gargan get?

Use *the* Movies



"Design For Living" in comfort and charm! A. A. Freudeman, Paramount's art director, gives you the benefit of his twenty years' experience in valuable advice and suggestions.

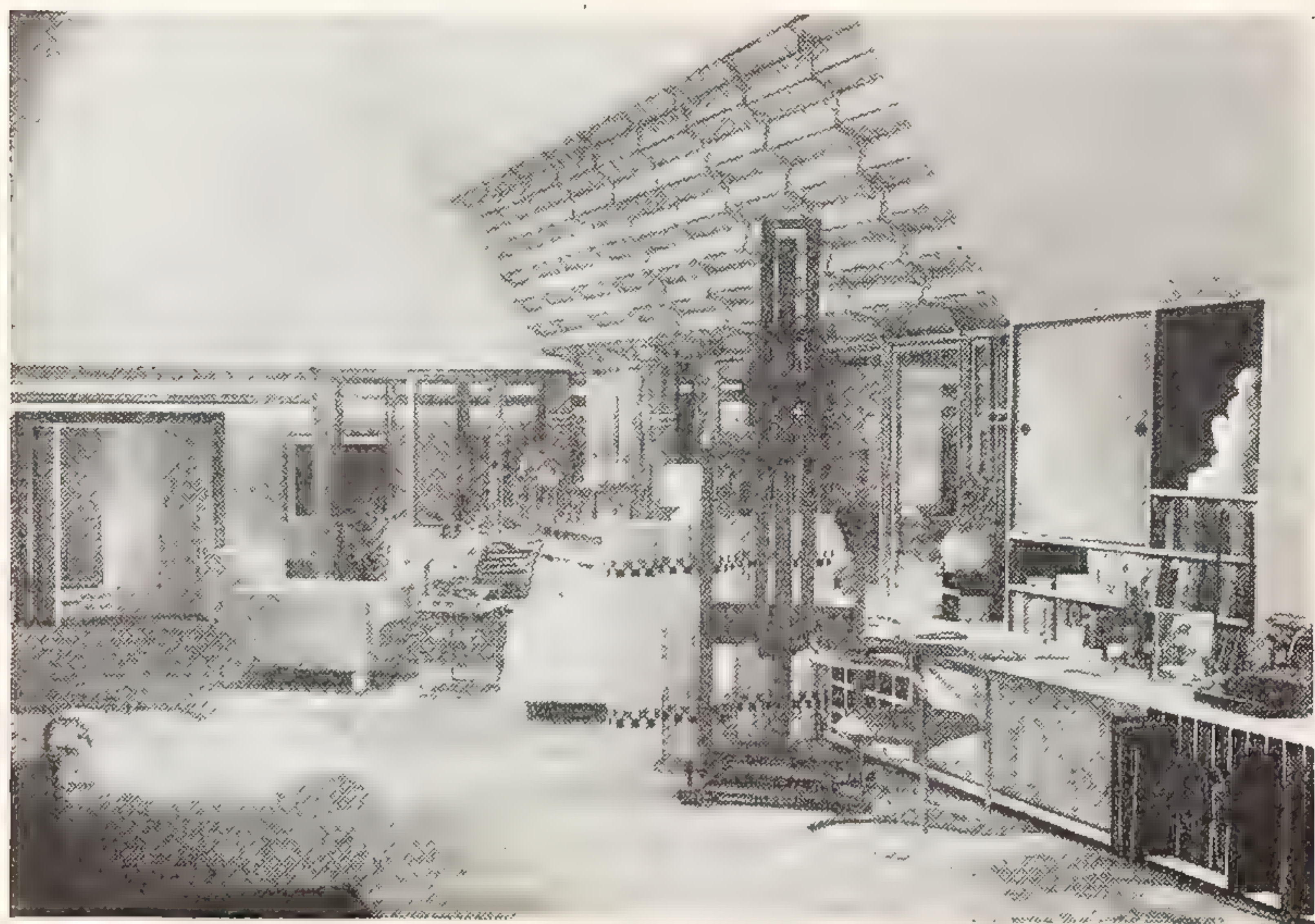


Above, the beautiful room designed for important scenes in "Design For Living." Everyone cannot boast a home with rooms as spacious as this—but the same ideal of elegance may be maintained. Note the unusual treatment of the fireplace and doorway.



Below, you've seen artists' studios on the screen before, but here is a daring new conception for "Design For Living." The idea of modern decoration is comfort and utility.

Above, the lovely modern bedroom designed by Mr. Freudeman for the new Lubitsch picture. Softly dainty and feminine, this room also has character. But, warns Mr. Freudeman, be sure you study a room that pleases and suits you before you copy it.



ARE you going to remodel your house? Would you like to "do over" your living room?

Or don't you know what to do with Aunt Emma's old furniture?

Problems such as these can be solved, very pleasantly, by going to see modern motion pictures and studying the beautiful homes on the screen.

The influence of the screen on the modern American home increases every day, according to A. A. Freudeman, one of Hollywood's outstanding art directors, who has had twenty years' experience in films.

"When I began to design sets in 1912, we used to paint furniture on the walls," Mr. Freudeman, now designing for Paramount, recalls smilingly. "Then we were limited and no one thought of copying our effects. Today, you can safely go to the screen for an education in what is good taste in decoration, what is new in furniture, what is appropriate for the small or the large house, what is effective in formal or informal rooms.

"Manufacturers of electric refrigerators, kitchen devices, new inventions for house-wives, are always glad to have us use their products on our sets, because women see the things in use or on exhibition in the screen homes of stars and are influenced to ask for them. Fans are always writing in to inquire where they can buy this or that. They liked the bed Miriam Hopkins slept in—where can they get one like it? Marlene Dietrich served coffee from a new sort of urn—is it for sale? Fredric March wrote at a unique desk—can they have a sketch of it?

"All of which shows that women are ready to take

in Home-making!



The picture above shows the same room illustrated for you on the opposite page as it looks "in action" in "Design For Living." Miriam Hopkins and Edward Everett Horton hold the center of the stage, with their "guests" grouped about them.

hints on how to improve their homes."

Mr. Freudeman, however, thinks that if you would get the best results in doing over your home, you will take your particular problem to an expert and let him decide it. You will save money by so doing.

"But many people will not do this," he asserts. "If something happens to the car—something that perhaps a screw driver and a knowledge of mechanics will fix in five minutes—the average person rushes to a garage to have it attended to. But he does not think of calling in an expert for his house; and if he should do so, he will insist on incorporating his own ideas.

"So, since this is true, it is well that those who wish to build new homes, or redecorate old ones, should go for education in the matter to the screen. When an art director is given an assignment to do a set, he is not bound by the ideas of half a dozen people. He has no one to consult but himself, and the result is right—it is not a compromise.

"Naturally, we are sometimes called upon to design rooms to be lived in by people of bad taste, or people who know nothing of art or decoration. These rooms are, of course, designed to show up the characters, and are easily identified, and never copied by home-makers.

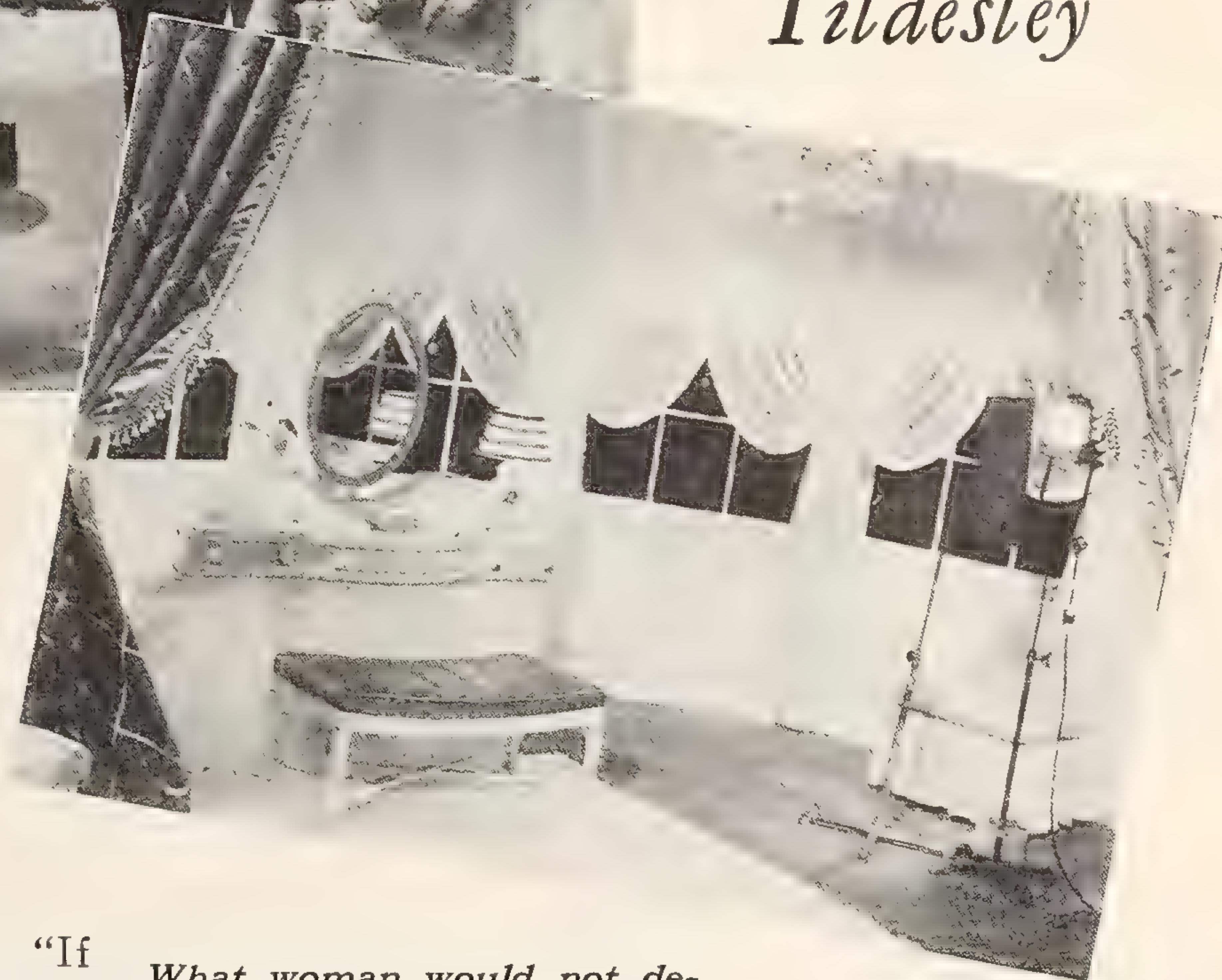
"Ordinarily, however, we execute our finest designs for every purpose. We try to show the players in surroundings of good taste.

"The modern home is the livable home.

"The reason for the excellence of modern interiors for the modern person is this: The world is changing. Our way of living is altering. Sim- (Continued on page 76)

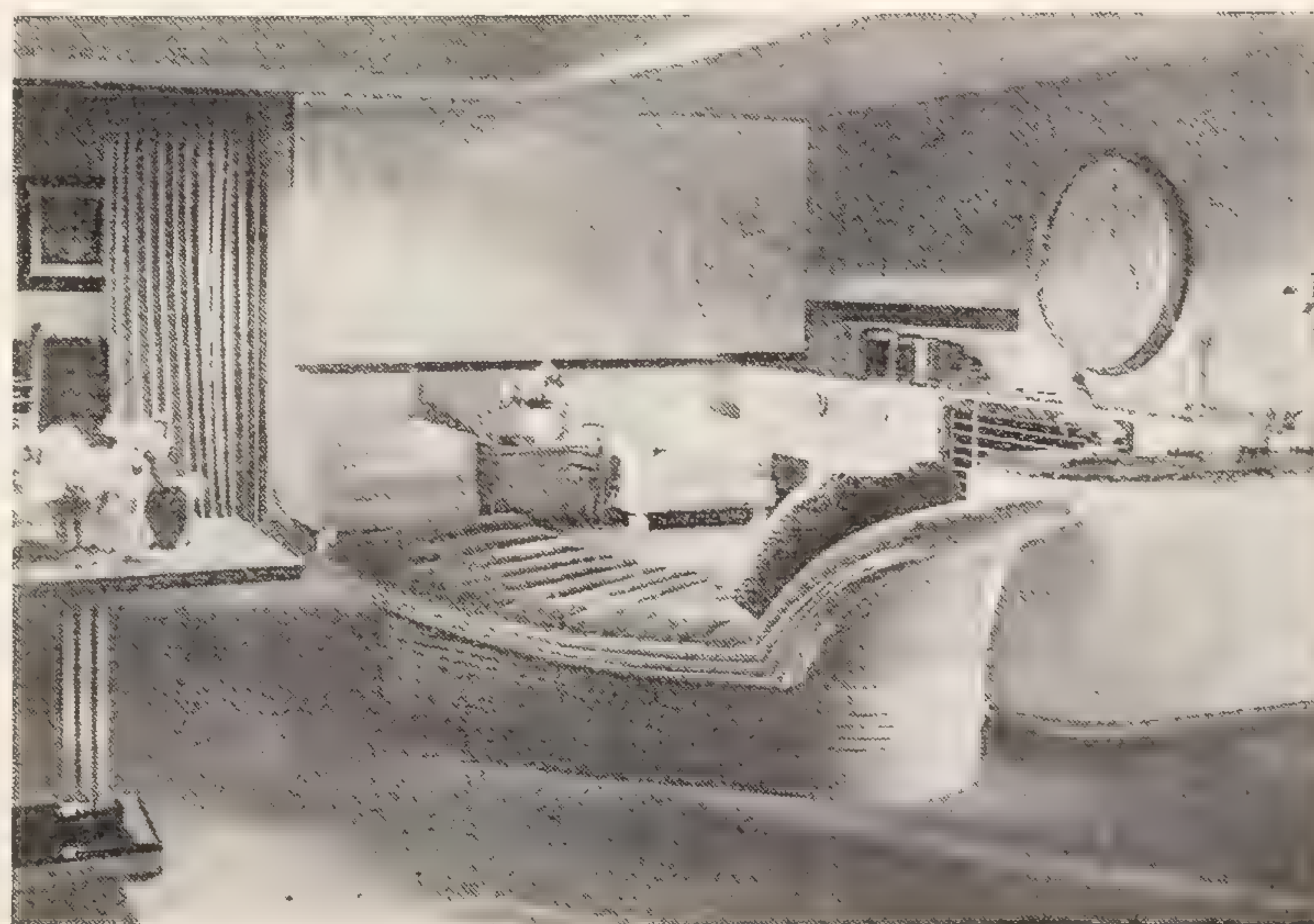
Let the films be your interior decorators! The first in our exclusive series of advisory articles to help make your home more charming

By
Ruth
Tildesley



What woman would not delight in this exquisite dressing table? It was designed especially for Miriam Hopkins, but there's no reason why you could not have it copied if it pleases you. Not only is it charming, but it is more practical than most dressing tables.

More entirely in accord with the "modern" mood is this interesting room below. It shows you a very new note in the chaise longue, as well as a good example of the "built-in" idea.





Here's Gene in one of his favorite rôles with la Harvey in "I Am Suzanne."



By
Kay
Richards

In "The House on 56th Street" Raymond plays a different type of part, opposite Kay Francis.



He Knows What He Wants!

Romance?—Marriage?—A future career?—All about Gene Raymond's Big Plans!

GENE RAYMOND is the direct antithesis of most of the rôles he has portrayed. On the screen, more often than not, he has been called upon to depict young men of appearance far superior to their mental or spiritual qualifications. Weak and vacillating characters tossed hither and yon upon the sea of life and love, with no compass of strength to chart their perilous courses.

While in actuality Gene is a most forthright and determined young man with definite ideas and ambitions—and a concrete plan for achieving his goal. In fact, it has been the policy of having a definite plan of action and following it that is responsible for his present advantageous position in the cinema capital.

"I don't believe in luck—at least for myself," he explained. "I think that success in this or any other field should be worked for and earned. That is, lasting success.

"What is often called a 'lucky break' is in reality anything but that. More lives have been wrecked, more unhappiness caused, by a sudden flash to fame and fortune which could not be retained than from any other cause. Yet few persons stop to think of that—the idea of preparing oneself for whatever position is desired just isn't considered.

"When I first came to Hollywood I was under contract to Paramount. Members of the publicity department of that organization came to me on several occasions and asked me what I had done before working in pictures.

I told them I had been on the stage, and they threw up their hands in horror.

"'But that's not interesting or glamorous!' they said. 'What else have you done? Haven't you ever been so broke you almost starved, or haven't you ever driven a truck or delivered ice or moved pianos?'

"When I assured them that all I had ever been was an actor, they walked away in disgust. The idea of an actor having planned to be just that—not having been rescued from the gutter by some producer, or found singing in a night-club by some star or 'discovered' by a director seemed appalling to them.

"Yet to me, the only logical reason for being on the stage or in pictures is because one has made up his mind to follow that profession and has prepared for it."

Gene was in a position to know whereof he spoke. Today he is one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood. He has appeared in eight pictures during the past ten months and has turned down parts in as many more, because he did not deem them suitable. Yet there is nothing accidental about his success. He has "constructed" his career just as an engineer erects a bridge or an architect builds a house. It has been thus from the beginning.

When he was a baby, his mother looked around at a world seemingly overcrowded with doctors, lawyers, and business men. Believing firmly that a child should be trained from infancy toward a (Continued on page 81)



Virginia Cherrill, the real romance in Cary's life. She made her screen debut as leading lady to Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights."



Mae West—Cary's "reel" romance. It was at Mae's personal insistence that he played in "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel."

Both in screen and in real-life romance, Cary Grant is "sitting pretty"

By
Mortimer
Franklin

The 2 Women *in* His Life!

ONE of the things you find yourself liking about Cary Grant is his resoluteness. Come what may, Cary sticks to his guns; and that's a quality not often discoverable among the dwellers in cinemaland.

There is, for instance, that far from little matter of Cary and Virginia Cherrill. At the moment of zooming to press, Cary still denied that Virginia was going to become Mrs. Grant. But at the same exciting moment several remarkable coincidences could be observed which pointed to a different conclusion. Yet Cary still stuck to his guns and his denials.

What were these remarkable coincidences?

To begin with, Cary was about to sail for England when I interviewed him. Virginia, who he admits is his best and only girl, likewise was about to sail or already had sailed for England. Coincidence number one!

Again, Cary averred that he would in all likelihood be seeing Miss Cherrill during their respective vacations in England. This in spite of the fact that their announced destinations in the Motherland were some 140 miles apart! Coincidence number two!

Yet again, Cary had previously gone on record as requiring certain qualities in a life companion, and had acknowledged that Miss Cherrill seemed to possess just those qualities. Coincidence number three!

Still again, Cary freely admitted (a) that he fully intended marrying "some day;" and (b) that among feminine companions he preferred Virginia to anybody else—that, in fact, there is nobody else, so far as he is concerned. Coincidence the fourth and last!

But a truce to laboring of the obvious! Though this deponent persistently flunked his mathematics in the springtime of his life, he *did* manage to learn how to put two and two together. And it is this deponent's prediction that, deny it who will, Cary and Virginia will return from England, (perhaps *have* returned home by the time you read this), as Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant.

Just why this handsome and wholly likable couple should enfold any plans they may have in such mystery is itself a mystery. The match is an attractive one from any standpoint. So far as the unaided eye can see, there are no drawbacks of any account. The principals are young, comely, and have much to look forward to; and their joint photographs are of the kind over which sentimental old ladies smile with benevolent approval. Then what? Well, perhaps when the World's Last Secret is uncovered, such reticences as this will be answered with that long list of other mysteries concerned with the way of a man and a maid.

It was with evident relief that Cary Grant turned from the topic of Miss Cherrill and (*Continued on page 86*)



At last! The "different" story about Clara Bow you have been waiting for—it is touching, human, true!

By Lillian Montanye

ONE little word, yet it can give a phrase, a sentence, new meaning. It may even influence a life. But we began with it and we hold to it. If she hadn't been born in Brooklyn Clara Bow might never have known fame. Might never have become the flappiest of movie flappers, the It-iest of all the It girls of the screen. Might never have become the gifted, glamorous, hard-working, lovable figure she did become. Might never, we may well add, have known the loneliness, the acid regrets, the spiritual desperation that she came to know—a period more pathetic than her childish days in Brooklyn when she knew only poverty, privation, and neglect.

But why blame Brooklyn?—you want to know. Well, listen, my children, and you shall hear—for the first time, perhaps—the true story of a "fame and fortune" beauty contest. In fact, the story of three beauty contests, for to understand the insignificance of the contest that launched Clara you must know about the pomp and circumstance of the preceding ones and their contrasting results.

Everyone knows that's the way Clara began her career, but few know the facts of that beginning. Not even the few of us intimately connected with this little-publicized affair had the remotest idea that it would mean more than a flash in the pan to the scared little brown-eyed girl from some remote corner of Brooklyn. "Too bad," we said patronizingly, even pityingly. "She is such a child, barely sixteen, and this will only put ideas in her head." We were right—but what ideas and where they would lead her our wildest flights of fancy could not encompass then.

It was the man whose vision made possible the first screen magazine, then owner and publisher of a group of fan magazines in Brooklyn, who promoted this contest.



We don't have to tell you, we hope, that the pictures on the opposite page are all Clara—and practically all of Clara! Above, the Bow in more serious mood.



Left, a scene from "Hoopla," with Clara and her leading man, Richard Cromwell. The current Bow vehicle is the talking picturization of "The Barker," the Broadway stage play.

Intensely interested in the fast-developing art of motion pictures he decided to inaugurate through his publications a contest de luxe that would bring new faces, new talent to the screen.

Ambitious plans were formulated. From the photographs submitted several would be chosen each month and published in the four publications. These would constitute an honor roll and from these the winner would be chosen. At the close of the contest these girls would be asked to come to New York. All expenses would be paid, chaperones and entertainment would be provided. The girls would take part in the making of a picture which would offer a chance to prove their ability. The final winners would be given tests at a real studio, and a part in a real picture.

Photographs poured in by the hundreds. The old brown-stone house in Brooklyn (Continued on page 72)

She Hadn't
Been Born in Brooklyn!



Startled SCREENLAND reporter finds cameras whirring all over New York, and fears for the fate of the Gold Coast "Out Yander"!

By
Leonard Hall

Old Sleuth Hall, prowling around a Long Island Movie set, ran smack into Helen Morgan, the famous piano-sitting torch singer. Though she's appeared in lots of pictures, Hollywood is only a vague rumor to La Belle Morgan!



Famous screen stars in profusion cavort around Eastern studios these palmy days. Here are comedian Ernest Truex, the celebrated "Two Black Crows," Moran and Mack, and sweet singer Lillian Roth, all encountered by our reporter in a day's ramble. They're enjoying a little recess with producer Al Christie.

REALLY, my dears, what IS going to happen to Hollywood?

Good old Goofytown-on-the-Pacific has been dawdling along for several years, secure in the fond belief that any motion picture not made within gunshot of The Brown Derby wasn't legal. Then, only two months ago, your astonished reporter found that several presumptuous squirts had dared to make several feature films in and about New York City, a large port on the Atlantic Ocean. And in spite of the fact that this was the wrong ocean, such movies as "Moonlight and Pretzels" and "Take A Chance" were actually being shown!

But, darlings, now I find that it is much worse!

Further research around the mad metropolis discloses the fact that the whole town seems to have gone stark mad on the subject of movie-making! They don't shoot policemen in New York any more—they shoot pictures. The camera is mightier than the machine gun. Dear old ham actors who haven't had a job since Chaplin hurled his last cream puff are trimming their cuffs and hoping for work!

What is going to happen to quaint old Hollywood?

I got this scoop for SCREENLAND by moseying over to the hallowed old studio on Long Island to look for a child actress with adenoids and buck teeth reported quietly murdered there in '26.

East Coast, West Coast— Where *are the* Movies Bound?

I didn't find that, but I did find Mr. Christie.

Mr. Al Christie, of the famous Christie brothers. The man who took the first movie comedy company to Hollywood twenty years ago, rented a barn at the corner of Vine and Gower Streets, and christened his leading man by smacking him on the head with a bottle of beer.

Mr. Christie is a little over seven feet tall. He has the shoulders of a pug and the bow legs of an old cavalry corporal. He also has a piercing eye, and a voice that can knock three scene painters off a scaffold at a hundred feet. And he has made 90,000 or a million motion picture comedies.

And here was this delicate California bloom in the chilly East!

There the veteran producer stood, surveying the bedlam of the grand old studio. In one corner the famous black-face comics, Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows," rehearsed a comedy poker game, with the aces wild. In another, the noted Miss Helen Morgan, gorgeous torch singer who still mourns her Bill, practised hopping on and off a grand piano and crying at the same time.

"Why, Mr. Christie!" I quavered, "Whatever on earth are *you* doing here, so far from Hollywood?"

He turned on me, stabbing my wishbone with those azure orbs.

"Hollywood?" he roared, conversationally, as three extras swooned. "Son, I've been in Hollywood 22 years, man and boy, and I'm having more fun shooting short films here in New York than I ever had in my life! Why, the stars I can get here I couldn't get in the West—and say, these New York back-grounds—why, Son, I—"

I fled to think it over.

Here's what has happened.

Another chunk of Hollywood has deserted the

sun-kissed lots. Studios around New York are grinding out more short subjects than they have in years. Fox-Educational Pictures, which furnishes us with 118 (my gosh!) one and two-reelers a year, is now making no less than half of them east of the Hudson River.

Why?

Oh, dear! *Will* you make me bother Mr. Christie again?

"Please, Mr. Christie, why all this making of short films in the East?"

"Why, Son," the producer answered, patting me so benevolently that he knocked me into a Moran and Mack jack-pot, "haven't you heard about the New Deal in making short subjects? Well, you will!" And oh, didn't he just!

Educational Pictures suddenly realized, with one of those lightning strokes of genius, that all the best comedians aren't serving life sentences out among the pink haciendas of Beverly Hills. Also, that not all pretty girls grow on palm-trees.

How about the hundreds of swell stage talents who couldn't or wouldn't trek West to make movies? If the mountains wouldn't go to the camera, the camera could sneak up on them!

Thus they arrived at the decision to make great gobs of their miniature epics in the Eastern film foundries.

Mr. Al Christie and Mr. Jack White, two of the ablest veterans in the comedy field, (*Continued on page 78*)

And here's Lillian Roth about to warble a lyric in the finale of "Million Dollar Melody," another East Coast product complete with music, dancing, and gorgeous gals.



Ernest Truex has a bashful moment in "Mr. Adam," one of the Fox-Educational short comedies which he is making in the East. It's all about a nudist cult — and very funny, too!

SCREENLAND'S *Glamor*



You may know Fay Wray by her eyes! They have mystery, depth, enchantment. For the screen Fay wears those luxurious artful eyelashes that enhance a girl's own. Off-screen, she prefers to let her lashes curl in peace, aided only by the careful use of mascara.



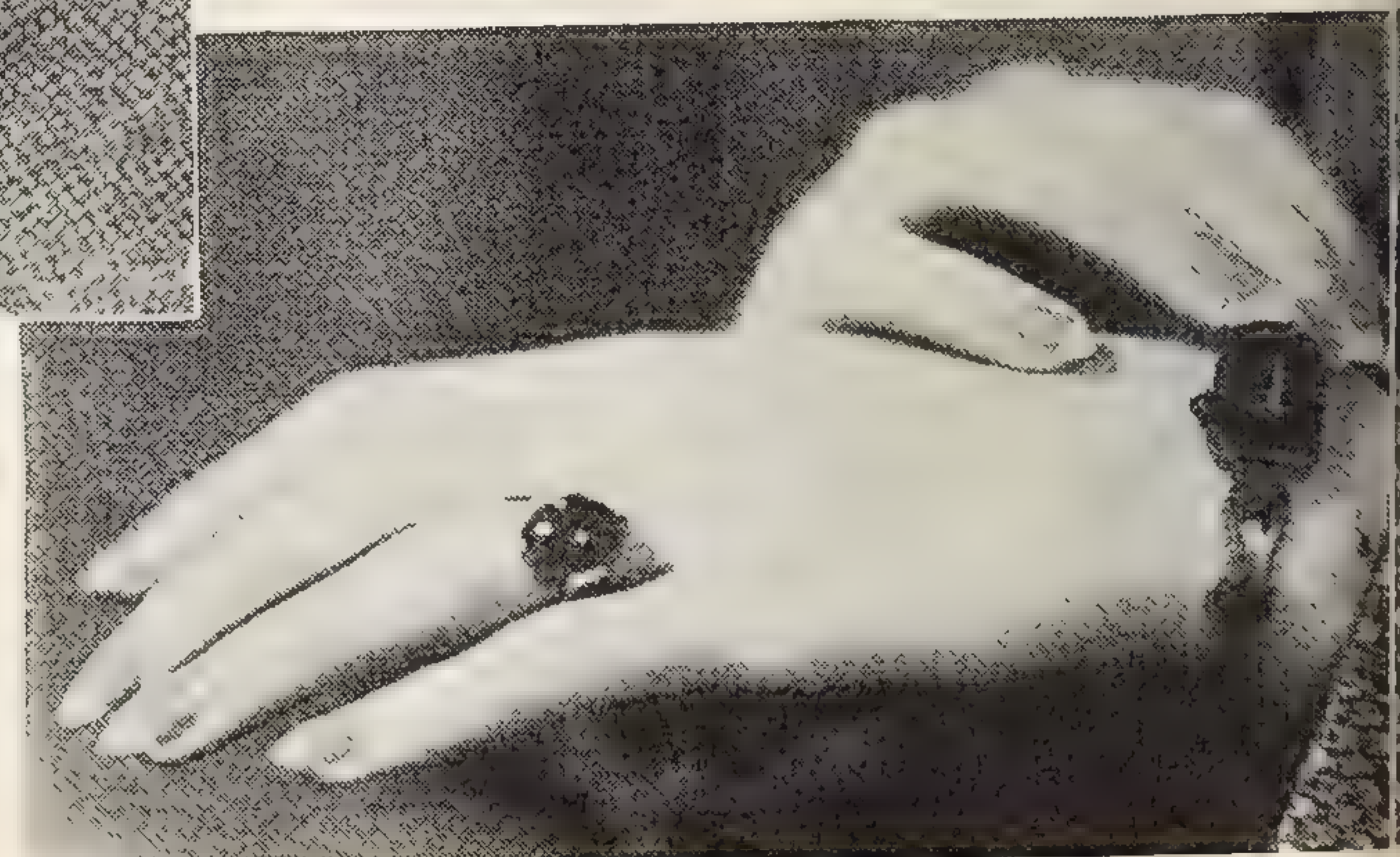
Let's go luscious in the evenings, says this evening ensemble of pink satin and ostrich worn by Fay at the left. The bodice goes Grecian. Like that ostrich muff?



Above, Fay Wray's favorite suit, of green cloth with silver fox. The short belted jacket has sleeves that were cut bell-shaped and then held in tightly to the wrist and forearm like cuffs. Fay's hat is black antelope with a short veil.



Fay proves that a girl can be a movie star and still not drip with jewels! She cares little for gems and still less for costume jewelry. But she does enjoy the wrist-watch she is showing you in the pictures below and to the left. The watch case is of wood with a cover that slides off when the fair golfer wants to know the time of day. Smart, isn't it?

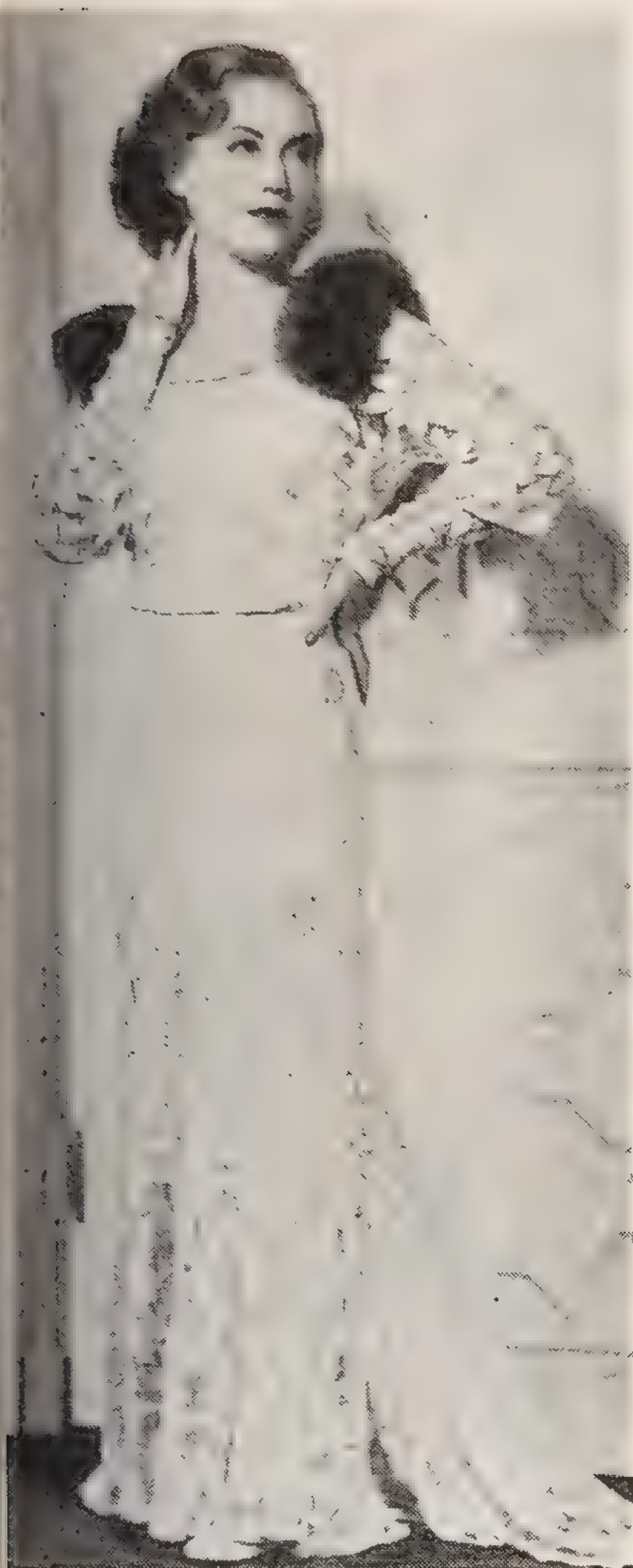


The photographs on these two pages were posed by Fay Wray exclusively for SCREENLAND Glamor School. Irving Lippman, portrait photographer. The gowns and hats worn by Miss Wray were designed by Kalloch of Columbia.

School

Edited by *Fay Wray*

There is a girl in Hollywood who is acknowledged by other stars to have mastered the art of attraction without ostentation; who prefers smart simplicity to sensationalism; who achieves Glamor with grace and effortless charm. We present Fay Wray, who gives you her Glamor secrets

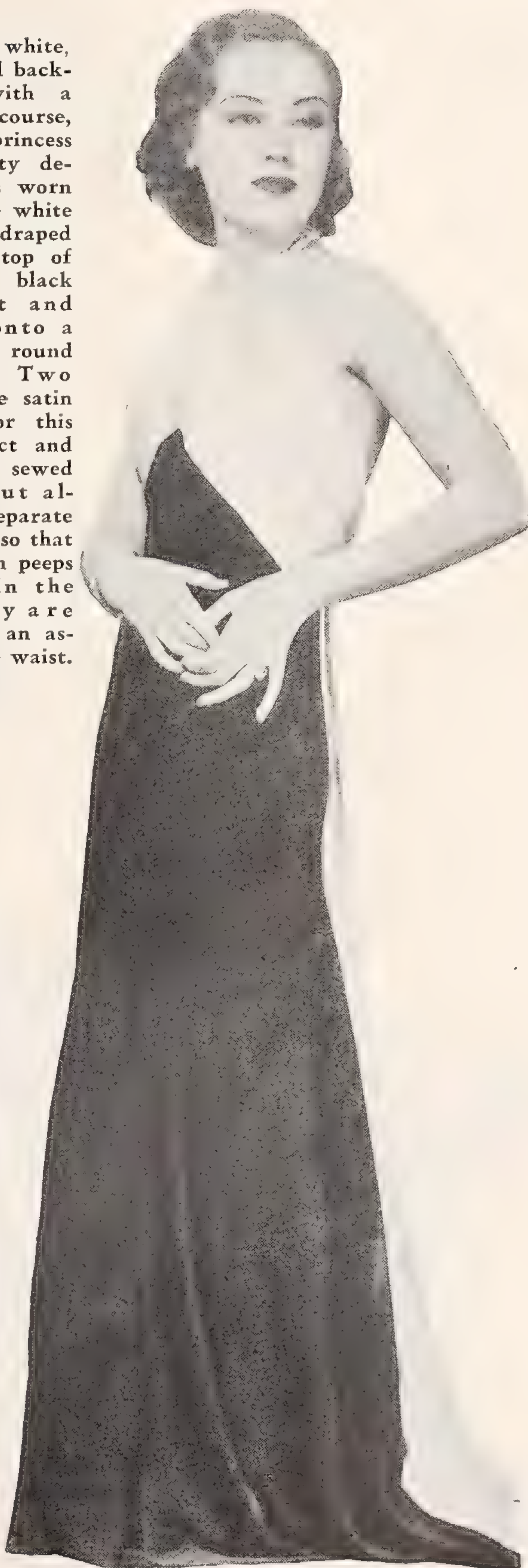


"Angel-skin" lace sounds yummy—and is! Particularly when the lace has gold thread embroidered through it! Fay's gown has the new square neckline, and sable shoulder straps, no less!



The wide revers and wooden cuff-link buttons are an interesting note in this suit of brown and tan tweed, which Fay Wray wears, above.

Black and white, sleeveless and backless and with a train, of course, and cut on princess lines — pretty devastating, as worn by Fay! The white bodice is draped around the top of the pointed black satin skirt and gathered onto a cord at the round neckline. Two pieces of the satin are used for this Grecian effect and they are not sewed together but allowed to separate just a trifle, so that the bare skin peeps through! In the back, they are crossed like an ascot tie at the waist.



What Fay calls her "sweet, simple, and girlish" coiffure is illustrated above. It's soft, appealing, and very feminine. Now look at La Wray over at the right!



Perhaps you prefer her more sophisticated coiffure here? See that alluring ear ornament? Made like a clip, it fastens on the lobe of the ear, fitting part way around it.

The Screen Spectator

Here, Hollywood, is constructive criticism, pungently expressed. Help yourself to some good ideas!



Speaks!

SO BRILLIANT is the ability of the makers of our screenplays that we wonder why so many irritating faults are prevalent in many of the pictures that we see. We do not fail to realize that errors of detail will occur. We understand painstaking effort is made to prevent such, and that scientific research and advice are dearly paid for in a constant struggle to technically produce *the* perfect picture.

But we are constantly confronted in our movie-going life with conditions that seem possible to overcome. For example, many of our movies deal with the various phases of business enterprises. Usually the office of the boss is shown. *We work in an office. We have been in a thousand offices!* Only once, however, have we seen in real life an office typical of the conceptions of the interior decorators of Hollywood of the place a man of big business works in—and that one was a fly-by-night concern that folded up in less than six months!

Don't you believe for one moment that all industrialists, bankers, and brokers occupy rooms five hundred by three hundred feet, decorated in geometrically designed heavens of chro-

mium tubes, modern glass, trick furniture and trickier secretaries. Even though Senatorial investigations of the boom years that went Boom! Boom! would indicate that big business men were all fat heads—take it from us that nine out of ten of such could not have dictated even one of their contracts of iniquity in such a place.

It was a joy, therefore, to behold the office of Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory." That *was* an office as is—and didn't Tracy impress you while at work in that office as being actually a big-time leader of a business enterprise?

We find realistic settings of this sort most gratifying because we can quickly recognize authenticity in furniture, clothes, locale, etc. And every detail that we can check as true enables us more easily to accept that with which we are not familiar. Producers, directors, writers and players should realize this and not confound us in their artistic offerings with absurdities so patent that we are prone to sit like sharp-eyed ferrets watching for errors, when we prefer to be entranced by the wonders of the screen world.

Another condition that bewilders us is the pic- (Continued on page 82)



Why, asks the Screen Spectator, is the art of ZaSu Pitts allowed to languish in features, when she was so good in shorts?



The office of Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory" with Ralph Morgan as his faithful secretary, really looked like an office—but have you seen some of those other movie "offices"?



Can't something be done to save us, asks the Spectator, the anguish of such scenes as in "Wild Boys of the Road," in which that youngster lost his leg in full view of the audience?



One-word description of the new screen sensation, Margaret Sullavan. Here's the only interview she has granted since her smash hit in "Only Yesterday"

By
Radie
Harris

Original!

I'VE been immune to rumors ever since I heard the one about Ann Harding and Harry Bannister being "Hollywood's Ideal Married Couple."

But when, via the grape-vine route, came rumblings of Margaret Sullavan's magnificent performance in "Only Yesterday," I believed them—all of them.

You see, two years ago, I had witnessed her stage début in a play called, "A Modern Virgin." It had been a very bad play but her performance stood out like a lalique vase in a five and ten cent store. I knew then that she was Going Places—Hollywood, inevitably.

It was there that I met her for the first time, after she had been dying for several days in the final scenes of "Only Yesterday."

"I'm supposed to die of a heart attack, but I sound like the last stages of asthma!" she greeted me, when I discovered her on Stage 9 in, of all places, the assistant director's lap!

And with blithe unconcern, she continued to sit there until the harassed young man from the publicity department drew over a chair and murmured "Won't You Sit Down?"

I had already been warned that this littlest rebel hated Hollywood. So I opened fire with my best line of attack. I told her I came from New York.

It worked like Claudette Colbert's charm! We became soul-mates immediately, while she weeped on my shoulder and sang me her Hymn of Hate.

"They call this picture, 'Only Yesterday'—but it's been a lifetime!" she exclaimed. "We've been on it for almost

four months now and I've had exactly one day's vacation—and then I spent it in jail for smoking a cigarette in a forest region. I might still be there if my name didn't happen to be Sullavan!" she added with a grin.

As she sat opposite me in a pair of blue slacks, looking for all the world like *Huck Finn's* younger sister, it was hard to realize that this pert infant was a brilliant actress, who in her very first screen effort was being "supported" by such luminaries as John Boles and Billie Burke.

Orchidaceous. Glamorous. Sextacular. None of the usual Hollywood labels catalogue her. In a land of carbons, she is as original as the "a" in the spelling of her last name.

Her voice, too, is like no one else's you have ever heard. It hasn't the lyric quality of Cornell or the guttural richness of Fontanne, but its vibrant huskiness is a catch between a laugh and a tear, and there is just enough of a Southern accent to identify Norfolk, Virginia, as her birthplace.

She is the daughter of Cornelius Hancock Sullavan and Garland Council, suh—names that instinctively conjure up visions of a white colonial homestead, baked banana pie, and darkies strumming "Old Black Joe" on a summer evening.

When it came to christening their baby daughter, however, the Sullavans chose the plain, down-to-earth name of Margaret, a name as unaffected and straightforward as she, herself, is. Her friends have always called her "Peggy."

(Continued on page 94)

YOUTH

ROMANCE

Jesse L.
LASKY'S*I am Suzanne!**Lilian* HARVEY • GENE

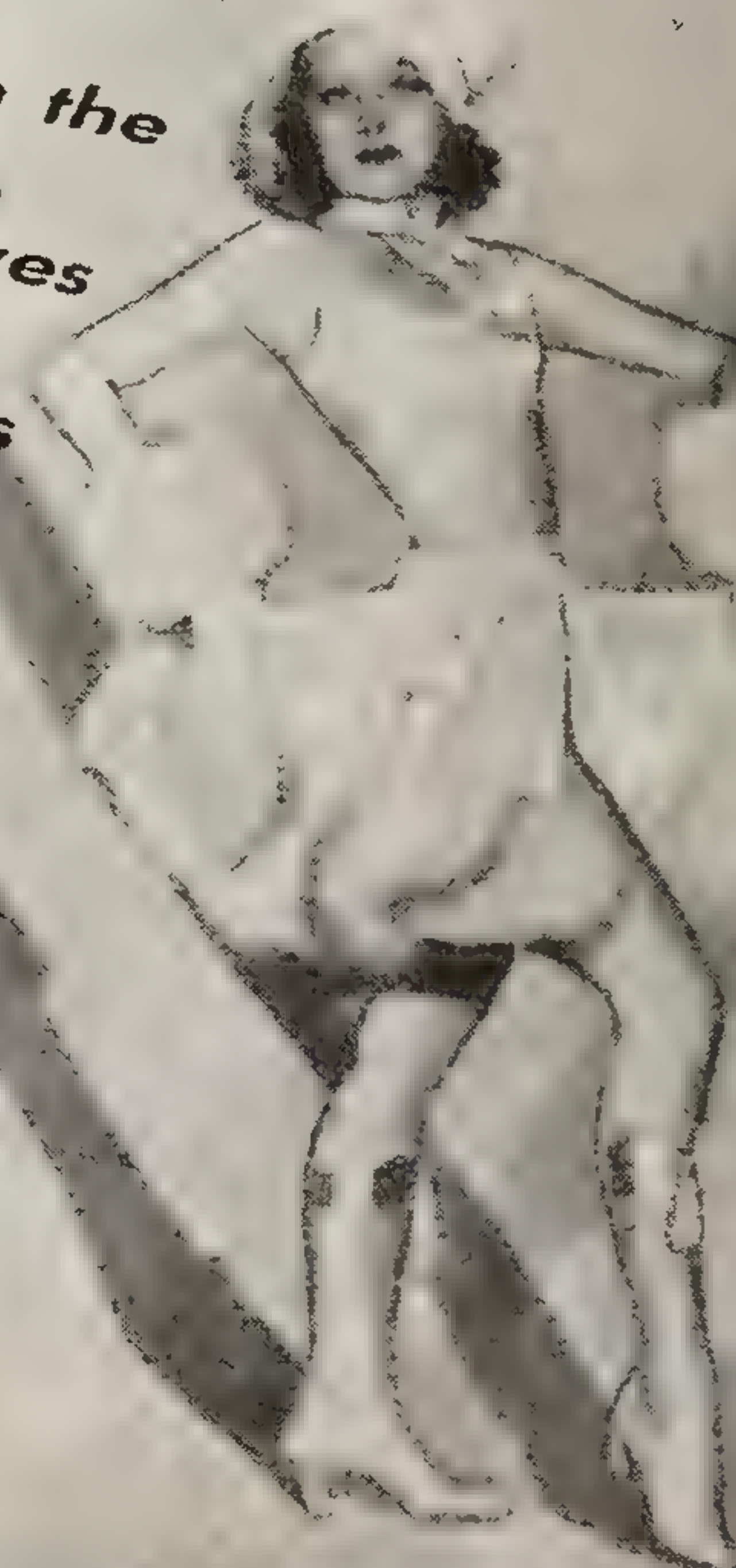
RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance... While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes... and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.





OFF- GUARD!

GARBO grins! And when Garbo grins the world smiles in sympathy. You'll see her in this mood and many others in her new film, "Queen Christina."



Manatt

Harmony for Two!

FROM "Too Much Harmony" Bing Crosby croons his ingratiating way into "Going Hollywood," Marion Davies' tuneful new picture. Here's the grand new team in a scene from the film. You'll like it.



C. S. Bull

WE'RE cheering for this new combination, too. Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald co-star in the screen version of "The Cat and the Fiddle," one of Jerome Kern's most charming operettas—and how they sing!

And Two More!



Longworth

Quick! Who Is It?

HOW long did it take you to identify the star above? Three guesses? Yes, it's Richard Barthelmess in his current characterization of an Indian in "Massacre." We think you'll like him.



THE Dunn lad's been kept hopping of late, what with varied rôles in "Take a Chance," "Jimmy and Sally," and "Fox Movietone Follies." But he still has time to be the real Jimmy—just a large Irish smile!

Jimmy as Himself!

Carl Dial



Watch the Ice Melt!

WELL, it's lucky it's Hollywood ice—or it wouldn't last long when Lilian Harvey leads the St. Moritz number in her new picture, "I Am Suzanne." Lovely Lilian's third American movie is said to be her best.



Elmer Fryer

AND still another new part for the screen's best bad boy. Jimmy Cagney, having turned into a song-and-dance man all in the good cause of film musicals, now takes a fresh rôle—yes, "fresh" is the word!

Cagney as a "Lady Killer"

New Glimpse of Gable

YES, he's all right now
—and his robust per-
formances in "Dancing
Lady" with Joan Crawford,
and "Overland Bus" with
Claudette Colbert, for
Columbia, will prove it to
you. Clark's cheerful again
—good!



New Portrait of a Lady

AND a fine actress. Norma Shearer is working in her first "return" screen play, "Rip Tide," with Robert Montgomery playing opposite her. And then she promises she will play "Marie Antoinette" — positively!





The Sixth in SCREENLAND'S Series of Portrait Drawings by Charles Sheldon



John Ellis

**All
in the
Interests
of Art!**

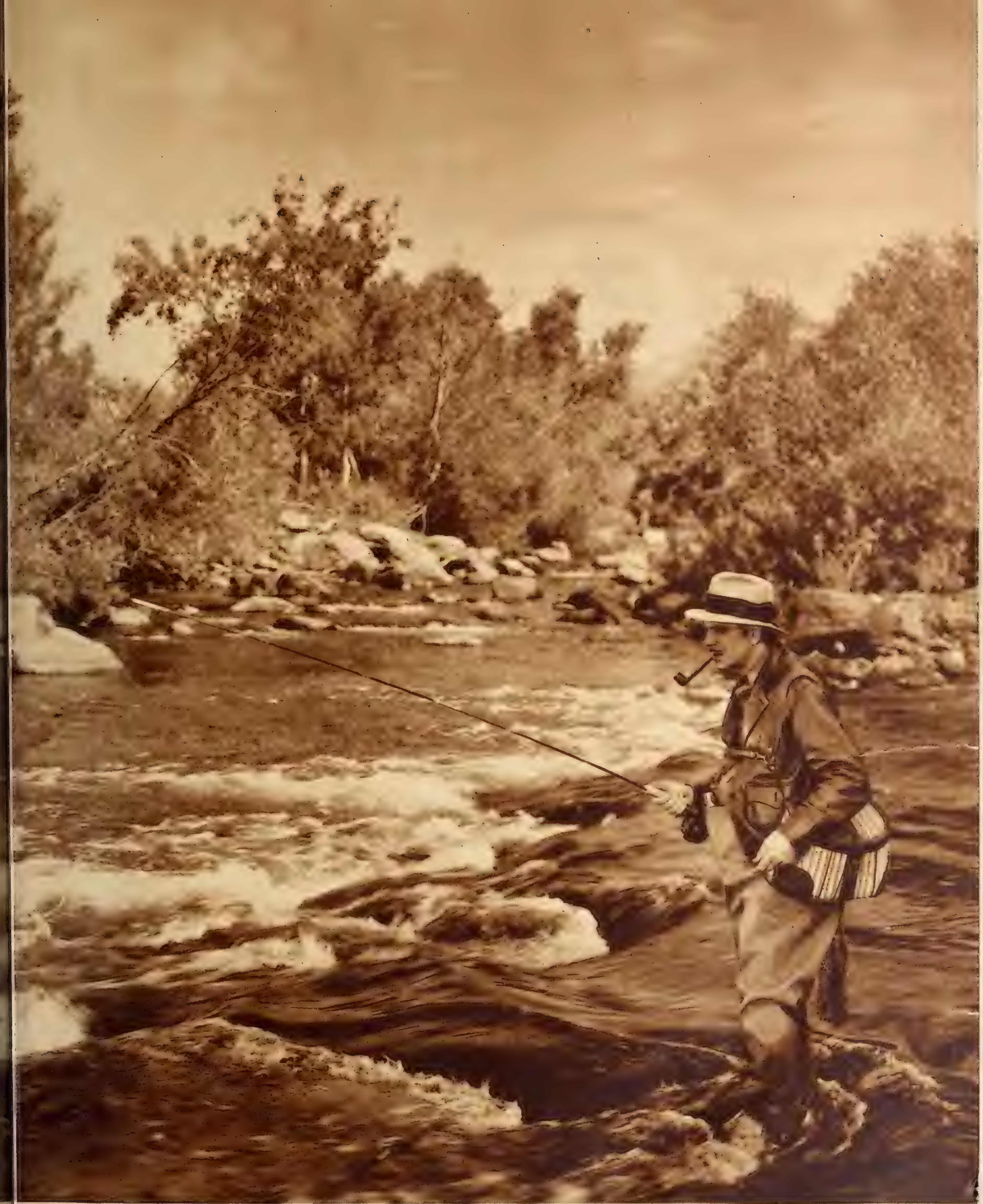
MARY ASTOR, appearing with Adolphe Menjou in "Easy To Love," permitted the photographer to portray her in what may be called the title rôle. Mary can be as daringly decorative as the accepted cinema sirens—it's all in the day's work to Miss Astor; but off-screen she is one of the frankest, most genuine and humorous young women in Hollywood.



Don English

Who's Frightened? Not Claudette Colbert!

LA COLBERT has a congenially colorful rôle in Cecil DeMille's latest opus, "Four Frightened People," filmed in Hawaii. At the left, Claudette in a scene with debonair Herbert Marshall.



AT LAST, a scene that the men in the audience will appreciate! Warner Baxter goes fishing in "As Husbands Go" and incidentally provides us with one of the most picturesque "stills" we have ever selected. It's a good picture, too.

**The Most Beautiful
Still of the Month**



C. S. Bull

Pre-View of "Spring" by Madge Evans!

YOU may think that Madge is rushing the season—but perhaps she's thinking of Palm Beach, or Bermuda, or Hawaii—what's that, Madge? Sorry, folks—Miss Evans says she's just dressed up for her new picture and so busy she'll have to leave the winter vacations and cruises to you!

GIVE YOUR HANDS
AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION

Hands as soft and lovely as flowers... reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? Keep them alluringly smooth, even in Winter? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply refuse to let work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Coressingly smooth and lovely are MARGARET SULLAVAN'S hands. With JOHN BOLES in UNIVERSAL'S success, "ONLY YESTERDAY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.



Eugene Robert Richee

Hollywood's Blazing New Beauty

RECOGNIZE her? She's another example of the movies' amazing magic. Marguerite Churchill, from a capable ingenue has been transformed into a magnetic and exciting person—and you'll see her in "Girl Without a Room." Read about her in the story on the opposite page.



Thoroughbreds—George and his bride, Marguerite. And isn't she lovely?

They'll Bet on Love!

And we'll bet on George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill! A grand story about a grand guy and his girl

By
Dickson Morley

I HAVE a unique story to tell you.

It concerns a *good* man and a *good* woman who have found each other in Hollywood. And despite Hollywood!

My adjectives are emphatic because these two are thoroughbreds. The hero is everything a real man should be. The soul of honor, intelligent, courageous. Handsome and virile. Above all, sincere. Our heroine possesses all the virtues you seek in a woman and, in addition, she is beautiful and charming.

The tale is "different" because its moral is so old that most of us will have to dig into our memories to get the point.

When all of us were very young we were told that if we'd be good, always do the

right thing, and live an irreproachable life, we'd be happy. Somehow it's a pretty big order to carry out idealistic intentions. People *seem* to get ahead by out-maneuvering others. Those who jazz fanciest *apparently* eat their cake and have it, too.

I want to introduce you to the two who are actually Hollywood's most admirable romantics. And I'll let you draw your own conclusion as to the dividends a life of Goodness pays.

This, then, is the story of George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill.

You know that when they married the middle of last July, in the historic old California Mission San Ynez, the final capitulation of the gallant Bachelor O'Brien
(Cont. on page 74)



Remember when George and Marguerite acted together in Westerns? Here's a souvenir of those days, with George "shooting" his leading lady when she wasn't looking.

Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition



Platinum Bombshell gives us the best story of her life to date! Don't miss it! Exclusive!

By
James M. Fidler

BET you can't guess Jean Harlow's secret ambition. No, no—I'm sure you can't. What? Three guesses? Don't make me laugh; you can *never* guess in three guesses. Sure—go ahead and try!

Jean wants to be the most popular motion picture star? That's your first guess? Pardon me while I have myself a laugh. Oh, don't get me wrong; Jean is interested in her career—deeply, seriously interested. No doubt she would like to become the greatest star on the screen, and if she continues to progress as she has during the past year, she's headed straight for the top. *However, that's not her secret ambition. Guess again.*

Jean wants to be very, very wealthy: That's your second guess? Certainly Jean wants to be rich. Who doesn't? But money isn't everything in the world—not to Jean, at any rate. *No, that's not her secret ambition. And you have only one more guess.*

What? What is that you said? *Jean wants a baby?* Your third guess is that Jean wants a baby? Awwwww, somebody must've told you! You could *never* have guessed it. Nobody could have *guessed*. Whoever

heard of such a guess? Imagine! Hard-boiled Jean Harlow of "Red Dust" wanting a baby! Loose-talking Jean of "Hold Your Man" wanting a baby! Nawwww, you didn't guess that. Somebody told you.

Even so, you are only partially correct. Jean doesn't want just a baby. *She wants babies.* Three or four youngsters running around her house, carving their initials in the piano, pilfering doughnuts from the breadbox, and embarrassing Aunt Molly by saying, in her presence, "Mamma, Aunt Molly isn't cooked. You said she was hard-boiled."

Babies. Jean wants a family of them—maybe a pair of boys, and at least one sister for them. A sister for the brothers to fight over, and for. A cherubic little darling with silky, platinum hair and big blue eyes and lips you'd love to touch. A tiny angel who would never, never cry or whimper. Who would be a grand little sport on every occasion. Who would give her doll to that poor girl down the street, whose parents could not afford to buy a doll. *A baby Jean.*

"I want her to have platinum hair," Jean confided to

Maybe we shouldn't say so but Jean told Jimmy Fidler this was her favorite of all the stories ever written about her. What about it, Public?

me. "There have been times in my life when I was sorry for the color of my hair—sorry for the reason that that very hair threatened to hinder my career because motion picture producers seemed to lose sight of any acting talent I might have, simply because my hair was so widely exploited. There have been times when I have grown very weary of being called *platinum blonde*.

"But when I wore a red wig for 'Red-Headed Woman,' I made up my mind that I was happier as a blonde. I will be glad if my daughter has hair exactly the same color. What if she has, and doesn't like it?" Jean laughed. "She can change it easily!"

Jean wants one son to be older than the daughter; the other, younger. She hopes the older boy will come two years in advance of the daughter, and that the next son will be a year or two younger than Miss Jean, the second. Yes, she's figured it all out!

She wants the boys to be dark. No platinum blond boys for Jean, if her hope is granted. She wants them to grow into tall, broad-shouldered, almost-swarthy men.

Of course, I'm telling you what *Jean* wants. I haven't once quoted Hal Rosson, her husband. But what do men know about dreaming of babies? A man's only interest is that the first-born will be a boy, and that he will be just a little bit tough—a fighting little fool. At any rate, that's what Hal says.



The man whom Jean Harlow calls her "unlucky husband." But Hal Rosson, above, looks like the happiest man in Hollywood.

One must know Jean Harlow intimately in order to understand the domestic side of her nature. I have known her for years, since she was in her early 'teens. At times I consider myself almost a member of the family, although I must admit that no move has been made to adopt me into the Harlow fireside circle. Nevertheless, Jean, and her mother and step-father, and her husband and I are intimate enough to sit together and discuss very personal issues—such as Jean's yearning for babies.

Several months after Paul Bern's death, I was lunching with Jean one noon. About midway of the salad course, I asked: "Do you think you'll marry again?"

She stared at me as if amazed. I began to feel a little foolish for having voiced the question, because I knew her answer even before she opened her lips.

"Of course I'll marry again," Jean said. "What an absurd question for you, of all people, to ask. How many times have I told you that I want a home? I mean a *real* home, with children of my own to worry and fret about?"

At that same luncheon, which took place about three months before Jean's marriage to Rosson, she told me that she was in love with Hal. That is why I laugh every time some gossip says that the platinum blonde married in a hurry, and then adds an accusing, "Why?" She married for love; that is why. She was in love (*Continued on page 90*)



Left, the Jean of the screen—alluring, exotic. Right, the real girl, who reveals herself to you in this "scoop" story.

What Has Hollywood



The movies have got under the great actor's skin at last! Read this exclusive story and meet a new Muni

By
Ben Maddox

PAUL MUNI is on the verge of departure from Hollywood again. He has made his allotted two pictures for the year. But this time it's an entirely altered Muni who is checking out.

Hollywood has got under his skin at last!

He used to be the banner boy for the "free souls." In him surged the ever-present, unquenchable yearning to wander. And now look how constant exposure to nefarious movie atmosphere has changed him. Our wandering Muni has settled down!

The acting genius who said, when he was doing his memorable chain-gang drama, that life was merely a trap and that his soul was torn with the desire to "escape," has right-about-faced.

He proclaimed that he could never—positively!—be fettered with a home. Nor property. Then he added that only such an understanding woman as Mrs. Muni could even put up with his craving to be "free."

Bella Frank, who is Mrs. Muni, merely smiled in those days when he was reacting so violently to the international fame which the talkies suddenly poured upon him. She was discreetly silent. For she is understanding—and wise!

Twelve years of marriage to this strange man Muni have taught her that, because he is a master of his art, he is supremely sensitive. Every mood, including his infrequent gay moments, is a significant feeling for him. He



The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni is a five-acre estate about fifteen miles from Hollywood. The picture above shows the Munis and a corner of their swimming-pool—pleasant place, isn't it?

Done to Paul Muni?

can do nothing casually, no matter how unimportant.

The lavishness and ease of Hollywood scared him silly.

"I had to work so hard that the over-night way men and women are pushed into picture stardom appalled me," he admitted when I called on him and his wife in their new home.

Home—do you get it?

That's what Hollywood has done to the marvelous Muni! It has shown him that one doesn't have to become a hobo to breathe one's fill of fresh air, that people are happiest when they live a simple, regular life. And that contentment lies right in your own front yard!

"I honestly never expected to learn the virtues of home, sweet home from Hollywood!" he told me with an expression of delight on his mobile features.

It seems that I was the first interviewer who had been privileged to visit his establishment, so a word or two about it will not be amiss. The Muni headquarters is a rambling, pink stucco house in the center of a five-acre grove of walnuts, figs, and peaches. It is in the country, or "out on the land" as Muni expresses it, about fifteen miles from Hollywood proper. Quiet, secluded, and thoroughly comfortable, it is a miniature kingdom in which Muni is monarch of all he surveys.

"We have no antiques," he pointed out proudly as he introduced me to the cheerful living-room. "I told Mrs. Muni we wanted a place that would be, above all else, a home. So she went ahead and fixed it up, and doesn't it look livable?"

The one feature for which he apolo-

Right, a close-up of the star of "I'm A Fugitive" and "The World Changes" as he looks in his new home. Below, with his wife, Bella, in a musical moment.

gizes elaborately is the big swimming-pool in front! He explains that it was already there when they bought the ranch last summer, so they just have to make the best of it. (He revels in swimming in it, but is afraid to admit it for fear he'll sound like one of the idle rich!)

"We may be away all winter. Of course, I intended to do a Broadway play and I have devoted my spare time to reading scripts. I came across nothing particularly outstanding and it is almost too late to start a play run now. So unless some extraordinarily good show turns up, Mrs. Muni and I will go to Europe. We have made several trips before and enjoy travelling immensely.

"There is a possibility of my doing personal appearances in France. It appears that my pictures have gone very well there and I have an offer for a vaudeville tour. I cannot speak French, but, if I should decide to accept, I will take a month or two to learn enough of the language to present an act."

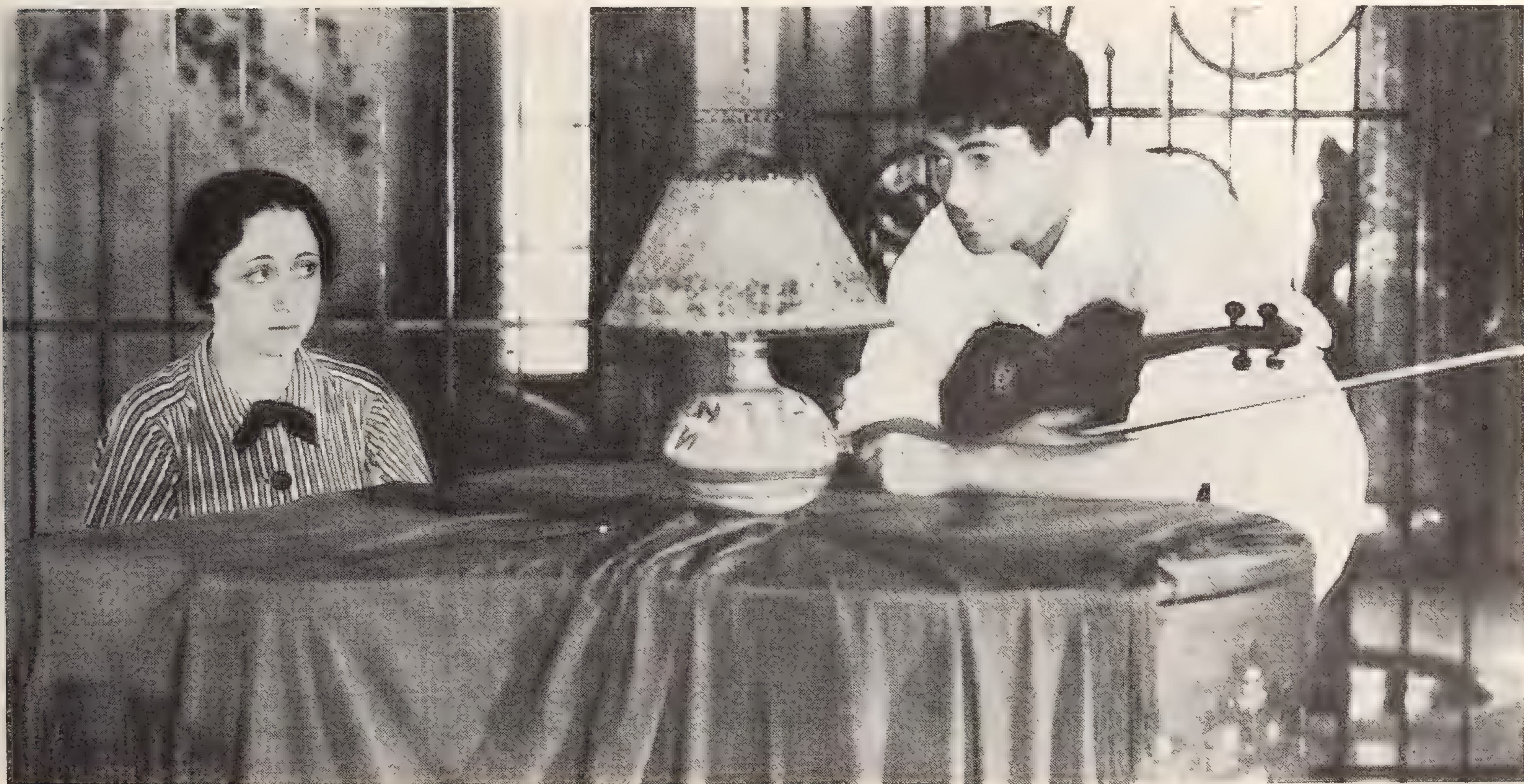
Yet no matter how far afield the Munis stray, they'll call Hollywood home from now on.

"We won't be tied down. This house is not an expensive luxury. While we are away we can get one man to live here and take care of the orchard. And at a very nominal cost, so we won't feel that we have to be here unless we wish."

"What has caused your transformation into a home-lover?" I inquired with reasonable curiosity.

His response confounded me. He thinks he is getting old!

"I am thirty-five and Mrs. Muni and I have begun to think of our old age. We do not make definite plans to do specific things. We have learned from experience (Continued on page 87)



Fields for Fun!

All about that laugh-maker
everybody likes—except
Baby LeRoy!

By Amory Westcott

W. C. FIELDS is a comedian with a real sense of humor! You know, he doesn't play *Hamlet* in his private life. He is just a droll fellow, on and off.

Why the impressive initials? Well, as he explains it, a comic must have some dignity. Everybody really calls him Bill.

His "feud" with Baby LeRoy is the funniest thing that has happened in Hollywood in many moons, and you'll have to admit that a lot of funny things have happened in Hollywood.

It seems the baby thought that good old Bill was a "heavy" instead of a comic. He bawled every time he looked at him. So many scenes were ruined that certain persons began to accuse Bill of going around frightening little children.

Just as I say, Bill Fields has a swell sense of humor. The harried comedian retorted: "Say, I'm the only actor this baby hasn't been able to steal a scene from. That's why he is throwing those fits of artistic temperament." And, when the feud became heated, the following advertisement appeared in a Hollywood paper:

"If a certain prominent baby in our esteemed industry does not cease telling people that I, W. C. Fields, stole his bottle, he will get himself into a whole peck of trouble. (Be careful, B.L.) Signed: W. C. Fields."

This absurd advertisement is typical of the Fields brand of humor. Even when someone maliciously suggested that the baby was afraid of Bill's famous red nose, the victim took it all in good fun.

Be that as it may, the "feud" came to a sudden end when the comedian jumped into a tank of water to haul the baby off a raft which looked as if it might tip over. Then and there, they became fast friends. Before the picture was finished, they do say that Bill was discovered in a corner of the set teaching Baby LeRoy to sing, "Who's afraid of the big red nose?"

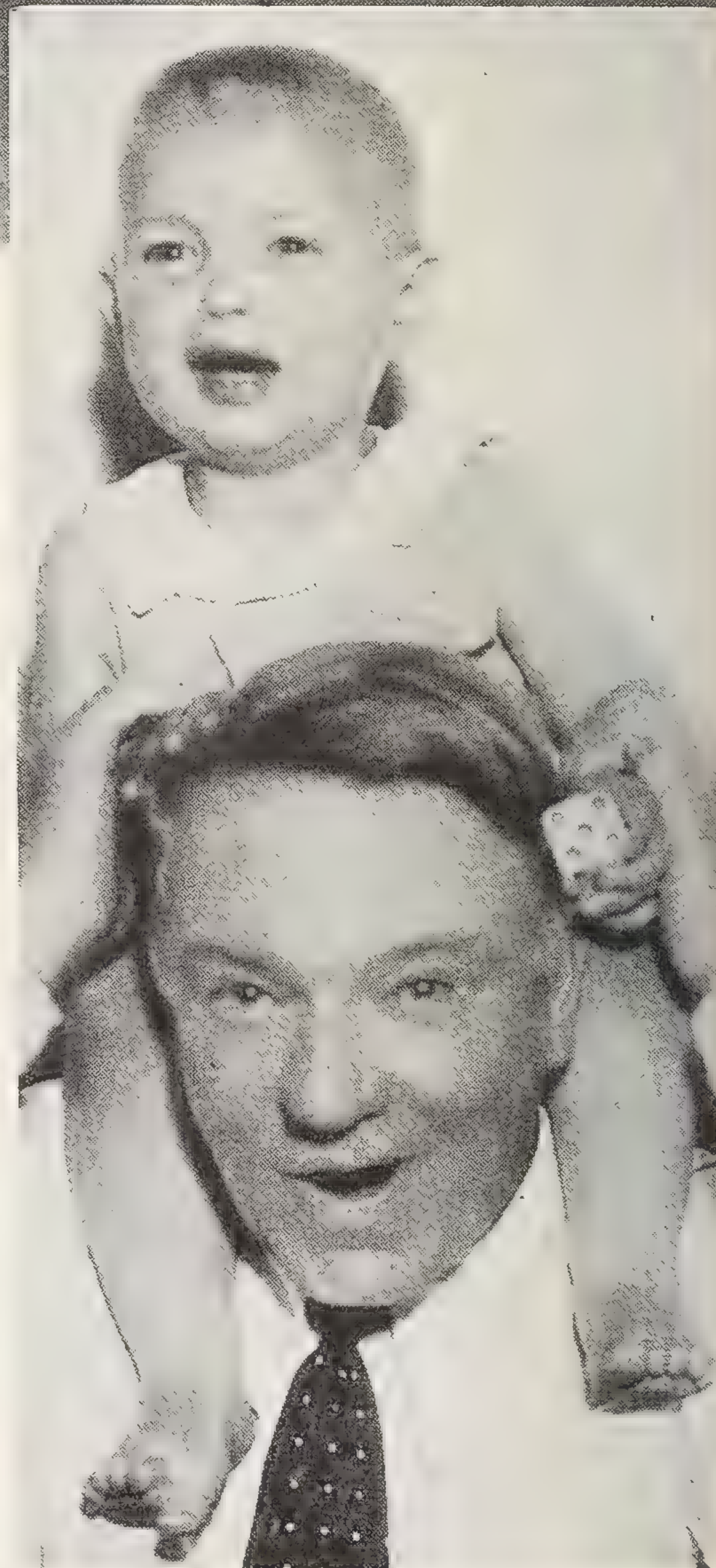
For an artist who has been one of the most famous and highest salaried comedy stars for some twenty years, Bill Fields has an extraordinarily odd, but sensible, philosophy.

"Health, wealth, and freedom!" is his motto.

"I keep in good health," says he, "to insure making sufficient wealth, to enjoy the life I like most."

Unlike the traditional trouper, Bill would be perfectly content to forego the flattery of seeing his name in electric lights if he could play golf every day of his life. In fact, he almost manages to (Continued on page 96)

Swell trouper! W. C. Fields, after a long and lustrous career as a Broadway stage star, gave in to the movies and became more popular than ever.



Wa-a-a-a-a! Baby LeRoy howls every time he has to play a scene with Fields—and not with laughter. It's the funniest film feud.



Above, Walter Connolly with his wife, who is Nedda Harrigan of the stage, and their daughter. Right, Mr. Connolly studies his script. Grand actor!



Home's Where His Art Is!

Hollywood or Broadway, it's all the same to Walter Connolly if his rôles are good

By Jed Barker

PROBABLY the oldest law in the theatre is "The play must go on." The Harrigans have added another line—the Harrigans must be represented on Broadway. Only this can explain Nedda Harrigan's presence in the East while Walter Connolly remains in the West making pictures. Certainly it was not an economical move to keep the Harrigan fire burning brightly on Broadway for the nightly long-distance calls have made their telephone bills formidable first-of-the-month visitors. But the Harrigan ghost must not walk. So Nedda remains acting in the East while Walter is adding to his laurels in Hollywood.

Walter, you may remember, was one of the die-hards of the legitimate stage who refused to travel westward for many, many years. His determination to avoid motion picture alliances was due to an experience he had had in the movies in the early silent days. In those times, picture-making was admittedly mechanical. Walter hates, as only an artist can, anything mechanical connected with acting. Producer after producer attempted to lure him to Hollywood, waving fat contracts before him, but he closed his eyes resolutely and fled. Columbia's good luck came when Walter was ill in the hospital and unable to escape. Nedda Harrigan, his wife, has never appeared in the movies, but there is still hope. Some day *she* may

be sick and have to go to a hospital. Jolly thought!

Her return to the East on the stage afforded, however, an opportunity which is rarely given of seeing an actor through his wife's eyes, while she is so far away from him that his presence cannot color her opinions. We were naturally interested to discover how and why Walter Connolly's aversion to the movies had evaporated so soon. It must have evaporated or he would not have signed a new contract giving Columbia first call on his services for the next five years.

Walter Connolly, it appears, likes Hollywood because it means work, constant creation, work in the morning, work in the afternoon, and often work in the evening. During the filming of "A Man's Castle," the Frank Borzage production, Walter Connolly worked for the most part at night and in the early morning. During the afternoon he was busy making "East of Fifth Avenue" some days, and "Master of Men" others.

It seems that Walter had his entire opinion of Hollywood changed shortly after his arrival there. He had always felt the movies had no heart, no soul, but a little incident during the filming of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" changed his entire outlook. One of the scenes in that picture was in the "Hoover City" where Lee Tracy, as the young Congressman, (Continued on page 93)

★ SCREENLAND SPECIAL ★ H A M O R H U I D ★



Dorothy Lee likes gadgets and says so frankly! "But too amusing!" she says of this cigarette lighter that looks like a lipstick, which she is showing off in the picture above. It is ignited not by flints, but by a chemical action which is automatically released when the cylinder is opened.

One of the most entrancing coiffures to be seen at Hollywood smart spots and picture premi res is Thelma Todd's, illustrated for you below. It is a softer version of the classic coronet idea, with a most becoming cluster of curls at the neck. Note, too, the sparkling clip Thelma wears with it.



Well, Ruth Etting! If you aren't wearing one of the craziest creations we've seen in many movie moons! It's a two-way affair in which the sleeves can be white lace or black velvet, according to La Etting's mood. Ruth wears it in "Hips, Hips, Hooray," the giddy new gelatine opera in which her gay good looks and lovely voice are featured with Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey. Yes, that turban is crownless.

Margaret Lindsay, at the right, is wearing one of those gowns that other girls greet with a drawled, "My dear, how Hollywood!" But, worn by Margaret, it attracts—its daring dusky chiffon sleeves contrasting so dramatically the trailing white gown with its deep-cut shoulders. We're not surprised that the suave William Powell prefers Miss Lindsay to other leading ladies these days!





Lovely Loretta! She's a Young poem, in this rather original turquoise blue satin gown with its interesting neckline treatment. Loretta wears it in "Born To Be Bad," her first production for 20th Century in which she appears with Cary Grant.

Glitter, glitter, little star! But with Constance Cummings a touch of silver beading is as good as a ton to some other movie girls, and her black frock is brightened simply but surely at the neckline, with a turban ornamented to match.



If You Would Strike That New Note—

Here are suggestions from Hollywood, where girls are fashion-wise—first! Some practical, some fantastic, but all fun!



Left, Thelma Todd shows you her new wig! You know, "transformations" are accepted aids to beauty now, although not many of them are as startling as Thelma's "Castilian Moderne." See the white and black braid? Hi, there, Miss Medusa! Below, another view of this coiffure—that smooth, soft wave is something to copy!

If you are as alluring as Sari Maritza, you can wear a cocktail costume as extreme as Sari is showing you at the left. It's fashioned of dark green satin—imagine!—with a square-cut back. (Of course there's a jacket to wear over it, not shown here.) The hat? Yes, even Norma Shearer wore one at Marie Dressler's formal birthday party! It's a grand, insane season!



★ SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL FASHION GUIDE ★



Jean Parker's formal frock is of black taffeta with lace-topped bodice. A separate ruched cape is an added attraction. Note Jean's coiffure—in keeping with the quaintness of her costume.

It isn't necessary to wear exotic clothes to be attractive, even in Hollywood! Here Miss Parker wears a double-breasted velveteen coat with high rever neckline, and matching visor hat.



Jean introduces the new eye-brow beret made of tiers of felt topped with double silver buttons. Jean has this chapeau copied in colors to wear with sports dresses.



Furred and fitted—two smart notes in Jean's blue wool suit, which is buttoned down the front. Miss Parker calls attention to the fur pockets but cautions the "hour-glass" figure girls against this idea.

Here's a new combination—tweed and jersey. Jean is a study in brown and white. Her double-breasted suit is of brown and white striped tweed, her accessories are of brown jersey—beret, gloves, scarf.



If You Would Be Quaint—
Quaintness, right now, is to be desired—and it can be acquired. Look and learn, you Jean Parker-esque girls!



Kay Francis, with Ricardo Cortez, in a scene from "The House on 56th Street," in which Kay plays a mature matron in many sequences. Right, Kay selects a smartly tailored hat in keeping with the graceful age she portrays in some scenes in her new film.



Isn't she stunning! Kay Francis says it's better to accept your age with sophistication and stateliness than to cling to frills and curls. Pay particular attention to make-up—it is more important in the fascinating forties than ever before.



Gorgeously groomed, Kay Francis makes her character in "The House on 56th Street" even more charming in maturity than in youth. Her lovely coiffure is an inspiration!

Be natural—and keep those silver threads, counsels Kay. They lend a quality of handsomeness all their own, especially when waved as beautifully as Kay's.



If You Would Have Poise—

Dignity is preferred after you have said farewell to first youth, says Kay Francis. And here's how Kay, who herself is a long way from maturity, expects to achieve it

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Little Women
R-K-O



At last, the Perfect Picture! "Little Women" is a masterpiece, and I hope every man, woman, and child will hurry afoot or in the family Ford, by bobsled or by airplane, by hook or crook and SEE IT! Louisa M. Alcott's book has been translated to the screen without losing even a little of its power and appeal. Who's responsible? Perhaps George Cukor—henceforth my favorite director. Perhaps the adapter. Perhaps the cast. Perhaps, even, the supervisor. I don't know. It's a miracle and I'm thrilled. You will be, too. "Little Women" proves that what every American most needed at this point was a good cry. People are melting; crying their way in and out of theatres, coming back for more—it's that good. Katharine Hepburn is starred, and she is a perfect *Jo March*. Her best performance by far. But it isn't a starring picture to me. It's all-star, with laurels, first, to Miss Alcott, who wrote the story; to the director, next; and then to the extraordinary cast. "Little Women" has artistic integrity. It's the first great film to come out of Hollywood untainted by commercialism—and it is breaking records.

REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Design for
Living
Paramount



This is great fun! Never a dull moment, thanks to director Lubitsch, his sparkling cast, and some of the most hilarious situations ever devised for your delectation. Frankly feather-weight, elegantly ribald, this picturization of Noel Coward's play may astound the author—but I think it will also amuse him very much. Not as skilful or subtle as the original, still the screen's "Design for Living" offers as sprightly entertainment as you'll find in this season's cinemas. A triangle, but with a difference! Gary Cooper, as an artist, and Fredric March, as his playwright pal, both adore the lovely Miriam Hopkins—and no wonder, for she's more alluring than ever here. And she, wicked wench, loves both of them. When the artist's away she worships the playwright. Then the absent one returns and her affections wander—all very amusingly. The scenes in which the two musketeers turn up and wreck Miriam's marriage of convenience are spontaneously side-splitting. Gary Cooper is, to me, the shining star—he reveals a gorgeous sense of comedy. But you may prefer March, who is excellent; or Miss Hopkins, who's superlative. Or Edward Everett Horton, never funnier. See by all means!

Only
Yesterday
Universal




Meet Margaret Sullavan! She's the New Girl of the Month. Miss Sullavan is something very new in screen heroines. Not beautiful, like Dietrich; not picturesque in the Hepburn manner. But arresting in her own way, and using with rare discretion one of the most interesting voices you've ever heard. In fact, like Franchot Tone, Miss Sullavan rides to fame, for me, on the waves of a thrilling voice. But about "Only Yesterday": it's a picture of "moments." John Stahl has directed certain scenes of surpassing beauty. The screen has never given us a more beautiful love idyll than that enacted by Miss Sullavan and John Boles when she, as the Southern girl, and he as a world-war officer, meet, love, and part. But as the serious story of a woman's life and love, "Only Yesterday" never convinces. We are asked to believe that the hero could forget the lyric interlude so completely that when he later meets and loves the heroine, now the mother of his child, he sees her as a total stranger. Well, it can happen in Hollywood! But the fine performances, not only of Miss Sullavan, but of Mr. Boles, Billie Burke, and Jimmy Butler as the boy make it well worth seeing. More Sullavan!

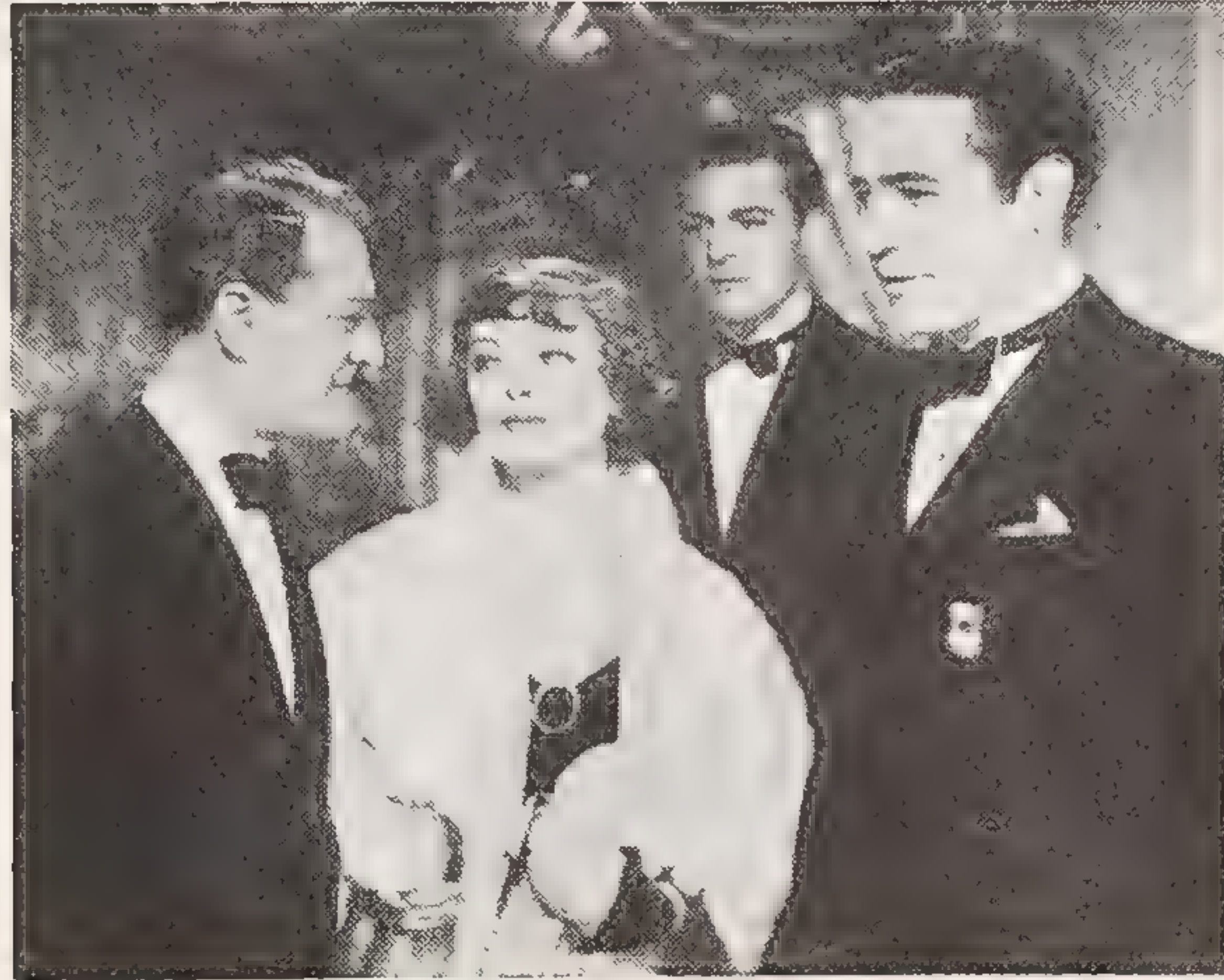
You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!




Dancing Lady
M-G-M

 This is the picture that took so long to make that it kept your Joan Crawford off the country's screens for almost eight months. Was it worth it? Well, I can say honestly that it's a glittering and rather gorgeous movie, that it will bring back the Crawford you seem to prefer, the colorful heroine of "Dancing Daughters," and that it will not fail to entertain you. Yes, it's another musical—but it's one of the best. And it's novel to see a star of Crawford's calibre actually dancing, and effectively, too. The film opens with Joan doing a "strip tease" in a burlesque show. The theatre is raided and our heroine is jailed until Franchot "Park Avenue Playboy" Tone comes to the rescue. She then battles her way to Broadway stardom under the tutelage of Clark Gable, who plays a hard-boiled dance director. And incidentally, Gable gives one grand performance here. Ted Healy and his stooges are priceless. But the film is mostly Crawford—practically a one-girl show! Grand if you like the star. A good show even if you don't. You'll like seeing Joan and Gable together again.




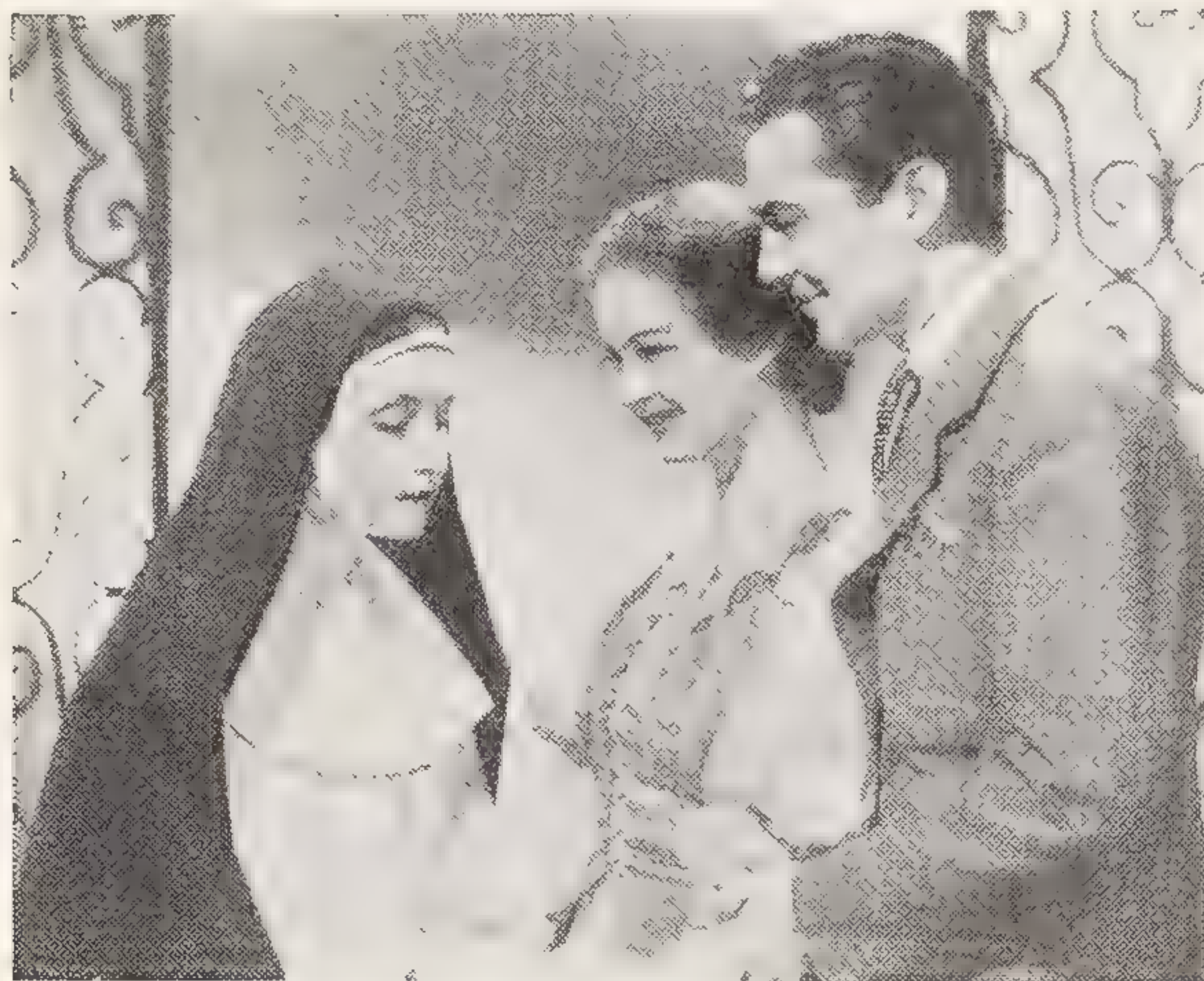
The Prizefighter and the Lady
M-G-M

 The surprise picture of the season! And a new personality who may be a new big star. Max Baer is the boy, girls—and you'll like him. Hollywood, Broadway, and the rest of the world were startled when the pugilist suddenly loomed as a potent picture actor, with dimples, charm, and a physique to make Johnny Weissmuller rush off to the desert to forget. Mr. Baer—just call him Maxie!—amazes with a good-humored poise that is completely disarming. You may not like prizefighters or prizefight pictures, but see this one, anyway; it's different. Oh, not the story—that's the rather familiar routine of the rise, the fall, and the rise again of a champ of the squared circle; but it is so stunningly directed and so superlatively acted that it becomes grand entertainment. Baer plays the fighter who goes haywire, alienates his lovely wife, Myrna Loy, and his manager, Walter Huston; but finally comes back at the crucial moment—right in the ring with Primo Carnera—and *there's a fight for you!* Best screen scrap I've ever seen. Maxie not only acts, but sings and dances. Myrna Loy is exquisite. Walter Huston is excellent.




Eskimo
M-G-M

 Here's your epic—and you won't be disappointed. It's a whole two hours of epic, and not one of you can say that you aren't getting your money's worth. It may have been produced in the Arctic—in fact, it was—but it is as red-blooded as you would wish. From the story by Peter Freuchen, the Danish explorer, director W. S. Van Dyke has fashioned a real thriller of life among the brave and brawny men of the North and their lovely wives. "Eskimo" recounts the adventures of the mighty *Mala*, a dramatic Eskimo *Tarzan*, among whales, icebergs, wolves, caribou, walrus, and the Northwest Mounted Police. *Mala's* standards are not those of the white men and so *Mala* is branded a murderer when he avenges his wife according to his code. He is a hunted man—and the camera record of his flight provides some of the screen's most exciting scenes. "Eskimo" is too long—even breathtakingly beautiful pictures of the frozen North begin to pall after a while; but it is unique entertainment. Much of the dialogue is native, but charmingly translated for you. *Mala* himself is rather magnificent, and his movie wives are delightful. Watch for Director Van Dyke himself as a "Mounty."



Cradle Song
Paramount

 A lovely picture! Delicate, beautiful, and tender, it may be no "box-office" sensation, but I wish you would see it if you like a poetic screenplay as a change from lighter film fare. "Cradle Song" marks the American motion picture debut of Dorothea Wieck, the distinguished continental actress who scored in "Maedchen in Uniform." She proves, in her new performance, that she is far from a "one-picture" star. In this quiet, touching story, adapted from a Spanish play, Miss Wieck plays a nun, *Sister Joanna*, who takes to her heart a foundling left on the doorstep of the convent. The child grows up mothered by the nuns but instead of taking the veil she falls in love with a young man from the outside world. Sorrowfully but sympathetically, the nuns bid her farewell. As an impressive study in mother-love "Cradle Song" will interest you. The acting is very nearly perfect. Miss Wieck is the rightful star; she is spiritual beauty personified; but she is ably supported by Evelyn Venable as the foster-daughter, Louise Dresser as the gentle prioress, and the other members of a splendid cast. Not exciting, mind you—but a sincere, moving, and poignant picture. I hope you'll like it!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



By
Katharine
Hartley

Sandals
and
Sheer Hose
Call for New

(If your foot was as lovely
as Carole Lombard's you'd
want to show it off, too!)

WHEN you gaze at this glamorous picture of the lovely Carole Lombard, and your eyes look at her admiringly from tip to toe, aren't you just a bit envious of that dainty foot, thrust out for your attention? There isn't very much of the slipper, and she isn't wearing hose. It's just a lovely foot, as smooth and white as her hands, and as expertly manicured. (All right, "pedicured" if you want to be explicit!)

This is something all women have to realize sooner or later. A foot can be just as intriguing as a beautiful, graceful hand. In fact it's got to be, since fashion has decreed that we wear open sandals for evening, and the sheerest and filmiest of hose. And who wears bathing shoes any more when they go in swimming? Well, let's face it—who?—only those who are afraid to show their toes!

I don't know why we have been so sensitive on this subject for so long. Unless perhaps we didn't know *how* to make our feet beautiful and healthy. For of course these two things go together. And the beauty and health of our feet have much to do with the expression of our faces. It's a known fact that neglected feet and uncomfortable shoes etch more lines on a face than ever time or age could!

Why is it like pulling teeth to get most women to go

Footnotes on Beauty

to a chiropodist's office? Why are there so many women who laugh at the suggestion of a pedicure, feeling that it's only a ridiculous fad, a mere affectation? Here's where the stars in Hollywood have it all over us. What with standing around on the set all day, and a tap lesson here, and a series of exercises there, they *know* it's important to care for their feet as they would for their hands. Regularly, their tiny toes trip to the chiropodist's for comfort and to the pedicurist's for "make-up." And it's all just a part of their beauty routine. That's the way we should *all* feel about it.

One of the surest ways of having lots of foot comfort is to have lots of shoes, and change them often. It's really almost impossible not to have several pairs these days, since there are so many flattering styles to intrigue us. Even so-called "sensible" shoes are not as awful as they sound, and much better-looking than they used to be. Every smart woman sticks to medium-heeled shoes with daytime and sport clothes. Only in the evening, can our shoes be as giddy as we like, with extremely high heels, and a very low cut!



Maria Jeritza, representing Grand Opera, one of the bright luminaries present.

Left, the King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman, Mrs. Whiteman, and the Croon Prince Vallee.

Right, John McCormack, concert artist, one of the stars.

Extreme right, Irene Rich, screen and radio star, a lovely guest.

Hail! Radio's New Home

Society, stage, screen,
and opera turn out for
NBC's inauguration

By
*Evelyn
Ballarine*

STUPENDOUS! Tremendous! Colossal! Don't stop me—I've just been over to NBC's new modernistic home in Radio City! You should have heard the adjectives being tossed around by the 1200 distinguished guests that night Radio City went on the air for the first time. It was *the* biggest event of the season—with the cream of society, opera, screen, and stage represented.

The program opened with a blast of trumpets from the top of the seventy-story RCA Building. Then the NBC Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Frank Black, played the *Star-Spangled Banner*. Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, extended a greeting

to guests and listeners. Jane Cowl read a dedicatory poem. Maria Jeritza, John McCormack, Will Rogers, Amos 'n' Andy, Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman, Jessica Dragonette, Dr. Walter Damrosch, and other celebrated artists contributed their talents.

The charming Irene Rich came in from Chicago to be present. She said this was one bit of history she didn't want to miss! (Incidentally, have you been listening to her excellent Hollywood "inside" chatter every Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:45 P.M., E. S. T.?)

Now let's get statistical: NBC occupies ten floors of this huge building, with (Continued on page 98)

Torrid tips on screen news in the making!

ALL those stories about Greta Garbo being money-mad—a miser, and penny-squeezer, and whatever else she may have been termed—are made to appear silly by the fact that the Swedish star has actually turned her back on more than \$250,000 in cold cash during the past year!

If you think the sum is fabulous, and if you are inclined not to believe that she really rejected such an amount, following are the offers that she turned down:

Life-story interview for national magazine: \$25,000; offer to speak one word—"Hello"—on radio: \$10,000; series of ten radio talks: \$150,000; one week on New York stage: \$50,000; and endorsement of a certain cigarette: \$25,000. Total: \$260,000—and refused by Garbo!

THE next time, Joan Blondell won't talk until she has completed her plans.

For months, Joan had kept her eye on a certain marvelous mountain estate, planning eventually to purchase it for herself. One night Busby Berkeley, the dance director, visited Joan's house, and Joan—or her husband, George Barnes—told their guest about this wonderful piece of property.

The following day Berkeley bought it for himself!



Wide World

Cortez and his "discovery"! Here are Ricardo Cortez and his favorite lady, Christine Lee. They may be married by the time you see this picture. Good luck, folks!



The perils of Katharine! Here, in the wildly beautiful San Jacinto Mountains of burn spent several days making outdoor scenes for "Trigger." The central peak chatting with Robert Young, who is the "heavy" of this picture, while at the left

BERT WHEELER'S tiny daughter played havoc with a scene at her father's studio. But let me explain that when the Wheelers were divorced, the child went with Mrs. Wheeler.

Now, returning to the story: Bert was on a "Hips, Hips, Hooray" set, embracing six lovely chorus girls, when little Miss Wheeler arrived. Spotting her father immediately, she called: "Daddy, why don't you ever come home?"

WHY, Mr. Powell! Here is William with two ex-wives—one of them Carole Lombard—and who do you think he's being seen with in Hollywood?

None other than the first Mrs. Powell one night, and the second Mrs. Powell the night immediately following. Well, there is one advantage in taking out his ex-wives—Bill knows just what to order at dinner.

HOLLYWOOD, for a few hours, was greatly excited by the rumor that "Seventh Heaven" was to be re-made as a talking picture, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in the original rôles they played in the silent version.

The report emanated from the Fox studio. Company executives did approach Farrell to learn whether he would consider playing his original rôle. Charlie would, he told officials.

A few nights later, I took Janet to a preview of Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women." That night she said, "Under no conditions will I re-make 'Seventh Heaven.' I could not equal my work in the silent version, and I do not intend to invite comparison."

Incidentally, Janet expressed anxiety to meet Miss Hepburn, and at the preview we tried to fight our way through the crowd. Before we could reach Katty, she disappeared through a rear exit in an effort to avoid the large mob of avid autograph hunters.

HOLLYWOOD



Southern California, more than five thousand feet above sea level, Katharine Hepburn in the background is Tauquitz, the famous rumbling mountain. Miss Hepburn is the set crews are moving their cameras, floodlights and "mikes" into position.

THEATRE marquee sign: "SMILING EYES, with a big cast" . . . Comedian Ed Kennedy says that a middle hair-part for men isn't sissified if the part is more than four inches wide . . . Dixie Lee Crosby (Mrs. Bing) is planning a movie come-back . . . George Brent was suspended by his studio for refusing to play a rôle assigned to him . . . Sally Rand, movie-contracted because of her sensational fan dance, refused to repeat the performance for the screen . . . Title "Bombshell" (Jean Harlow opus) was changed to "The Blonde Bombshell" because theatre-shoppers thought it a war picture . . . Deer hunting is a new Hollywood fad; Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, John Gilbert, Robert Montgomery, Lew Ayres bagged one each . . . George Raft likes fine white linen handkerchiefs; he owns more than 200 of them . . . Three special trains are required annually to transport Hollywood rooters to Northern California for the big football classics . . . Don't miss seeing Constance Bennett in her black wig for "Moulin Rouge."

CAN you tie this? Gloria Stuart asked a columnist to write a note for his newspaper asking for men to send her their old ties, as she needed them for a crazy quilt.

Within three days, piles of packages commenced to arrive at the studio, and before the week ended, Gloria had enough old ties to make fifty crazy quilts.

AFTER many years of saying no to all comers, George Bernard Shaw, the celebrated Irish playwright, soothsayer and wit, has finally sold the movie rights to one of his plays. The opus to be filmed is "The Devil's Disciple," a costume comedy laid in America about the time of the Revolutionary War. R-K-O will make the picture, with John Barrymore in the leading rôle, and production is expected to begin sometime next March. Kenneth MacGown, R-K-O associate producer, is given the chief credit for having sold Shaw the idea while the latter was visiting Hollywood last spring.

By
Weston East

THE joke is on Katharine Hepburn! On location for "Trigger" scenes, Katty offered \$25-a-day prizes for the daily winner of the company-workers' volley-ball games. You see, Miss Hepburn expected to be on location two days.

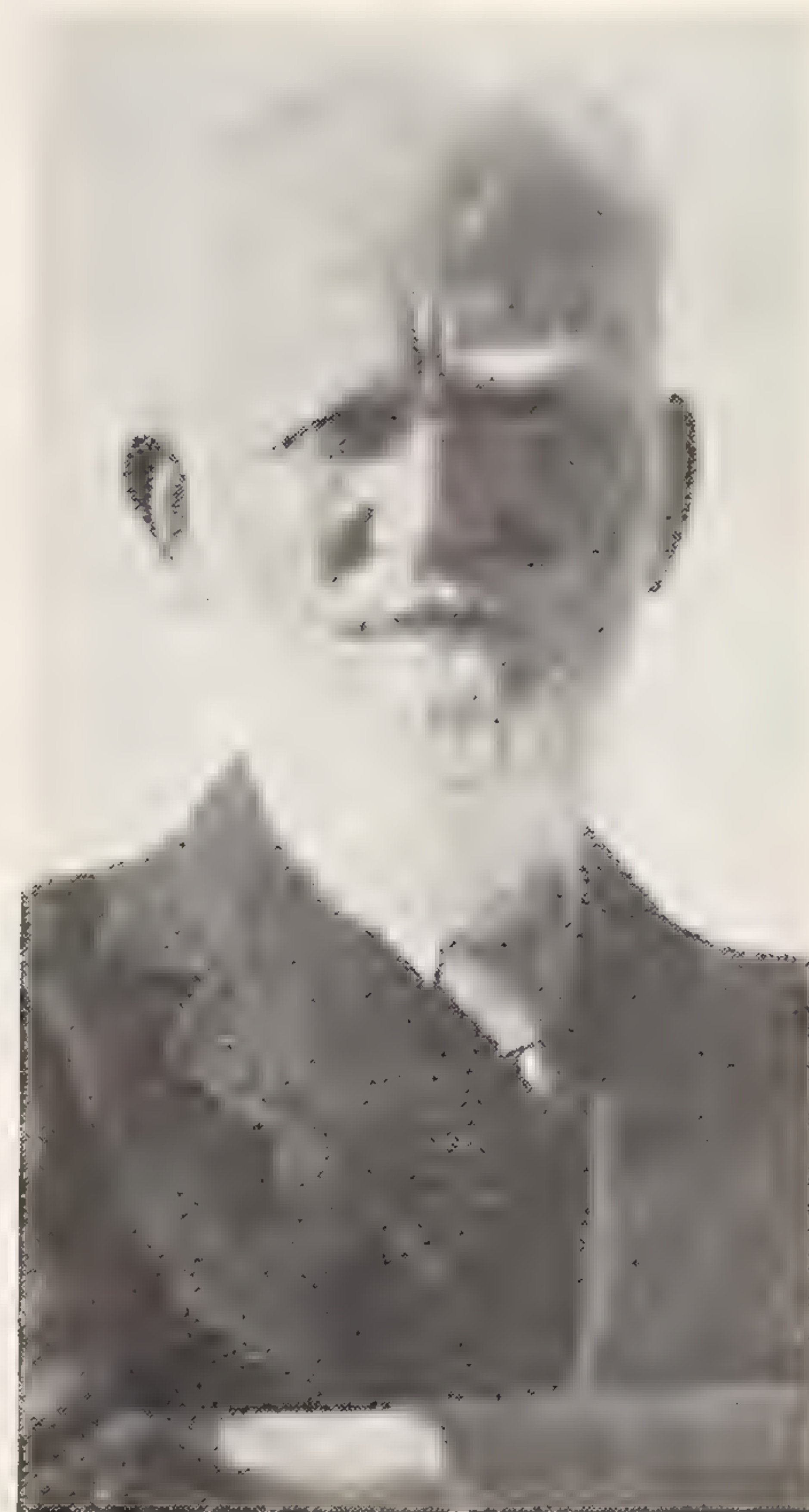
Unexpected fog slowed proceedings, so the company remained on location eleven days. Katty's generous gesture cost her nearly \$300!

HOLLYWOOD—the younger, sportive element—has a new ambition. It is to bring Jean Harlow and Constance Cummings together in a dice game.

Both Jean and Connie are amazingly lucky with the little square gamboleers. It is recorded, for instance, that Miss Harlow visited a famous Mexican gambling resort and ran thirty-three straight passes, believed to be a world's record. On the other hand, Miss Cummings has yet to go into a dice game and emerge a loser.

The wisest remark concerning a possible meeting between the two came from Chester Morris, who said: "I'd hate to be the third person in *that* crap game!"

THE last thing Gary Cooper did before leaving Hollywood for a vacation in the East was to sign with Samuel Goldwyn for the male lead opposite Anna Sten in "Barbary Coast." This will be the Russian star's second picture under the Goldwyn banner. Following it Gary will return to Paramount for another film to fulfill his contract.



At last—Shaw surrenders! The veteran dramatist has sold the picture rights to his play, "The Devil's Disciple," to R-K-O. John Barrymore will star in it.



Ugh! Heap handsome Injun! Dick Barthelmess entertains the pale-faces as a redskin performer for a Wild West show in "Massacre."

YOU have read about Gary Cooper being a "strong, silent man of the plains"? Well, the restraint is a family trait. When Gary visited his Montana ranch, he and his brother, Art Cooper, rode to the ranch-house from the depot. According to an account of their ride, this was their complete conversation during that eight-mile journey:

Art: "H'yuh, Frank?" (Gary's real name).

Gary: "H'yuh, Art?"

A few minutes of silent riding, and then:

Art: "How's Hollywood?"

Gary: "Oke."

Art: "That's good."

More silence, and then:

Gary: "How's that lame mare?"

Art: "Oke."

Gary: "That's good."

IT WOULD be cruel to mention her name, but this story is told at the expense of a recently-married star.

It seems that she went before the executives of her company and demanded a salary raise. When they asked for a reason for her request, she floored them with:

"I'm married now, and I have one more person to support."



Jane Hamilton is one of the fast steppers whom you'll see in the chorus of "Moulin Rouge," 20th Century's musical movie in which Connie Bennett stars. Jane is feeling very nautical!



Here's looking at you! Anna Sten, backed up by Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland, peeps out at the world in her nineteenth century costume as "Nana." The Russian beauty plays the title rôle of that classic in her first American film.

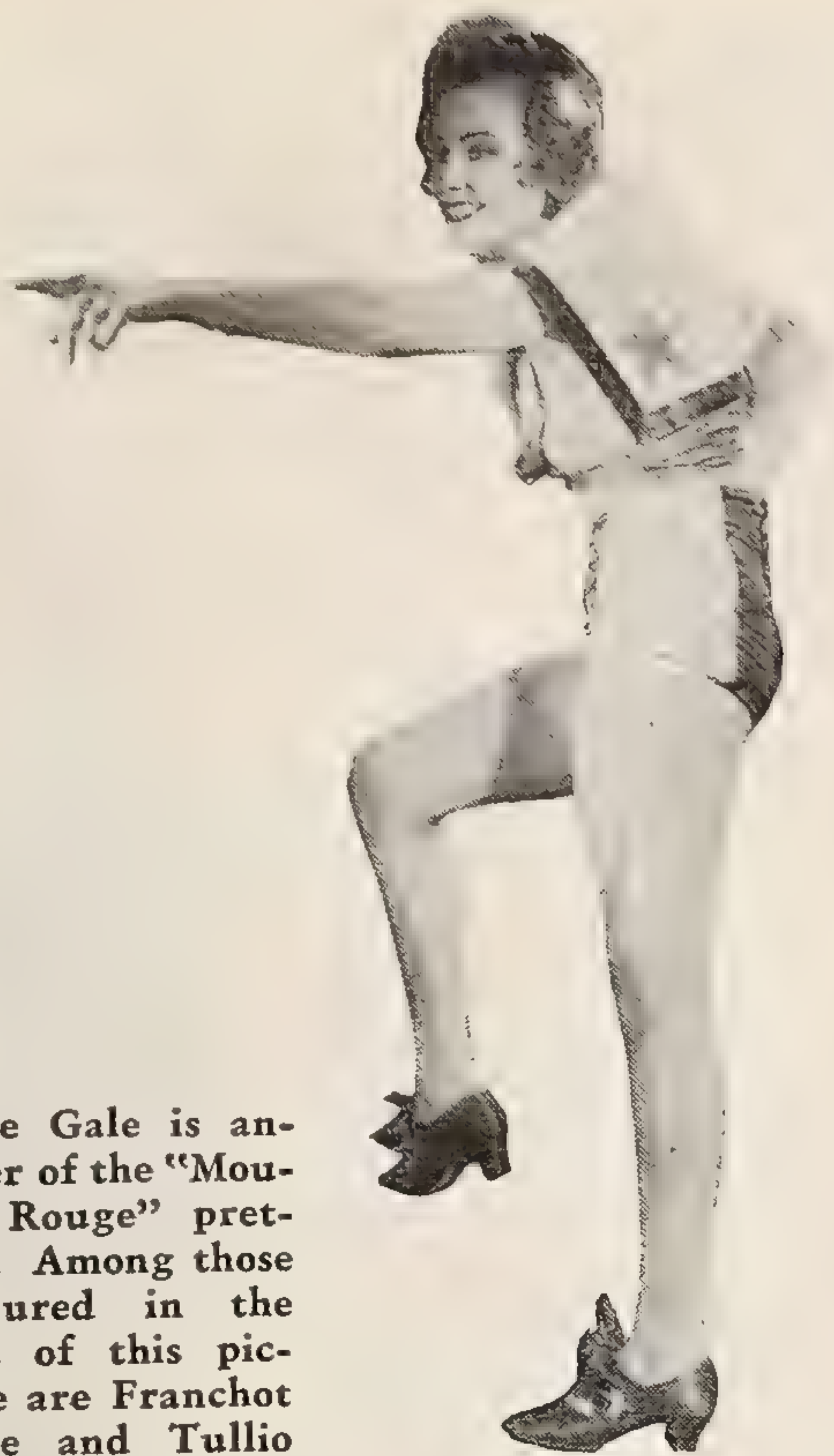
LIKE most Hollywood stars, Bing Crosby has a private telephone number. Not long ago too many people had learned his number, so Bing changed it. Then he forgot his new number, and when he asked the operator to refresh his memory, she refused.

"How do I know you are Mr. Crosby?" she asked, when he persisted.

And then—yes, you guessed it: Bing sang a chorus of "Learn to Croon." He got the number.

"WE ALL kid a lot about that producer who makes the awful mistakes in grammar," comments Fredric March, "but has anybody ever heard of him making an error when he counts his picture profits?"

AFAN-LETTER writer wanted to know if Russ Colombo is related to the fellow who discovered America . . . Elissa Landi has a most useful manner of spending spare hours on sets—she writes chapters for her new book. . . . Charlotte ("Alice in Wonderland") Henry is now on a personal appearance tour . . . A Brown Derby waitress is a startling double for Joan Crawford, and a Sardi bus boy resembles George Raft . . . Since her return from Europe, Patsy Ruth Miller makes use of a lorgnette . . . The cake for Marie Dressler's birthday party measured six feet across, was eight feet tall, and weighed 500 pounds . . . Pancho Lucas, M-G-M office boy, was seen by a casting director, and now is an actor; his first picture is "Viva Villa" . . . Lilian Harvey had never seen a football game until she came to Hollywood . . . Mary Jane Irving, once a prominent child-star, is Janet Gaynor's stand-in . . . If you live near Bowie, Maryland, you may have seen that Clara Bow handicap (horse race) run there on November 27th . . . Joel and Frances Dee McCrea lived in a two-room house, (Joel's), while carpenters added more rooms . . . When William Powell refused to answer the telephone in response to her call, Carole Lombard burst into tears at her studio.



June Gale is another of the "Moulin Rouge" pretties. Among those featured in the cast of this picture are Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati.

FOR days, Florence Desmond, clever mimic, whose "Hollywood Party" imitations will entertain millions of theatre-goers, watched Joan Crawford at work in "Dancing Lady."

Then Florence went away, and for a week she practiced her Crawford imitations. She then visited Joan's house and performed.

"And do you know," Joan said afterward, "since I've seen myself as others see me, I'm actually self-conscious in public."

IF YOU see a blonde Joan Blondell in her next movie, you may be sure that the lady is wearing a wig, for Joan is now a brunette. Let me tell you the amusing story:

The wig represents a compromise with Joan's studio. Not long ago she suddenly announced her plans to change her name to Joan Barnes (her husband's name is Barnes) and to alter the color of her hair. Studio officials objected to both, but compromised by granting her the latter privilege.

This is the laugh: That is all Joan wanted. Several times she had asked permission to turn brunette, and each time the studio said no. This time she threw up a smoke screen in the form of the decision to change her name, and the studio officials became so excited that they gave in on the hair-darkening.



Here's Pat Paterson, pretty blonde English picture star, newly arrived in Hollywood to join the Fox Film forces. Greetings!

I CAN tell you right now, these Hollywood girls fear the wiles of Jean Harlow, even though she is married.

Joan Crawford, for instance, protested loudly and long when Franchot Tone was given a rôle in "The Blonde Bombshell," with Jean.

And if you think Joan's outbursts were noisy, you should have listened to the uproar from Lupe Velez when M-G-M officials announced that her *Tarzan*, Johnny Weissmuller, was to play opposite Miss Harlow.

Funny thing is, Jean has *never* been interested in actors, and now that she is married, she is even less interested, if that is possible, than before.

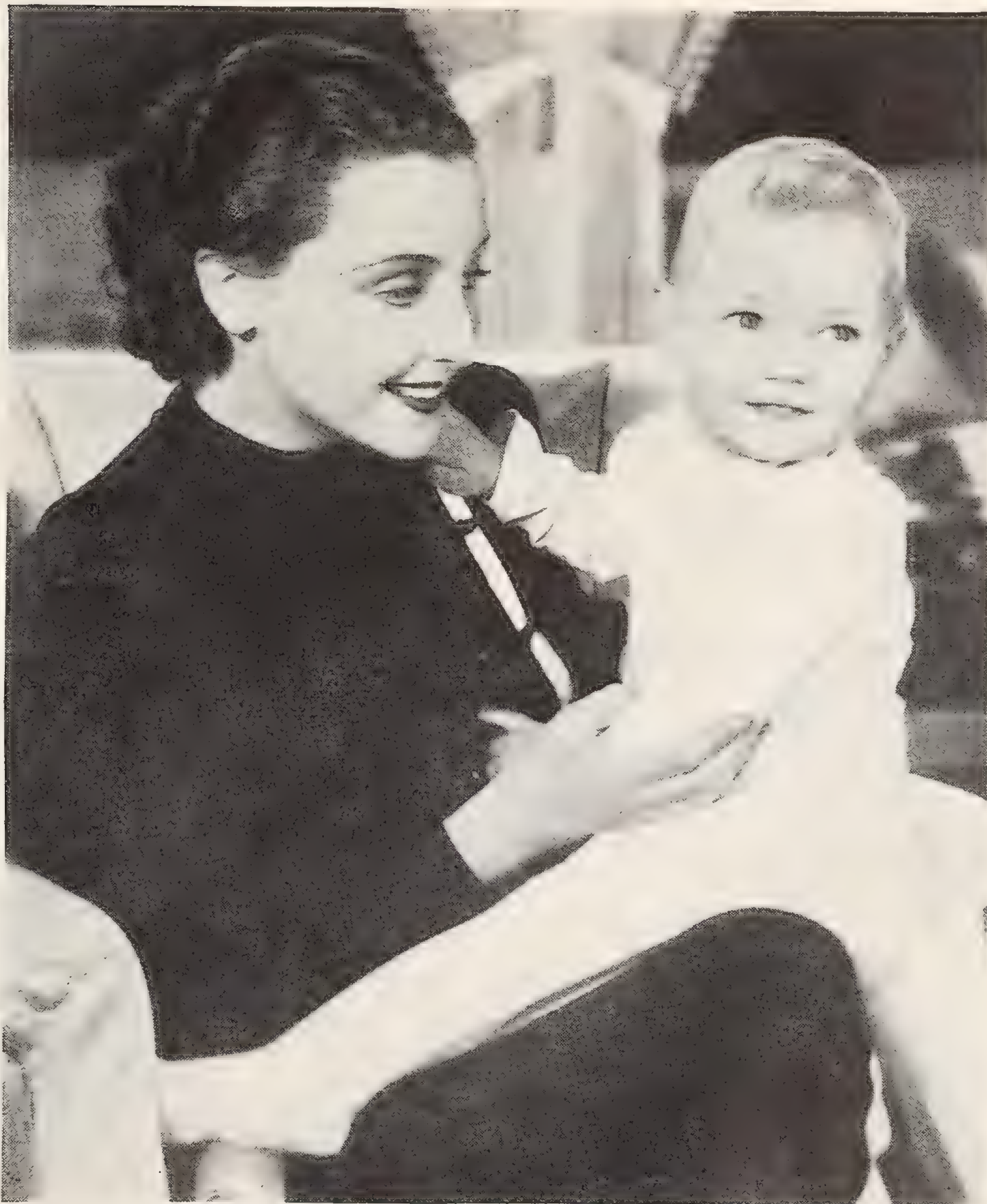
JIMMY CAGNEY has proved himself a good sport. He bought some tickets in a football pool gotten up by the studio office boys—and one of Cagney's tickets won the pool, which amounted to \$30.

So what did Jimmy do but refuse to take the money. Instead, he gave it to one of the office workers and requested that it be used to defray the expenses of a general dinner for the boys and their girl-friends—and is Cagney the popular lad with those young chaps now!

IS THIS treason? Clara Bow said to a group of friends with whom she lunched at the Derby, "I don't like red-headed women."

Clara is a red-head herself—as if you don't know that—and she surprised her friends when she went on to say, "Red-headed women are vampires at heart. Even if she were my best friend, I wouldn't trust my husband with a red head!"

RUDY VALLEE will appear in Fox's film of George White's "Scandals," now in preparation. Rudy, who recently signed for the one picture, will part from his band for the duration of the filming, and by special arrangement will work with Gus Arnheim's orchestra.



Co-stars! Baby LeRoy has the title part, no less, in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," with Dorothea Wieck as his beautiful young mother. Master LeRoy seems mighty proud of his screen mama—and why not?



New screen starlet! She's none other than Maria Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's pretty eight-year-old daughter, who appears in her mother's new film, "Catherine the Great." Maria plays the Empress as a child.

GARY COOPER'S engagement to Miss Verónica Balfe, débutante who has appeared in films as Sandra Shaw, was formally announced at a dinner given by Miss Balfe's mother, Mrs. Paul Shields, in New York November 28. No date has as yet been set for the wedding. And this, as we scurry to press, is the final word regarding Gary and his fiancée.

YOU'D be surprised what one must go through in order to visit the home of a movie star. Take, for instance, that night I escorted Janet Gaynor to the preview of Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women."

A guard stopped me at the gate for identification. Another guard was at the door when I drove to the front of the house, also for identification. We drove to the preview in Janet's car—and her chauffeur is licensed to carry a gun.

Upon our return to her house, the gate-guard ran behind her car to the front door, where the second guard again mysteriously appeared. The chauffeur alighted from the car—and the three stood watch until we were indoors.

If you Lochinvars have any kidnapping ideas with regard to Miss Gaynor, dismiss them—they're a waste of your time.

MONTHLY HISS AND CHEER DEPT.:

A lovely close-up to Jean Harlow, and make the lighting very special. When Jean was confined to the hospital after her appendectomy, she received myriads of flowers. Instead of keeping them, she sent them in truckloads to an orphanage.

A long shot with blurred lighting to Lupe Velez. Although newspaper and magazine writers have been most kind to Lupe, she deliberately denied her marriage to them, and permitted several good friends to be scooped on her wedding story.

A double close-up to be shared by Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. Although both were ill at the time, they worked far into the night on "Dancing Lady," in order that the crew might have the following afternoon off to go to an important football game.

A blurred long-shot to George Brent. He chose that moment when there was so much adverse comment on movie salaries to demand a higher weekly check from his studio. And that despite the fact that his reported thousand-dollars-a-week stipend left him in no danger of immediate starvation.

A nice close-up to Ginger Rogers. Returning from Palm Springs, she went to her garage to get her car. She discovered that during her absence, a mama-bird had brought her little ones to nest in the machine. So Ginger made use of a taxi until her gardener constructed a new home for the bird family.

POSITIVELY touching is the incident they tell about Francis Lederer, handsome star from Czecho-Slovakia who simply slew the New York gals when he appeared on the stage there last season.

Lederer, it seems, knew Lilian Harvey quite well when both were acting in Continental films. In fact, they worked for a time in the same studio. Now, of course, Lilian has become a leading star in Hollywood, while Lederer has yet to prove his mettle in American films.

One day a visitor to Hollywood who knew them both in Europe paid a call on Lederer. The compelling Czech asked his friend if he were going to see Miss Harvey, and begged him to convey his regards to her. "You mean to say you haven't seen Lilian during all the time you've both been here?" demanded the amazed friend.

"No," admitted Francis. "You see, Miss Harvey has made a big success in American pictures, and I have yet to appear in my first picture. So I haven't gone to see her for fear of appearing to thrust myself upon her."



You've probably recognized this gallant *White Knight* by his towering figure! Gary Cooper goes through some bizarre antics in his rôle in "Alice in Wonderland."



Pola Negri, celebrated Dark Lady of the screen, as she looks in her new French-made film, "Fanatisme." Pola plays a famous Parisian beauty of the time of the French Revolution.



Soft music, please! Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas are having a romantic moment in an appropriate setting in this scene from their forthcoming picture, "By Candlelight."



"I'VE SEEN GIRLS LOSE OUT
TIME AND AGAIN BECAUSE
THEIR SKIN LACKS THAT
VELVET-SOFT ALLURING
QUALITY MEN RESPOND TO..."

"BUT THE GIRL WHO REALIZES
THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN
LOVELY SKIN — MAKES HERS
TRULY EXQUISITE — COMPELS
ADORATION WHEREVER SHE GOES"

Sally Eilers, charming Fox star

"YOU can have the kind of skin men can't resist"—says *SALLY EILERS*

"I'd like to tell every girl: DON'T be satisfied with just an 'average' skin!" says this beautiful screen star.

"It's the complexion with something *more* . . . the soft luminous quality of true loveliness . . . that men can't resist! And this beauty can be *yours* . . . with my complexion care. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years because it keeps my skin so incredibly soft and smooth.

"Try it for your complexion. Use it regularly . . . faithfully . . . as I do. Then see how soon the delicate new loveliness of your skin is noticed—admired—*adored!*"

Girls the country over are discover-

ing that they need no longer be satisfied with a complexion that just "gets by." Hollywood has shown them the way to exquisite loveliness . . . the irresistible beauty that wins—and *holds*—hearts!

Actually 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

You try it. Begin today to win new loveliness!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type of Skin...*dry...oily...“in-between”*

If She Hadn't Been Born in Brooklyn

Continued from page 27

where the magazines were published could scarcely house them. Each month when pictures were chosen for the honor roll it was a rite in which everyone from the office boys to the publisher himself engaged. Beautiful pictures of beautiful girls were spread on the floor of the various offices with only a path to walk through. No other place was large enough to display them.

Came the close of the contest and the deluge. From coast to coast they came—blonde, brunette, Titian, slender, plump; some very young, some not so young; some with mothers, some without. They swarmed up the steps of the old brown-stone house, up the dark dingy stairs. They invaded the business and editorial offices. The managing editor fled to his office after several hours of interviewing delectable beauties and behind locked doors muttered vaguely into his insistent telephone, "Is she from California or Texas? Has she got curls?" We were all that way.

Came the final day. At the publisher's beautiful Long Island home the contestants, chaperones, cameramen, director and make-up man assembled, and the film, "Dream of Fair Women," prepared for the occasion was filmed. Lovely Mary Astor, an honor roll girl, came into prominence at this time. Virginia Brown, who later became Virginia Faire, was one of the winners, for the final choice could not be narrowed down to one or even two. The other three winners and honor roll girls flickered more or less brightly on the screen horizon for a time; then, because of lack of talent, ambition, or because producers found no desirable spots for them, faded out entirely. An interesting contest, fairly conducted, and a good though anxious time was held by all!

The second contest, staged the following year, was less spectacular, with two winners. Came the third year. But the publisher had wearied of contests, or perhaps thought the screen had talent enough to worry along with. Anyway, the third and last attempt was conducted indifferently, perfunctorily, with indifferent results. Or that was how it seemed. But how wrong we were, for this time along came Clara!

As for the preceding contests, a short story or series of scenes including the contestants had been filmed. In a back room called the projection room of the editorial offices in the old house in Brooklyn gathered the staff and a few others to view the picture. It was only one reel, crudely made, not too carefully directed, but from the screen a curly-haired girl with big brown eyes and a piquant expression flashed a smile at us and arrested our attention.

"H-m-m-m!" muttered the promoter of fame and beauty contests, calling for the cheap photographs Clara Bow had submitted. "She'll do, and she's right here in Brooklyn. No car-fares to bring her here for the promised test, very little expense of any kind." And just like that, without flare of trumpets, without benefit of the press, with nothing to recommend her except a mop of bright curly hair, a dimpled childish face, and the fact that she lived in Brooklyn, Clara Bow began her career.

A few weeks passed and one day a slim mite of a girl came into my office and slipped shyly into a big leather chair beside my desk. At the same time my buzzer sounded and came the chief's voice saying, "I just sent Miss Bow to you to be interviewed. We promised it to her, so please give her a short write-up."

And this was Clara Bow's first interview! In the background hovered her father, Robert W. Bow, a pitiful figure I thought then, proud, watchful, alert to every word that was spoken, interrupting now and then to tell me of his little girl's devotion to her invalid mother, her popularity at school, her love for art and all things beautiful, her cleverness at amateur theatricals.

"Ever since I can remember," this interview of nine years ago reads, as it quoted Clara Bow for the first time, "I have been acting. When I was thirteen I acted in Shakespearean school plays. I would drag all kinds of things to school with me, old lace curtains, shawls, table covers, draperies, anything I could lay my hands on. I would hide in the dressing-room before rehearsals and dress up, then sail in and surprise everyone. I knew nothing at all about *Portia*, *Rosalind*, or *Ophelia*, but that didn't matter. I played them just the same."

Clara's mother had long been a hopeless invalid, she told me. Since she was a small child she had been obliged to spend all her time at home outside of school hours. When other children were playing in the street Clara's recreation was dressing up and pretending she was this or that famous actress. "I never dreamed of a chance such as this!" she exclaimed. "A real film test, and a chance in a real picture. I can't believe it yet, but if it's really true I'm going to work and try harder than any girl ever worked before!"

And thus concludes Clara Bow's first interview: "This little girl has a childlike trust, a frank assurance and a personality that will carry her far. She has, I am confident, the emotional quality so necessary to success, the ability to weep at will, or to laugh, or to smile through tears. But no matter to what heights she may attain she never will be more frankly thrilled than when she sat before me in the big leather chair that summer day and happily chanted, 'I'm to have a real chance in a real picture, I can't believe it!'" And I, who wrote that first interview and who followed with confidence Clara's early career, claim that I was something of a prophetess.

When Clara Bow came to me that day she was poorly, cheaply dressed in a little brown dress and hat. Her shoes were shabby. She was immature in mind and body. She had no background of fine living and culture. But she was gallant in spirit, eager to make the most of the good fortune that had overtaken her. She radiated youth and enthusiasm. That was her background.

That afternoon, the editor assigned to this pleasant duty took Clara by the hand and led her forth, not to the shops of Brooklyn but across the bridge into the shopping marts of Manhattan. Clothes were purchased, smart sports things one would choose for a high school or college girl—only a few things but they mightily became the exuberant Clara. Then a film test was arranged with Universal and a subdued and fearful little contest winner was taken to and beyond the portals of the great studio. The test was a success and Clara was given a small part in a picture—a part which was completely eliminated before the picture was released! Her first real part was that of a vivacious subdeb in a piece called "Beyond the Rainbow."

Then came her chance in "Down to the Sea in Ships" directed by Elmer Clifton.

And even then, young and untried as she was, Clara knew that it was not just a test in a picture she went to meet. It was a tryst—one she had faced want, loneliness, and discouragement to keep. "Down to the Sea in Ships." A great sea, a free wind, a handful of men daring the universe. To her, it was Clara Bow alone, facing success or failure. Romance, high adventure, fame, all the beauty that had been shut out of her life might be hers if she swung safely through this racing sea. She did!

To the strange world that is Hollywood came Clara, confident and unafraid. She was young—barely seventeen—pretty, shapely, with glints in her hair, laughter in her eyes, in her heart a burning ambition for fame and fortune, for life and happiness.

About this time came the glimmer of an awakening in the picture world and the screen heroine, hitherto naïve and pure, began to fall from her pedestal of sweet young innocence. Elinor Glyn, appointing herself chief oracle of this new-found force of life and romance designated as "It," acclaimed the little newcomer as its personification. And Clara, aiming to please, startled if not shocked the movie world by playing a new kind of heroine, a bit naughty, but with sharply defined reservations. Gayly she lured her men, leading them through a merry chase—yet no real harm was done. The studios became wise to the value of sex appeal—the "It" epidemic was on. Clara's Hollywood career from then on, her successes, her failures, the good and bad of her, are film history—not to be judged without due consideration of all she had missed in her unguided, untrained youth.

Most of us like to pretend we believe in fairy stories, and the Cinderella tale is the favorite of all because it's the most applicable. Clara Bow was a Cinderella whose pumpkin turned over-night into a coach and four. But her return to the inevitable ashes was not the next day or the next year. And when she did return, weary, sad, and disillusioned, her fairy prince, the real one, did not at once appear—but he came. And that romance is not film history for she is living it day by day. She has found that it was not just fame and the glamor of Hollywood that she wanted, but the glamor, the serenity that comes when the heart has found out to what and to whom it belongs.

To the little girl from Brooklyn there is no past now, only a road leading ahead. The pieces of the puzzle that is life have fallen into their rightful places and she sees the pattern clearly—joy, hope, work, love, grief—but each piece fitting so closely that where one begins and the other ends no one can tell. And that's the way life should be.

If she had not been born in Brooklyn, would Clara have found her chance? Would she in some manner have found that road that led to an opportunity for appearances before Hollywood's cameras, and ultimate success? Would she have become the idol of the screen, a star whom the public made and stuck by with unsurpassed loyalty? She might!

Or might she have become a contented Brooklyn housewife, going daily to market, to church on Sunday, to her bridge club on Wednesday, to the movies Saturday night? She might! But remembering that first brief interview with Clara, the glint in her young eyes of definite, not-to-be-defeated purpose—some way I doubt it!

Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Gerry L. So you've "gone Mae West completely." I'm not annoyed—I've gone West myself along with a million other fans. Mae was born in New York City on August 17, 1900. She has blonde hair, violet eyes, and is a little over 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her Paramount releases are "She Done Him Wrong," "I'm No Angel," and her next may be called "It Ain't No Sin." Clever woman, Mae West—writes her own stories, her own dialogue, and tosses off novels in her "spare" time. Sorry I cannot arrange a meeting between you and the engaging Miss West. But if she tried meeting all her fans she'd have no time left to make movies.

Boo Hoo. Out of 7,000 girls who applied for the rôle of "Alice in Wonderland" Charlotte Henry, 19-year-old girl from Brooklyn, N. Y., got the year's biggest plum. All you movie fans who have forgotten your "Alice in Wonderland," dust off Lewis Carroll's book and get set for a grand entertainment. Over forty prominent screen stars are in it, a list I haven't space for here. Just imagine seeing the *Mad Hatter*, the *March Hare*, the *Mock Turtle*, the *Cook*, the *Duchess* and many others, all played by your favorite stars. P.S.—W. C. Fields will play *Humpty-Dumpty* and isn't that something? Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Cary Grant are a few favorites in the cast.

Sherry. Peggy Shannon would be delighted to know of your sincere admiration for her screen work, your desire to be her humble slave, and so on and on and on! Her latest pictures are "Devil's Mate," "Turn Back the Clock," and "The Deluge." Peggy was born Jan. 10, 1909, in Pine Bluff, Ark. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has red hair and green eyes. She began her screen career in 1931 in Vitaphone shorts. Her real name is Winona Sammon.

Doris S. Have you heard Dick Powell sing *The Road is Open Again* in a recent "short" about the NRA? The blonde Toby Wing was the girl in the *I'm Young and Healthy* song number in "Forty-Second Street" with Dick. Toby, whose real name is Martha Virginia Wing, was born near Richmond, Va., on July 14, 1915. She has appeared in "The Kid from Spain" with Eddie Cantor and in "College Humor" and had a small part in "This Day and Age." Watch for her in Paramount Pictures in the future.

Anne H. As long as we have Ken Maynard there will be Western films! George O'Brien, Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, and George Duryea, known on the screen now as Tom Keene, are among the popular players of the West as we like to see it. Ken Maynard was born on July 21, 1896, at Mission, Texas. He has black hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He graduated from the Virginia Military School at the age of 18 years with a degree in civil engineering. But the lure of the circus proved too much for Ken so in 1914 he joined up with a traveling show as a trick rider, later becoming nationally known as a stunt-rider and roper with Hagenback-Wallace Circus and Ringling Brothers. He made his first pictures in 1922. Ken is happily married to Mary Leeper, a non-professional. Among his releases are "The Lone Avenger," "The Trail Drive," and "Gun Justice."

Two ways to wash woolens!



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1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

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4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.

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They'll Bet on Love!

Continued from page 51

was a surprise. For years he had been a target for women. A man with exceptional looks, character, and wealth is rare any place—including Hollywood. But George politely refused to be caught by experts' wiles, and it appeared that here was the one fellow who *couldn't* be had!

A famous siren once stormed into the publicity offices of a studio where he was working. She threw her hat and purse on the floor and proceeded to refer to the absent George with words a lady never uses. When asked what he'd done she replied, "Nothing—blankety-blank him!"

Closer questioning revealed that she'd been posing for publicity stills in the portrait gallery all afternoon with him. They were love scenes. She yenned for him and pulled every trick in her extensive repertoire to excite him into "comin' up sumtime" for a rendezvous. She ended her cussing in a flood of tears at her lack of luck.

Though a gracious escort to various women, the only girl George ever really cared about before he met Marguerite was Olive Borden. When she was a Fox star half a dozen years ago, Hollywood concluded mutual attraction would lead to marriage. That was not in the cards.

Why and how did he fall for Marguerite Churchill? A glance at her new photographs will give you one reason.

"We were introduced in a director's office at Fox two and a half years ago," he recalls. "Marguerite had been on the lot for nearly two years and we'd never met. She was cast with me in a Western."

They went on location and every-day association gave George the idea that maybe this was the girl he'd dreamed about. She noted that he was a man among men, as well as a very personable actor. Cautiously they checked each other's qualities as, on the surface, they became friends.

George has been the backbone of the Fox organization with his Westerns, but that doesn't mean he hasn't all the perfect Romeo traits off-screen. You know how he looks. But did you know that his clothes are made by Hollywood's most expensive tailor? That his manners are impeccable? That he is a sympathetic and fascinating conversationalist? And that he is as proficient on a dance floor as he is on a horse or at tennis, swimming, boxing, wrestling, football, baseball, soccer—and, oh, any other sport you can think of?

Marguerite, you must understand, did not run after him. She saw that he had been totally unspoiled by Hollywood, that he was not conceited or blasé, that he personified the sound-mind-in-a-sound-body ideal. But she had had other beaux. She was neither gaga nor awed by movie fame. So when she and Fox parted shortly after she met George, she went back to New York and the stage.

"I didn't forget him, though," she acknowledged to me. Nor could he banish her from his thoughts. She returned to pictures for the summer of '32, and then reverted to Broadway again, scoring there last season in "Dinner at Eight." The damage to both hearts had been done by then.

"We wanted to be married last spring in Paris," Marguerite informed me, "but George's father, who was touring Egypt with him, had heart trouble and was ordered to California immediately for the more favorable climate. I'd already booked passage abroad, so I went on to England

as I'd been signed for the picture Sally Eilers eventually did there.

"I waited for six weeks in London for it to start. Then I was advised it would be delayed another six weeks. I was homesick, and lonely for George, so I cancelled my contract and headed for Hollywood." By flying across the continent she made the trip in ten days.

While she was in London she was consoled by the gorgeous engagement ring George bought in Cairo for her. It is a big sapphire set in diamonds. Her wedding ring is a plain platinum band.

Because George and his father were the closest of chums, Hollywood often said that it would be difficult for a girl to intrigue him.



Dolores Del Rio, looking her loveliest, was interviewed by Jimmy Fidler, SCREENLAND'S Hollywood reporter, for a recent program in his "Hollywood-on-the-Air" series. A pleasant job for Jimmy.

"On the contrary," says George, "my parents saw me coming home from my trips around the world, and wondered why I never brought back a wife!" They approved most highly of Marguerite.

"I think I made my first headway," he laughs, "when Marguerite asked me what I planned about something. I confessed I never plan far ahead and am likely to change my mind any moment. 'Shake!' she exclaimed. 'At last I've come across a man after my own heart!'"

The George O'Briens have now weathered six months of matrimony and they are blissfully happy. They are renting a furnished house atop Lookout Mountain, in Hollywood. Joan Blondell is their nearest neighbor.

They began their honeymoon without plans and that's the way they continue to live. "After the wedding my father asked where we were going," George remembers. "We had no notion. We headed for Canada. One afternoon as we were driving along Marguerite remarked, 'I doubt if we will get any tan up this way—it's getting so cold.' We turned around in the middle of the highway and headed for Mexico!"

They tarried longest in La Jolla, an ocean-side resort near San Diego.

"We were spotted at the hotel, so we took a cottage on the beach," Marguerite recounts. "I can't cook at all, so we ate

in a tea room across the street. But one noon I decided to fix lunch for my husband. When George returned from a swim I had my food arrayed like a buffet supper. The chief dish was canned corn beef. George took one look at it and said, 'Marguerite, how could you? Don't you know that anyone who's been in the navy can't stand canned corn beef?'"

Since then she has left the cooking to Marie, the faithful cook George has had for years. Marguerite isn't a bit domestic and George, who is wise enough to realize that a girl can be a fine wife without adorning to bake and dust, doesn't care.

"Folks have asked me if I don't want Marguerite to retire now that we're married. Whatever she wishes suits me," he

declares. And she wishes to hold on to her career, having been born the daughter of a theatrical producer, and having studied dramatics all her life. Born in Kansas City, she went to the Professional Children's School in New York and lived in Buenos Aires when her father produced shows there.

He died when she was twelve. Two years later she enrolled in the Theatre Guild's dramatic academy in New York. In her first year she was awarded the Winthrop Ames scholarship, and the next year she won the Otto H. Kahn scholarship. At sixteen she was debuting opposite Gene Raymond in the Broadway production, "Why Not?" Six more play leads and she was imported to Hollywood by Fox.

"That was a dismal experience," she says. "They cast me in gingham and I was sunk in insipid rôles." You aren't acquainted with the real Marguerite if you haven't seen her in "Girl Without a Room," the first film on her new long-term contract with the Paramount-Charles R. Rogers' unit. She has bobbed her hair, adopted a dashing coiffure, and is being allowed to display her capacity for wearing stunning clothes.

"I want to play absorbing characters on the screen from now on," she announces. "And I look forward to doing one play

a year in New York. Other than that, George and I have no plans, except that we want to travel. He has been practically everywhere. I'm most anxious to go to the Orient with him.

"We are entertaining very little, probably because we relish each other's company so much! I like the outdoor life of Hollywood, but I also adore New York, getting up at noon, and going places at night. Hollywood night-life seems amateurish.

"How to be happily married in pictures? Why, the possibility of divorce has never dawned on me. I've been appalled at the number of movie divorces. But they didn't deter me. My only theory is that it is necessary to thoroughly know your husband. And I regard the opposites-attract-opposites line as wrong. The more you have in common, the better!"

Consider, for a minute, how much George and Marguerite agree on things. Both come from fine family stock; both have ideals. Neither has ever indulged in whoopee. Both are independent spirits and hate to be tied down. Both get a tremendous kick from acting, and their fun from sports. Travel and dressing up and good shows are other mutual likes.

Did you know that for the past five years George has taken four months off annually to roam the world? He has never owned a home in Hollywood, his cottage at Malibu, informal and comfortable, having been his simple headquarters. Marguerite has no desire to own a home now.

Only twenty-three, her picture fan following is potentially large. His is huge, and he has worked for it. For eight years he has had the same secretary, and she is installed in his suite at the studio. He pays more attention to his fans than any actor in Hollywood. Every letter is filed, every photograph he sends is *personally* autographed. Whereas most players who have been prominent for any length of time are bored with the public's demands, George is sincerely pleased whenever anyone is interested in him.

This winter marks the turning point in his life, professionally and personally. In the future he'll be available for dramatic rôles. He is to do two Westerns a year for Fox, and be free the rest of the time.

"I am not tired of Westerns," he has made it plain to me. "I cannot imagine a more pleasurable job than riding horseback and being outdoors in the fresh air for one's work." He has averaged \$100,000 annually at it in recent years.

"For a while I yearned to be a young Jannings. I did 'Sunrise' and demonstrated what I could do with a really dramatic assignment. Recently I've had so many offers for straight, 'indoor' leads that whenever I'm convinced it's a strong part I'll accept it. But four pictures a year is all I intend doing. More would be unwise. And I hope to persuade Fox to give me historical Westerns, rather than fictitious ones."

None of our actors can wear a dinner jacket with more aplomb than George, and a lot of us are glad to see him coming off the range for a spell.

The death of his beloved father last October was a great blow to him. A man of extraordinarily strong character, the elder O'Brien was idolized in San Francisco where for many years he was chief of police.

"Five years ago I was broke," George revealed to me. "I'd invested my savings ill-advisedly. I determined then that 'Cap' would have to take over my business. He gradually handled it all, investing my salary cleverly and acting as my agent in dealings with studios. That he had to be

66

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taken from us is more than a sorrow. He was my pal. But he lived a strenuous, constructive life, and I am more than proud to have had such a wonderful father."

George has a brother a few years younger than himself who is a brilliant San Francisco attorney. So Dan O'Brien, Jr., is now handling the business affairs of the family's stellar member.

To Hollywood the way George has maintained his equilibrium is nothing short of miraculous. A San Francisco high school athlete, he joined the navy at sixteen, when America entered the War. He attended Santa Clara College afterwards, leaving to work his way up to film stardom. Starting at the bottom, he was a prop boy, an assistant cameraman, an

extra, a stunt man, and a bit player before he progressed to leads and became a world-renowned star.

Modestly, he claims that the bending of the twig determines what a man's conduct will be. He doesn't rate adult environment as an important influence. Which means that he thinks you don't go Hollywood or hey-hey unless you're the kind of a person who wants to.

At thirty-three he has superb health, an unblemished reputation, countless friends, and all the money he needs. He is mellowed by travel and first-hand knowledge of people. Because he is so appreciative of his success, everyone who meets him values his friendship. Personally, I respect no man in Hollywood more than George O'Brien.

Now he has Marguerite to share the rest of the road with him. Talented and lovely, she rounds out his life.

This he-man who doesn't smoke, or drink, or miss church, and his glamorous but nice wife are visual proof that—well, need I repeat the obvious moral? They've no complexes, no troubles, nothing to hide. Two healthier, more normal people would be hard to find anywhere.

We know that of the many who have tried to combine career and marriage in Hollywood the majority have failed at it. But how many couples had the stamina of these two? George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill are anticipating a golden wedding anniversary. To survive the intervening snares, they'll bet on love.

I'll bet on them!

Use the Movies in Home-Making

Continued from page 23

plicity is a necessity to us. Simplification of furniture eliminates unnecessary frills, and we do not need or want frills today.

"Steel and glass are the preferred materials, not so much brick or stone or lumber. The steel makes the building strong, the glass makes it light. Designs for furniture and decoration of these homes must be different from those of an earlier day, hence modern furniture. It's a new period, that's all.

The idea of modern furniture is comfort and utility. The average Louis Sixteenth chair gives you a sore back if you have to sit in it for an hour. You should be able to sit in a modern chair all day and feel no discomfort.

"But please note this: **IT IS IMPORTANT.**

"Modern interiors were originally designed in Europe more than thirty years ago. They are beautiful, but they have been abused by inferior minds. Fake reproductions and cheap imitations have almost ruined our conception of them in this country. Therefore, I want you to study the modern sets you see and try to understand why they differ from the bad modern stuff you see in cheap shops.

"One of Los Angeles' leading designers studied the modern art and specialized in this design a few years ago. Our leading furniture company commercialized his ideas by establishing a special shop in their large plant where they displayed his beautiful things.

"Modern furniture, if properly made, is expensive, because the simplest things are the hardest to make perfect. You can conceal poor workmanship in a complicated job, but a simple thing must be absolutely true. Only the expert can produce the modern perfect piece, just as only the best dressmakers in Paris can turn out the perfect, very simple gown.

"But little shops sprang up everywhere, in imitation of this artist's work, showing cheap, unpainted, grotesque furniture supposed to be copies of things created by the master mind. They were dreadful because those who made them didn't understand the principle back of what they were trying to do, so what they made was in bad taste. They thought that any unusual angle, any queer-looking bulge, any strikingly abnormal piece of furniture was 'modern' and they could sell it. Their things were hideous and uncomfortable and they ruined the market for what was really good."

A young man associated with Paramount Studios wanted to build a house, and went to Mr. Freudeman for advice. He had a friend, a director of sophisticated pictures, who was building a Mexican farm-house

home, and he wondered whether or not he should have a house of this type, too.

"Why should a modern man live in a Mexican farm-house?" asked the art director. "Such a house has tiny windows that let in very little air or sunshine. It has tiled floors which are uncomfortable winter and summer. Maybe this house was right for Mexico at the time it was designed; possibly deep mud was tracked into houses from unmade roads and the tiled floors were practicable because they could be mopped up easily. Possibly the sun was so hot and so strong that the small windows were designed to shut it out. But California is not Mexico.

"You cannot make people live in places they should choose, if they do not like those places. But this young man saw the force of my arguments against Mexican dwellings and we went ahead and designed another house for him.

"He is a bachelor, so all he really needs is one room, with kitchen and bath. The most valuable possession he has is a collection of books, some of them first editions. He wanted a place where they could be locked up, away from careless handling by chance guests, so my first problem was to design shelves for them that could be locked, in one corner of the room.

"You know how Japanese use bamboo screens to close off portions of a room, making their apartments large or small at will? Just so for this house, we have sliding doors that can be pulled out or pushed back to make walls or to eliminate them, as we choose. We can shut off the library with these doors if we like, or we can close off the bedroom with them. The bed can be turned into a couch by day, or just pushed back into the wall until it is needed.

"This young man is very fond of outdoors, so he has a garden. If he had an ordinary house, there would be a wall, with perhaps two windows between him and this garden. He could see only parts of it, from special angles.

"Instead of this, the whole side of the room is of glass, so he can enjoy his flowers all the time. We bring the house into the garden and the garden into the house, by having the glass slide open at will. There is always plenty of air and the supply can be controlled easily, for you can open as much or as little of the glass as you please.

"There is a wall, with a gate that locks, around the garden, thus taking care of safety.

"Modern design gets away from the stereotyped thing. We build-in many of the things we need and so have plenty of

space. For this man's room, a table will be required, two or three chairs, perhaps a davenport or couch, and a cabinet for certain articles. The cabinet, book-cases, desk, or whatever you desire can be made of an interesting design conforming to that of your room, and the whole effect will be beautiful.

"Things should be easy to live with. There should be no confusion; just simple, restful, livable comfort.

"Wall treatment should be simple. You will notice that modern interiors seldom show many pictures. I sometimes have one in a scene to make good composition.

"Tastes differ about this, as about many things. A man of the world chooses to live in a Mexican farm-house. Other sophisticates of the studio select early American designs. Early American is the present fad. It brings back wall papers, because they were used when America was young. You can get excellent examples of good taste in this style of interior decoration by watching the screen, since the screen must reflect current custom.

"A few years ago, everything was Spanish; before that we had Louis Sixteenth furniture; before that anything in Directoire fashions was good. When we had Spanish houses, rags hung from balconies all over Hollywood!

"What ruins every good thing is this business of cheap reproduction—'fake' things. Furniture manufacturers are now making a million dollars' worth of early American furniture, but few of them employ good designers who understand line and proportion. They won't pay real artists, so any draftsman who can draw combines their No. 14 back with their No. 12 leg, and their No. 17 seat, and that's early American, take it or leave it!

"A boy who used to drive a truck here at the studio a few years ago, and who now has his own business, stopped me on the street the other day to ask a favor. He said he was building a six-room house, wanted to do it in early American style, and would I go shopping with him so he could get the stuff wholesale! He didn't even know what was meant by 'early American'!

"At present, a great deal of Monterey furniture is being made. What, in heaven's name, is Monterey furniture? Whoever heard of it? There never was such a thing! Someone got the idea of making stuff that looked like driftwood, so he made it and called it Monterey—and that's what it is, believe it or not!

"Study a room that pleases you, before you copy it, and try to understand why you are pleased. Don't be cheated by a mere resemblance. A little school girl often sees

a bedroom on the screen, with Miriam Hopkins occupying the bed, and she likes it because Miriam is in it. She paints her own walls yellow, puts down a black rug, buys an ugly, shapeless bed, paints it, and believes she has a modern room.

"When she gets tired of it, as of course she does, she thinks it's modern furniture she doesn't like. But she's tired of it because it's hideous. Beauty grows on you; you see new loveliness in it all the time; so be sure that what you choose is beautiful and not merely strikingly unusual.

"When you see something that pleases you in a picture, try to find out about it before you incorporate it into your home. Learn all that you can about the furniture, rug, decoration, or drapery.

"You shouldn't buy your furniture in a hurry. Get just the essential pieces first, and spend a year or so picking up the things you really want, that you can live with forever, or so long as you last.

"People take a year to build a house and expect to furnish it in three weeks. That's impossible!

"Often, friends or acquaintances ask me to tell them what is wrong with their houses. I go to see them—but I know before I go what I will find! *There is always too much in them!* But when I say 'Throw this out!' they do not do so. They hate to part with whatever it is. They go to auctions and pick up junk, just because it is cheap and they think it's a bargain, and then what can they do with it?

"Never buy anything unless you know exactly what you will do with it!

"Lighting for modern homes is all subdued, indirect lighting. I do not use floor lamps, because I think table lamps infinitely better. Essential lighting is the right kind. Ask yourself: 'Why do I want light?' The answer is: 'To read by.' Well, then, get a good reading-lamp and place it by a chair that you have bought because it is comfortable and you like to sit in it; place the chair where you like to sit, not where somebody else thinks it will look best, and have your light where you can see by it. That is the essence of modern design.

"Draperies are used either to shut out or to let in light. A very simple, homespun linen, dyed any color you choose, will hang well, be inexpensive and durable, and every bit as effective as velvet or brocade.

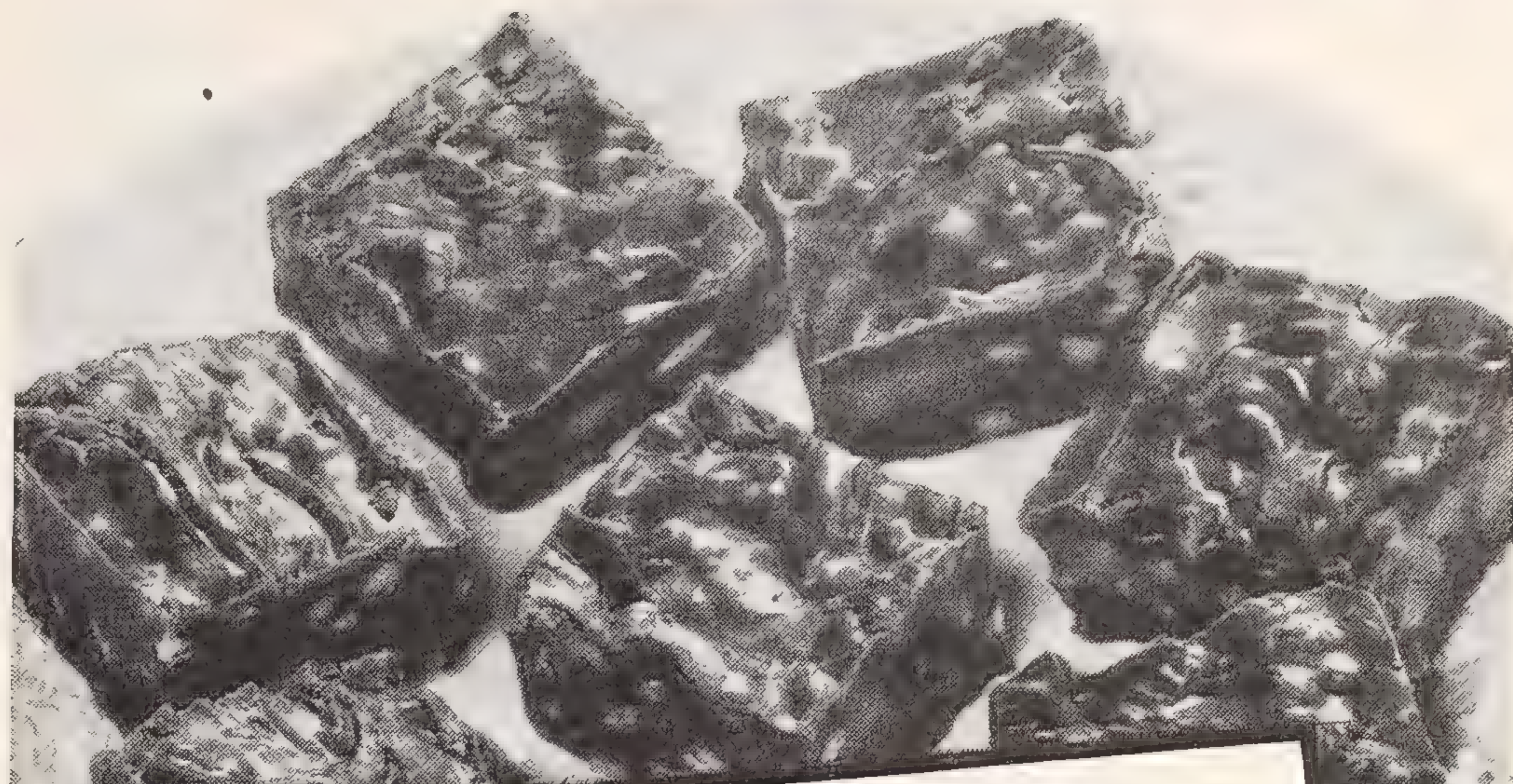
"Remember that color is psychological. We all react to it. Living in a room done entirely in grays would be very dull. It would probably depress us, whether we knew why we were depressed or not. I know a man who reacts to yellow. His house is painted yellow outside and decorated in yellow inside. He couldn't work at his office in the studio until he had called in the painters and had it done over in his favorite color, because he is only happy with yellow. Other people cannot bear yellow and are happy only with blue.

"At the studio, we have charts to show how various tints and shades of color photograph. There are six distinct variations of each color and these are numbered, so that we know No. 3 yellow and No. 3 blue will have the same value on the screen and can combine our colors for photographic value.

"In real life, however, color never has the same value in different places, because it becomes different with varied reflections.

"If a house is surrounded with trees, lawns, and shrubberies, that outside green will affect the color inside. We must, therefore, take this green reflection into account when working with colors in the house; and remember that at night, when there is no green reflection to affect the interior, we must have our lights to correspond with the missing value. Our lamp shadow can be arranged to take care of this.

Fudge that is Fudge!



Eagle Brand CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 cup Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk

3 squares unsweetened
chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares. Serve a fudge that is *Fudge!*

Even beginners will get a marvelous result with this recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! But remember—this recipe calls for Sweetened Condensed Milk. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just remember to ask for Eagle Brand.

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Cut out that astonishing recipe above! Prove to yourself that it actually works. And here and now, mail this coupon, to learn a whole new kind of cooking! The Borden Co., Dept. SU24, 350 Madison Ave., New York Please send me FREE booklet, "Amazing Short-Cuts."

Name _____

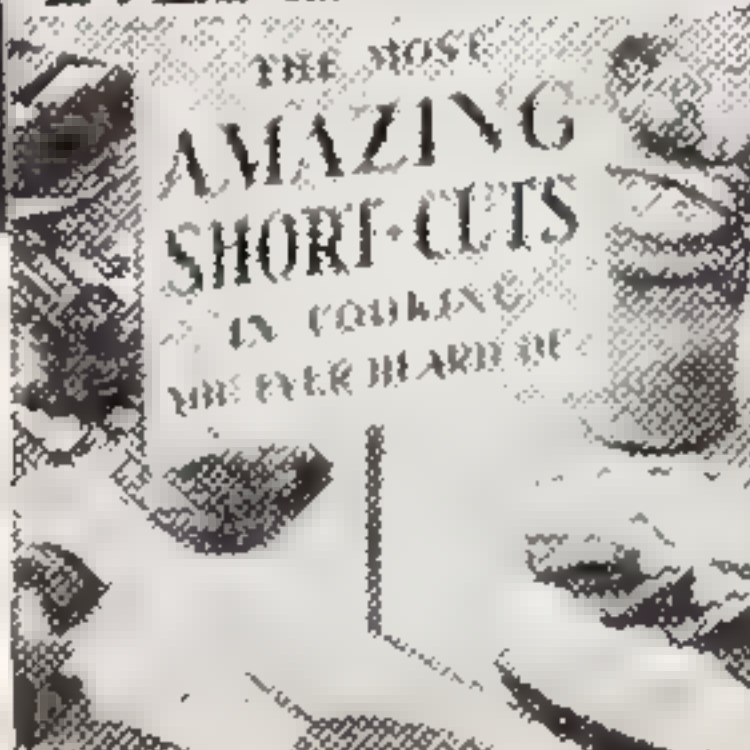
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MAGIC!



When good directors get together! Wesley Ruggles and his actress wife, Arline Judge, spend a carefree afternoon with director Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers, his bride. "Certainly they direct—on the set!" say the girls.

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Please send me a Free Trial Package of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Lipstick.

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"In a pent-house, where there are no reflections to disturb you, you can work out your color scheme differently.

"Do you know that you can control the color of a room entirely with Venetian blinds at your windows? This is a trick of the trade not perhaps generally known.

"If you want a bedroom in blues that will be nice and quiet and restful, you can use Venetian blinds that can be so adjusted as not to admit color from outside, and get some marvelous effects. Then you can change all this by admitting more light when you are, we will say, dressing, and wish to get the effect of your new gown for a gala luncheon.

"Plain-colored chenille rugs are always favored by me, because they do not clash with furniture or draperies and need not be considered when you are working for effects. But if you like Oriental rugs, please get an expert to go with you to select them, so that you may be sure of getting real values.

"I am glad to see American women taking an active interest in what we do on the screen. We are learning something new every day; with each new picture we try out new effects, work out new ideas, progress a little—or a lot—and women can follow our experiments and benefit by them.

"We have an advantage over designers in

the trade, for we have no opposition. We decide what we will do and we carry out our decisions. The trade man must submit his designs to the owner of the house that has employed him, and alter them to suit the occupants of the house, whether they know about interior decoration or not. Joe Doakes wants this wall covered with pictures, because he likes pictures; his wife wants the draperies looped inartistically, and insists on using grandma's tiptilted table and old spinning wheel, both entirely out of the period, because she has them and values them. The result is hodge-podge, and the trade designer is not proud of it. We who design for the screen, however, are usually back of everything we create."

Next month, the second article in *SCREENLAND's* exclusive "Home Hints" series will appear. It will give you the benefit of the advice of the celebrated Cedric Gibbons, announced last month as the first of the Hollywood decorators to talk to you. Due, however, to the timeliness of "Design For Living," for which Mr. Freudeman of Paramount designed the sets, we presented first the article you have just read, and take great pleasure in promising you Mr. Gibbons' suggestions for the next issue. Don't miss it.

East Coast, West Coast— Where Are the Movies Bound?

Continued from page 29

were given American passports and headed toward New York in a covered wagon. They surveyed the field and found it fruitful. Now they are shooting pictures frantically all over Gotham, hiring stars who are all flicker friends of ours.

Take Lillian Roth—a pleasure! Happily spliced to Mr. Justice Shalleck of the New York bar, Lillian, her Hollywood triumphs almost forgotten, had given up all thoughts of the screen. Then the cameras started grinding at her very front door.

Now lovely Lillian, instead of sinking her youth and beauty in the swamps of contract bridge, gets the judge's breakfast and motors blithely to the big Eastern Service studio in the Bronx, New York. There she takes off some of her store clothes, dons a few spangles, and stars in a little musical comedy produced by Mr. White—getting home in time to cook up a mess of cheese blintzes for judgie's supper. What could possibly be sweeter?

"Nothing," answered dimpled Lil. (Note to the boys—she's prettier than ever. Ah, there, judgie!)

Then there's Mr. Ernest Truex. Ernie, the split pint comedian whose sissy *Sapiens* in the filmed "Warrior's Husband" sets memory's ribs a'cracking.

Mr. Truex is a country gentleman of nearby New Jersey and is devoted to the New York stage, (which is, by a happy circumstance, devoted to him). Moreover, he is guiding one strapping son through his first feeble steps as a Broadway actor, and watching another bone-crushing offspring score touch-downs for Dear Old Rutgers, the storied college on the banks of the old Raritan.

Happy the moment when Educational's Eastern short production began! Mr. Truex has just finished one called "Mr. Adam," or Ernie Among The Nudists, which is guaranteed to bust the buttons

off a million American vests or your money back.

Stars? Broadway is fairly crawling with twinklers who can't or won't go West, Young Asteroid!

Here's the beauteous Helen Morgan, sweet singer of sad songs, gorgeous creature of "Show Boat" and "Sweet Adeline," who has cracked a heart for every dented derby on Broadway. When the dawn comes up like thunder over Long Island, it reveals Morgan, hip-deep in tears, drowning belated night club souses with her maudlin melodies.

One of Broadway's leading landmarks, Hollywood is only a vague, unconfirmed rumor to La Belle Morgan. She still thinks it is something you hang on the chandelier at Christmas. But the girl can be lured from her scented sheets at an early hour and set to warbling into a New York microphone. Educational therefore tempts her with foul lucre, and neither we nor the screen at large is deprived of her beauty, her art, or her Morganesque moonings over ole Bill!

The mellow Morgan stopped her piano-hopping long enough to dry those gorgeous eyes and say a few words.

"Do I like making these little song-pictures in the East?" she said. "Does a night-club habitué like a pink toy balloon? You know, I'm a part of Broadway and always have been. My friends are here—I love the atmosphere of the New York theatre, and the smoke-filled, noisy night-clubs where I sing my songs.

"So these Eastern pictures are a great boon to me. I can stay in my own home with my mother and my new husband, (he's 'Buddy' Maschke, son of a Cleveland political mogul). I can cook over my own gas range, sing at the Simphon Club at midnight, and the next day go to the studio and sing a song or two straight at the camera."

A lovely girl, this Helen Morgan, with

a heart as big as the Empire State Building. She simply cannot be imagined away from the raucous Broadway scenes she so adorns. And she is so simon-pure genuine and honest with herself and other people that she hardly belongs among the microphonies of (you should excuse me) Hollywood.

"Then, too," went on the pretty minx, fixing her mascara in readiness for the next musical blubberfest, "I don't object at all to finding another check with the morning bills, as long as I don't have to go West to earn it. And what with my Sunday night broadcasts and my nightclub work, Helen is doing well this season. I'm glad the Eastern studios are busy. And is it true that there aren't any night spots in this Hollywood?"

Christie and White have their claws into many more troupers. Moran and Mack, funniest of blackface buffoons, who are chained to the East by radio contracts. Tom Patricola, the dancing comic, now featured on Broadway in Joe Cook's musical show; Tom Howard—old hatchet-faced Tom—one of the greatest of all drawling comedians of the Extra Dry type; Stoopnagle and Budd, the radio zanies; James Melton, handsome and able young tenor. All ether slaves of the East.

All these things go to make up the New Deal in big little pictures. Star names that mean dollars in electric lights. New York backgrounds as a healthful change from the palms and magenta bungalows of the Golden State. Story ideas taken from the news of the day and not the mothly old comedy rag-bag.

All this Messrs. Christie and White will tell you with loud voices and dramatic gestures. Both Californimaniacs of the most vicious type, they are now gibbering nuts over the joys of Eastern comedy production.

"Please, sir," I said to Mr. Christie, who was juggling three Boston cream pies to keep in practice, "do you have any trouble in casting your epics?"

"Lor' bless you, Son," he boomed, "Just look over thar!"

I saw ten men with flowing whiskers holding a beaver convention on the saloon set.

"I didn't send for those fellers," said the boss. "They just came. Word got around Broadway that I was doing a mining camp scene in this Moran and Mack opera, and those ten beards turned up without being called. Then I needed a Chief Devil for the big Hell scene. But before I had a chance to send out for one, six very fine Chief Devils reported in one morning! Excuse me—all ready on the saloon set? Come on, boys, act gay and tough!"

"Now may I see the custard pie department?" I asked.

"What do you think this is, a cafeteria?" said the boss. "Comedy pies went out with the Wilson administration. Run along up in the Bronx, Son, and see the chorus girls!"

And I did!

WE COVER HOLLYWOOD!

Wherever big news is developing—wherever events of importance to the screen world are shaping—wherever there are goings-on involving your picture favorites—there's where our Hollywood reporters are to be found.

SCREENLAND brings you the news of the Cinema City before it has "broken" to the outside world. And it is genuine news—authentic, reliable, up-to-the-minute!

READ SCREENLAND EACH MONTH
FOR THE BEST HOLLYWOOD
NEWS AND GOSSIP!



TWO MONTHS LATER—Jean's back home



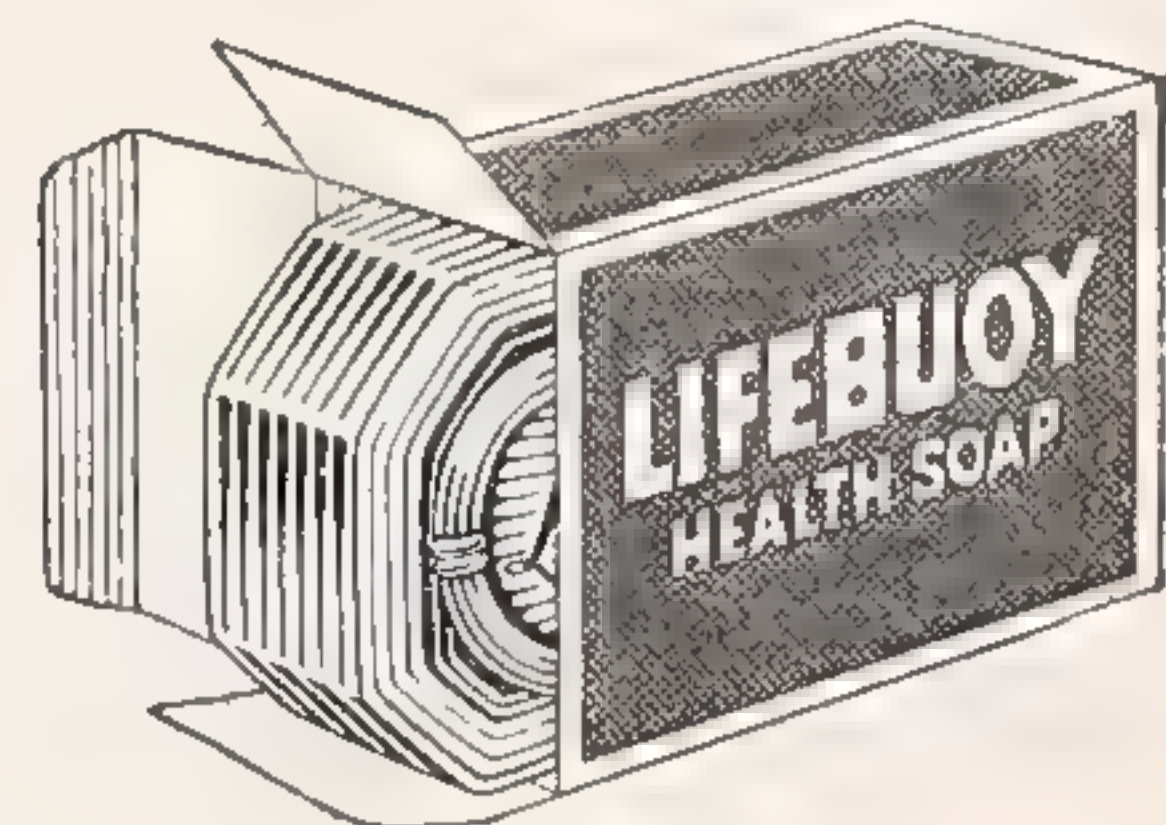
"B.O." GONE good times ahead!



Combats TWO winter foes

ENEMY NO. 1—cold, biting winds that roughen and irritate the skin. Lifebuoy lather soothes—cleanses, gently!

ENEMY NO. 2—close, stuffy rooms that make it easy for "B.O." (body odor) to offend. Lifebuoy lather purifies—deodorizes pores. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you this rich lather stops "B.O."



Prompt Relief from Skin Irritations



*Pimples
Glogged
Pores
Itching
Eczema
Chafing*

Don't be a "stay at home", ashamed to go places, because your complexion is marred by pimples and blackheads—or because you are embarrassed by some itching condition of your skin. Adopt the safe, simple Resinol treatment as your external aid in restoring skin health.

Just cleanse your skin well twice daily with the pure, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap. Rinse thoroughly, pat dry, and generously apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the broken out, smarting places. Then see how quickly the irritation is relieved and the skin becomes clearer, smoother and finer.

Use Resinol freely anywhere on the body—no parts are too tender, no surface too irritated to receive its soothing medication.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them, start the treatment today.

For a free sample each of Ointment and Soap write Resinol, Dept. 3-D, Balto., Md.

Resinol

Remove that FAT

Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' "So happy & grateful!" J.A.



Treatment, \$1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!

Daisy Stebbing, Dept. T. L. 6, Forrest Hills, New York



Burpee's Giant Zinnias 3Pkts for 10¢

Three beautiful Giant Mammoth Zinnias, one full-size packet each of Scarlet, Yellow, and Rose (regular value 30¢) postpaid for only 10¢. Don't miss this remarkable "get-acquainted" offer. Send 10¢ today.

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BEAUTY in the air, means Lady Esther on the air. Her assuring voice has urged thousands of women to try her products. Not only to try them, but to test them. If you don't believe Lady Esther Face Powder is grit-free, bite it. If you don't think the Lady Esther Four-Purpose cream has four purposes, try it and check on every one for yourself.

I did and I like this Four-Purpose Cream. It liquefies quickly and cleanses beautifully. It gives a nice smooth feeling to the skin. It does not leave the pores full of grease . . . for the cream itself is not the least bit greasy. And, a point that always pleases me, it has an appealing fragrance.

I guess you gather that I think it's pretty swell!

There is nothing so demoralizing to a woman as that first moment when she realizes she is getting a sagging, double chin . . . that first moment when she faces the dreadful fact that her neck and under-chin are beginning to lose their tautness . . . their youthful contour and firmness. It happens to some of us quite early in life . . . to others, later. But no matter what your age, the next time someone admonishes you to "Keep your chin up!" I want you to think of "Beau-T-Hood." You'll see this cute contraption on the dainty lady with the coffee cup. I say "cute" because it is, in spite of the fact that it has a very serious purpose in life. It's made of pink satin-lastex and net. It fits the head snugly, and wraps the chin and neck firmly. The minute you put it on, you will feel the muscles drawn up and back. Wear it all night, and you can almost feel them grow that way!

If you have a special anti-wrinkle or muscle-building cream, you may use that under the chin strap part, and it will protect your bedding, and keep the cream out of sight. This "Beau-T-Hood" may also be used with a nourishing cream by women

Femi-nifties

*"A thing of beauty
is a joy forever..."*

*By Katharine
Hartley*



*"Keep your chin up"
means "Beau-T-Hood." ...*



*"It looks and works
like a lighter ..."*



*"Hinds appears on
the winter scene in
a new bottle . . ."*

who wish to add to their chin and neck line. If you want more information on this brand new contrivance, won't you please write the Beau-T-Hood Company, at South Orange, N. J.

Just because your haul at Christmas time didn't include one of the smart new Lenthéric purse atomizers, is no reason that you should go without one. Buy the set yourself. It's not very expensive, and it's grand. The box includes a large vial of Lenthéric's *Miracle* perfume, and a tricky atomizer that looks and works like a cigarette lighter—only it's not as temperamental! You can carry it in your purse and it won't leak. You can use it any place and every place. And you eliminate the necessity of having to dose up on perfume in the morning, in order to still smell a little sweet at night.

There is a product that claims not only to remove skin blemishes, but freckles as well. (I wish I'd known about it last summer when all you people were writing me for information on how to banish the stubborn spots.) Anyway, Beaufix, for that's its name, is a scientific, medicated treatment, and in no way connected with skin-peeling. Sounds like something to look into!

"When winter winds do blow, and we shall have snow," (swiped from some enterprising poet), we will also have chapped hands, unless we watch out. Hinds Honey and Almond cream—that old favorite—has appeared on the winter scene in a brand new bottle, and label. Bright red is the trimming, and it strikes a cheery note on the bathroom or kitchen shelf. Even the stars in Hollywood, in spite of all our California sunshine that you've heard about, use Hinds to counteract chapping and dryness, and to keep their hands worthy of the admiration of millions.

He Knows What He Wants

Continued from page 24

definite goal, she decided that she would educate her son for a career in a medium which has always offered unlimited opportunities to the individual—the theatre.

Of course when he grew old enough to decide such matters for himself, he could either continue along the way he had begun or select some other vocation.

So Gene made his theatrical début in child rôles at an early age, later attending the Professional Children's School. Upon graduation from that institution he determined to pursue the Thespian muse and embarked in earnest upon the career which was destined to lead him to Hollywood and films.

His first stage rôle after finishing school was in "The Potters," following which he was one of those who got snatched in "The Cradle Snatchers." Various other popular shows of the next few years boasted young Mr. Raymond's presence, so when the screen siren called, he was well-equipped to answer her song.

Not only in the quality of his work, but in his attitude toward it has his training proven its value. For it has given him the ability to view himself and his work with detachment and a clear perspective.

He considers acting his business and accords it the same assiduous attention that a banker or a merchant or a broker gives to his. He respects the demands that work makes upon the individual, but he has no distorted sense of values. In other words, he takes his work seriously—but not himself.

"During the time that I was at Paramount, I was cast in several rôles for which I was entirely unsuited. That usually happens to players when under contract. Since I have been free-lancing, when I am suggested for a part I quite naturally have the opportunity to read the script before either accepting or declining. In this way I hope to avoid at least some of the casting mistakes that are so prevalent.

"After I do sign for a picture, I devote all my time and attention to my part and endeavor to make my character a living, breathing human being. This means concentrating on the person I am trying to create as well as technically perfecting myself in my lines. From the moment the cameras start grinding each morning until the director calls 'Cut! That's all for today!' I consider myself the property of the studio and feel that it has a right to my most earnest efforts.

"But when the day's work is over and I leave the studio, I leave the part I am playing as well."

"Enjoying life" to Gene Raymond does not mean attending wild parties or frequenting the late spots. It means riding horseback along wooded bridle paths, swimming in the cool sparkling waters of the Pacific, attending small dinner parties given by the more dignified element of Hollywood, or taking a girl to the Coconut Grove rather than to one of the more hilarious night clubs. To date, he has never become over-serious about any of the numerous young ladies whom he has escorted thusly.

"I don't expect to marry for many years," he told me. "Not until I have really accomplished some of the things I want to do and would have time to try to make a girl happy. Not until I've traveled all over the world. And I don't mean just to take a brief and cursory va-

ished today and the revelations of what they had

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Many of the group
Antiseptic had no
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Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you much greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN one of the largest tests of its kind ever made Pepsodent Antiseptic proves itself impressively. This proof lies in results that everyone can understand. Read carefully for these facts are vitally important to your family's health.

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Last winter 500 people were divided into groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

Think of that! Fewer colds—colds ended in half time. That is what modern science offers you in Pepsodent as compared with ordinary antiseptics.

For your information

You may not know that, when mixed with an equal amount of water, many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. But Pepsodent Antiseptic does kill germs in less than 10 seconds—even when mixed with two parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—and save money.



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The girl with drab and dullish locks
Is often left upon the rocks;
But she who wears a lustrous crown
Will soon select her wedding gown!

-GOLDEN GLINT- *Shampoo and Rinse*

(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleansing, Golden Glint Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the natural beauty of your hair! 25c at your dealers', or send coupon for free sample.)

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cation trip—I want some day to travel in leisurely fashion, stopping for as long as I wish in any place that interests or appeals to me. For it is by scratching beneath the surface and living among many peoples, absorbing something of their history and philosophy, that we learn really to understand them. And certainly a thorough understanding of every type of character is necessary to become a successful actor or director.

For it is as a director or producer that Gene expects some day to be ranked. While he expects to continue acting for a good many years to come, it is in an executive capacity that he feels lie the best chances for real achievement and accomplishment. Then, and then only, when he has somewhat stabilized his life, will he be ready to think of romance.

"No matter how optimistically a couple enters marriage in Hollywood, the odds are against them. I wouldn't even attempt to say why that is—but I do know that I'd rather wait to marry until I can have better odds in the gamble. In other words, until I can do my share in trying to achieve success and happiness with my wife. So

for the next few years my whole attention is going to be on my work."

Mr. Raymond's favorite rôles have been Zani in "Zoo in Budapest" and his current part in "I Am Suzanne," with Lilian Harvey.

He especially likes foreign characterizations because he feels that they allow more opportunity for real creative work.

"No matter how we may try to make each character we portray an individual and a personality, we are handicapped by having always to make him a type. By that I mean, if I am playing a young society wastrel, I can't just create him as I think that particular man would be—I have to paint him as he would be seen through the eyes of the audience. In other words, I have to create the audience's conception of what a society wastrel is—otherwise, the audience won't believe me."

"While with a foreign character such as Zani, I could really be that boy and do all the things he would do—because the audience had no cut-and-dried conception of how a lad of that type would act. I could make Zani real and believable at the same time."

The Screen Spectator Speaks

Continued from page 32

turing of the dreadful agonies suffered by screen characters. We all suffer, but we have to. Can't we be spared witnessing the awful realism of the torture we have been or may sometime be subjected to in the future?

We never know when or where the horrors of Hollywood's torture chambers will turn up. When our critics and screen writers advise that a picture is "a la Frankenstein" perpetrated to scare the daylights out of us, we avoid it. And we don't condemn such pictures nor ask that they not be produced. We know many persons enjoy the sadistical, ghoulish, terrible realities and imaginings of humankind. We just stay away.

But can't something be done to save us the anguish of such gruesome scenes as in "Wild Boys of the Road," when that youngster lost his leg? Remember, first his terror at having to jump off the fast-moving freight; then his stumble over the railroad tracks, and then his torturing struggle to escape an onrushing locomotive. Just what happened then we don't know because we shut our eyes, and fortunately our sub-conscious permitted us from hearing. After a few deep breaths we looked again, realized a serious acci-

dent had occurred, but darned if they weren't amputating his leg in a field or shack without an anaesthetic, without hot water, other facilities or anything but our nerves and stomachs!

Must we grant to our screen playwrights that there may at sometime arise such a medical crisis that in this day of siren-screaming, racing ambulances no hospital could be reached by a doctor who said he had performed three major operations that very day? The agony of the boy induced many in our audience to deplore that scene, and it succeeded only in upsetting us.

It did make the story so unreal that the excellence of the theme value of the picture was greatly diminished. It typified such exaggerated torture that it could easily lead those unaware of the plight of America's vagabond youth to believe that this was just another horror film rather than the forceful social propaganda which inspired the author of this screen drama.

Again, in "Torch Singer," Claudette Colbert's suffering when she appeared to be in the veritable throes of death's agony in that childbirth scene, so affected us that we failed to enjoy Claudette's swell crooning and her as usual splendid characterization. We were unprepared for such



Connie Bennett and Franchot Tone wax emotional in this scene from "Moulin Rouge," Connie's first starring picture for Twentieth Century. It's a musical film, with Tullio Carminati, Helen Westley, and others in the large and distinguished cast.

an incident in a torch singer's story. That scene of her physical "death struggle" and the dialogue of doctor, nurse, and nun convinced us she would die. When she didn't die, we felt the whole story from then on was insincere—that one episode decreased not only the entertainment value of what followed, but spoiled our evening.

How differently the screen can tell, with dramatic intensity, gruesome events was portrayed in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Seldom have we seen an effort exceeding in dramatic planning and direction the beheading of *Anne Boleyn*. A grim but humorous and human atmosphere attended every detail of preparation of our minds for the scene—the sharpening of the ax, the mob's anticipation of the event, the building of the execution block, the personal preparations of *Anne Boleyn*, the reactions of *Henry*, of the clergy, the nobles, ladies, servants—all were so adroitly handled that, while we were constantly aware of the hideous act that was to come, we were, however, constantly aware that we were seeing the theatre at its very best. And no sincerity of acting, dialogue, scenic effects or other dramatic qualities was lost by our not *actually seeing the ax chop off her head!*

Another evidence of what we have in mind appeared to us in the casting of John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Lionel Barrymore, and Clark Gable in "Night Flight."

First, let us admit our amazement at the daring heroism portrayed in this film. We were held breathless at the no less than marvelous handling of the sequence in which Robert Montgomery is supposed to be crossing the Andes at night. The storm he encountered in the narrow chasm in the mountains was photographed with such realism that even though we knew we were at the movies, we felt actual fear grip us. A sigh of relief escaped us when he came through it safely.

The magnificence of the scenes in that picture will long linger in our minds—beautiful skies; bleak, cruel, mountain ranges; angry, storm-tossed seas; fogs, rain—all contributed a background so natural and emphatically real that the accompanying dialogue of the sterling case of players mentioned above seemed inane and unnecessary.

This was an adventure film *par excellence*. But the players' names had led us to expect something entirely different. This was a man's film of the glory of daring the unknown and untried. We have seen similar air adventure films before and liked them, even though cast with only competent actors.

The point is, therefore, that when we read that cast of famous players, we expected dramatic acting that would warrant such a constellation of stars. As the picture developed it was the work of the directors, cameramen, and stunt fliers, and not the work of the Barrymores, Hayeses, etc., that supplemented the grandeurs of nature and made this a great air epic. We felt, perhaps unreasonably, but honestly nevertheless, that a lot of *our money* had been spent on salaries for those stars which should have been diverted to give us another "Dinner at Eight" or "Grand Hotel." Not one of them earned his or her pay, and ladies of the audience who do not like aviation adventure films were disappointed in not seeing their favorites give the anticipated performances of which they are capable.

And, speaking of the performances of which our screen stars are capable, will some one rise up with us and tell our producers to cease trying to make our comedians and comedienues carry a picture of an hour-and-a-half's duration? Few of



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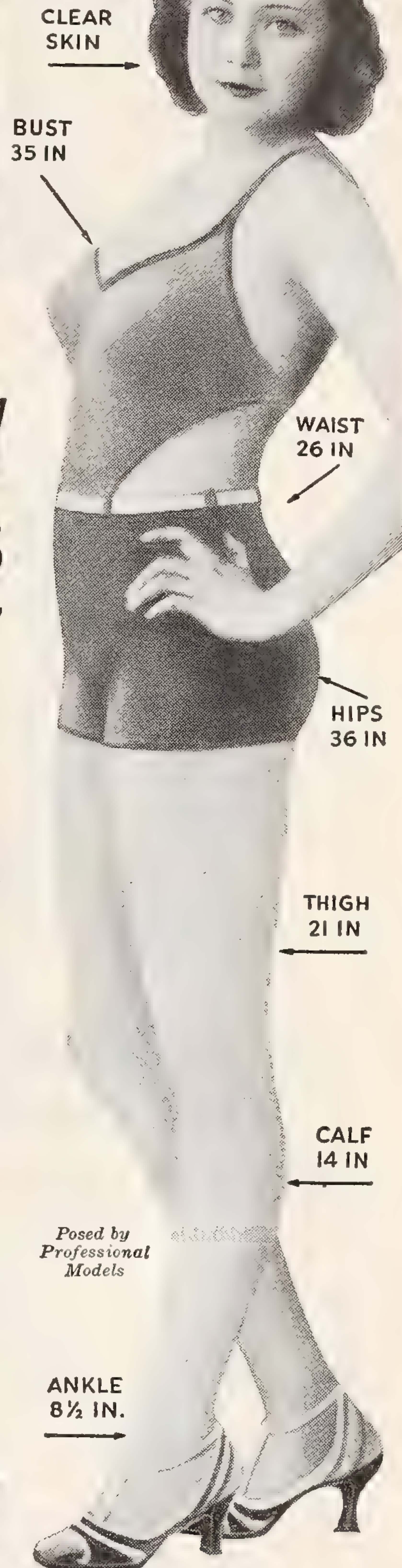
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them can do it. Only occasionally have we a Joe E. Brown. Usually it takes a whole family like the Marx Brothers to be funny that long!

As an example of what we mean, take Zasu Pitts. Up to a few months ago, all Zasu had to do was to appear in a rough and tumble short comedy with Thelma Todd to cause the average audience to burst into chuckles of joy. But suddenly, she and Slim Summerville were cast in a series of features in which, instead of being funny, she was cast as having not an ounce of brains, nor a whit of sense. She's just getting to be a bore! Yes, we still like her "Oh, my's!" and interpretative hands. But we feel she should be given either very, very much better plays or kept in "shorts."

Likewise, we remember an awful film in which Laurel and Hardy were cast—an operetta upon which lavish sets, good singing by Dennis King, and a large cast were wasted because the whole effort was

made to emphasize the comedy of those masters of slapstick comedy. It can't be done any more successfully than the entire contents of a newspaper could be made of comics, or an entire vaudeville show of clowns.

So long as these actors or their producers insist upon trying to have such comedians make full-length features, they will not find success, because broad burlesques of life's tribulations must be so over-emphasized that it can only exist when it is so infantile it causes belly laughs at its very absurdity. And we can't laugh that way for long—we get physically tired if we don't get fed up. Let our ladies and gentlemen of humor provide just that as a counterpoint to straight drama—let them ease our tense moments, give them to us in short skits or interspersed as "bits" in our other forms of the dramatic art. But only give them to us at their best, because a joke's a joke, but a sour comedian is tragic!

Medals! Birds!

Continued from page 21

so they can't be evenly divided, the extras go to Dorothy because anyone as gorgeous as she looks in the Ed Wynn picture deserves extra consideration.

Lew Ayres gets a medal. I can't quite figure out for what, except that I like him and I can never forget those two amazing performances he turned in in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Doorway to Hell." The latter was before the Hays office got uppity and decided "Hell" couldn't be used in a title. That makes it tough on the studios. You remember only last month how the title of "Captain Jericho" had to be changed to "Hell and High Water" on account of that ruling?

This Pollyanna mood I'm in is suffocating me. The aura of sweetness and goo exuding from me is too much. It's unnatural. So I'll leave the hothouse long enough to take a few birds from the ice-box.

Warner Baxter and Warren William can split a brace between them for being in my not-too-humble opinion the prize hams of the business. As far as I'm concerned they should be paid by the pound instead of by the week.

Lupe Velez gets a bird for her ingratitude to writers who have befriended her. Her ingratitude consists in keeping her marriage a secret from them so one writer could have a scoop when other writers have been just as friendly. There's nothing personal about that, either, because I barely have a speaking acquaintance with her.

Well, so much for that. I've recovered sufficiently to get back into a marshmallow mood.

Gary Cooper rates a *croix de guerre* because he's the most decorative leading man since Wally Reid, because in "Design for Living" he proves himself a deft *farceur*—(surprised!)—and lastly because he's still a cowboy at heart.

To Miriam Hopkins goes a whole primrose path because she is the most elemental girl in pictures and she always gets her man.

Cary Grant gets a medal because, although he started his career as a stilt-walker, he didn't need them to reach the top.

Ann Hovey gets the bed of violets be-

cause she is as modest as they and because in her first part in "Wild Boys of the Road" she turned in a performance any actress might be proud of.

Tom Brown gets a medal because he gets more fun out of life than anyone I know and because he's a corking actor.

Joan Blondell gets the daisy bed because she's still as fresh as one—no cracks intended!—and because her devotion to her husband is something unique in Hollywood and because she peps up any picture fortunate enough to boast her presence in its cast.

Andy Devine rates a medal, too, because he has never forgotten the days when he was broke and a dollar is still a dollar to him. When he made a hit he only asked for a nominal increase in salary instead of the telephone number salaries most stars demand.

Una Merkel gets the bed of cornflowers because they're as unpretentious as Una and because aside from being a perfectly swell actress, she's so genuine and has such a gorgeous sense of humor she is a fitting friend for Madge Evans.

Madge Evans gets the edelweiss because it is one of the rarest flowers and most difficult to obtain and Madge is the only girl I know whose sense of humor is on a par with her beauty.

Norman Foster gets a medal for being such a good sport when Richard Cromwell got the part in "Hoopla" that he had played on the stage and which he was so anxious to do in pictures.

Sally Eilers gets the bed of *salphagiosis* for being the shrewdest girl in the business and never letting her heart run away with her head.

James Dunn gets a medal for sticking to his job and outsmarting the Hollywood gels who were looking for a meal ticket—and because he's good company.

Arline Judge gets the hollyhocks because they're unassuming and one of my favorite flowers. By the same token, Arline, in addition to being a fascinating wench, is one of my screen favorites and entirely unassuming despite being married to one of the foremost directors in the business. And she's a great hand at craw-fishing.

Clark Gable gets an eighteen-carat

medal, no less, because he began as merely a personality and has developed into a corking actor without letting his success affect the size of his hat-band.

Marie Dressler merits the magnolia tree because its sweetness, like Marie's, simply overpowers you and because, despite the demands made on her by her profession, she still finds time to keep up her social obligations.

James Cagney gets a medal because he is one of the most intelligent men I know and because he is credited with being a personality rather than the really fine actor he is.

Ann Harding gets the century flower because the century plant blooms only once in a hundred years and Ann blooms only on those rare occasions when she makes a picture—the rest of the time contenting herself with looking like a house-frau going to market, a picture entirely out of keeping with her glorious voice and intelligence.

William Gargan gets a medal because he has the courage to speak his mind regardless of who or what is affected, and because he reminds me of a small boy who has just got hold of a quarter all at one time.

Marion Davies gets the bed of camellias because they're so sweet, like Marion. While much of Marion's charity has, of necessity, been exploited, the biggest portion of it has never been made public, even the recipients often not knowing the name of their benefactress. And also because, when she doesn't stoop to slapstick comedy, she's a helluva good actress.

Bill (screen) Boyd gets a medal because after all these years he is still reliable entertainment, because I have never seen him give a poor performance, and because without ballyhoo or even good pictures, he keeps a large and loyal fan following.

Norma Shearer gets the bed of lilies for having the courage to leave her career at its height and devoting herself to her husband when he needed her.

I feel another attack coming on from all these marshmallows. Quick, Watson, the bird.

One of the biggest and best ever raised to Will Rogers because he's "home folks" *ad nauseam* and because after frantically yelling wisecracks at people all over the Fox restaurant one noon he suddenly became bashful, hung his head, scratched it with his fork and then went right on eating with it.

Charles Laughton gets a bird because although he is one of the very finest actors on the screen he will forget himself on the slightest provocation and ham with the best of them.

Diana Wynyard gets a bird for wearing a complete Norma Shearer make-up in "Reunion in Vienna" instead of originating one of her own and because I think she is one of the coldest and most incompetent actresses in the business.

Robert Montgomery gets a bird for purely personal reasons. Because when an uncomplimentary article about him appeared he blamed it on me and quit speaking without having the decency to ask me whether I'd written it.

And Dietrich gets one of the loudest birds ever because when she first came over here she almost fawned on the press and as soon as her picture was released and she was a success she became more difficult to see than President Roosevelt and because those pants of hers sicken me.

George Brent gets a bird because after announcing—and proudly—that he never intended to become Mr. Chatterton he has done just that by permitting her to dictate what pictures he will appear in.

And Janet (Six Lumps) Gaynor gets a bird for being all sweetness and light in pictures and just the opposite—from reports I get—in her dealings with people around the studio.

Lilian Harvey gets the bed of bleeding hearts for being the favorite on the Fox lot despite her enforced separation from Willie Fritsch.

Jackie Cooper gets a medal—grown-up size, too—for being the most natural child actor ever to step before a camera. That's been said before but what hasn't been said is that adult actors come away from scenes they've played with him amazed by his poise and ability.

Myrna Loy gets the bed of crimson poppies because she grows more beautiful daily and because she has developed into the actress I always knew she could be if she were ever given the opportunity.

Ramon Novarro gets a medal for his eagerness and the zest he still finds in living and acting after fourteen years in the limelight.

May Robson gets the bed of petunias because she lost no time in proving herself when she got the opportunity, ("Lady for a Day"), and because by her performance she showed up many better known actresses and because she is simply magnificent as *The Queen of Hearts* in "Alice in Wonderland."

George O'Brien gets a medal for winning the girl other men have pined for and for finally eschewing the joys of professional bachelordom.

Mary Boland gets the daffydills because no other flower could do justice to her superb clowning which is as rib-tickling off the screen as on. In addition, she gets a gilded lily because despite her beauty which is great enough to permit her to play *grandes dames* with authority, she ignores her looks and knuckles down to giving the public good, deep belly-laughs—and manages those without mugging.

Gene Raymond gets a medal because his mother raised her boy to be an actor and he's done her proud.

Jean Harlow gets the moonflower vine because her friends today are the friends she had before she ever became successful and because she has ignored the slanderous things printed and said about her instead of taking them to heart and trying to slap back.

Helen Hayes gets the honeysuckle, (my favorite flower of all), because she's as hardy as that plant and because, behind that exterior of sweetness, is a will of iron and the courage to do the things she wants. And because she is one of the most intelligent girls out here.

Kay Francis gets the hibiscus because there is nobody on the screen who can wear the modes of yesterday as authoritatively and as charmingly as she—and because she is regular enough to swear like a trouser when the occasion demands.

Jack Oakie gets a medal because he is one of the few comedians I can tolerate—on the screen—and because he is a fine dramatic actor as well.

Mae West rates the bed of nasturtia because she is determined her pictures will make box-office history or bust. And because she is one of the most ambitious women in Hollywood. In addition to her desire to be a lady is her longing to write, cast, and direct her pictures—and she works hard at all her ambitions.

Richard Cromwell gets a medal for being the least temperamental actor in Hollywood—bar none—and for doing a bit in "The House of Connelly"—without a squawk after playing leads in "This Day and Age" and "Hoopla."

Richard Barthelmess gets one of my very best medals because whether his pictures are good or bad he always manages



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to get a certain arresting quality into his performances and because he continues to be box-office through his sincerity.

Constance Cummings gets the bed of geraniums because off-screen she looks like the girl next door and on the screen she practically drips glamor.

Dick Powell rates a medal for his un-failing good humor.

Mary Carlisle gets the bed of sweet peas for remaining cute and girlish without making a profession of it and for continuing to be one of the best-natured girls in the business despite her recent success.

Lyle Talbot gets a medal because he is developing into one of the very best leading men on the screen.

Elissa Landi gets the bed of dahlias because she is so modest about her own writing, because she is an intriguing personality, because she is an excellent horse-woman and lastly because her horse, "Darky," is one of the best looking animals I've ever seen.

Paul Muni gets a medal for being such a grand actor.

Barbara Stanwyck gets the bed of tiger lilies because, in addition to being a swell actress she is an honest person. And, in addition to loving Frank Fay, she is candid enough to squelch ridiculous stories by saying she has never pretended they do not scrap.

Mae Clarke gets the bed of anemones because they're a hardy flower and Mae is a hardy girl. She seems to thrive on hard luck and the greater the misfortune that overtakes her the harder she fights to come back.

Brian Ahern gets a medal for his good taste in leaving the screen after his appalling performance in "Song of Songs."

I hate to end on a sour note but I'm all out of flowers and medals and there are still a few birds left. We might as well

make a clean sweep of it and start fresh for next year.

A bird to Katharine Hepburn for her attitude towards the press and photographers who played such an important part in her success. You're not the first actress, Katie, who's believed the things that have been written about her and before you start handling your career in such a high-handed manner you had better take a look at some of those others. There's nothing personal in this either because I've never even been introduced to you.

A bird to John Boles for sending me Christmas wires every year and cutting me on the street. If you don't know me well enough to speak you don't know me well enough to send me Yuletide greetings, Mr. Boles.

A bird to Judith Allen for going to a social function with a full picture make-up on, all ready for the photographers who might be there.

And the last bird in the larder to Jean Muir, whose idea of her importance, I am afraid, is beginning to be out of all proportion to the parts she has played so far.

What's this? Two lone medals left after all? One goes unhesitatingly to Chester Morris who is still the best company I've struck in Hollywood.

The other, which is the largest and best I've got, goes to my pal Bing Crosby for his marvelous sense of humor, because he is the best crooner the radio has produced, because he is the best actor Paramount has developed this year, and lastly because he is the most modest man I've ever met.

That's all there is. There isn't a petal left fluttering around nor a spot of grease large enough to fry a bird in. Quick, Watson, my trowel and spade and I'll be seeing you next year "When the Harvest Moon is Shining, Molly, dear."

The 2 Women in His Life

Continued from page 25

the future to that of another lady who has recently meant considerable in his life. The lady in question? I am referring, of course, to Miss Mae West.

"I warn you in advance," chuckled the original "tall, dark and handsome," "not to ask me for any new angles on Miss West. Because a blind man can see that there *are* no angles on Mae." *Touche!*

"But there are plenty of funny notions floating around about that lady," he pursued more seriously, "and I'd like to set a few people straight on some of them. I'd like to have it known, for example, that her phenomenal success has nothing of the accidental, fluke, or ephemeral about it. I admire Mae for many reasons, but chief of all because I consider her a fine artist. She has created out of her head, and is interpreting with wonderful skill and talent, a character that will stand as a classic of the screen. To my mind she is more than an actress—even more than a first-rate actress. She's a creative artist as well.

"How would I explain the suddenness and completeness of her fame? Why, there's nothing particularly strange about it. She always had it in her. The masses of people didn't fall for her sooner because they didn't have a chance to—she was confining herself to the much narrower medium of the stage. But you can see for yourself that she was no over-night flash, because her plays were a sensation in New York as much as eight or nine years ago.

What the screen did was to multiply by many times an audience that already knew her for the great star that she is!"

Of Miss West as herself off the screen Cary could say little. He has rarely seen her when they were not working. He is quick to deny, however, that the lusty vulgarity that infuses the star's screen self is any part of her personal life or character. "Don't let anybody fool you about that. When you hear some zippy sentiments or gay lines attributed to her, the chances are she said them. But what of it? It isn't Mae West speaking, but *Lady Lou* or *Tira*. In other words, she's just being true to her screen character, as her public expects her to be. That's her 'stuff' as the people know it, and she's sticking to it for popular consumption—and darn smart of her, too!"

On the set, says Cary, Mae hasn't the least trouble forgetting that she is Paramount's star-bright auditorium-filler and one-woman gold mine, and acts as affably and naturally as the least important member of the cast. She chats freely with the assisting actors and the technical crews, inviting opinions about the playing of a scene or the wearing of a gown from directors and third assistant sound men impartially.

With his rôles in Mae's first two passion epics Cary expressed himself as well satisfied. "Of course," he observed, "I'm only there as a foil for Mae, but that's valuable for a fellow in my position, because those

pictures certainly do get around the country. What's the use of having a big part in a mediocre picture that nobody goes to see? I'd rather play a minor part in a huge success any day than star in a flop." Two pictures of the Westian school, however, are enough for him. More than that would be too much like settling in a rut.

"Most of my rôles so far," he observed in this connection, "have seemed a little unreal to me. Dashing, romantic fellows, but lacking three dimensions. A little too Frank Merriwell, if you know what I mean. I don't know yet what I'm going to play in when I get back, but I'd like a shot at some real human parts, with a touch of comedy in them. Like the characters I used to play on Broadway before I hit Hollywood."

Of the unique part that Cary enacted just before leaving Hollywood, he was eloquent in praise. This was none other than the *Mock Turtle* in "Alice in Wonderland." It was an experience. Cary had to

imagine the emotions of a turtle, and play the rôle accordingly!

"As for little Charlotte Henry, I'd have a hard time imagining anybody doing *Alice* more delightfully. That little girl is going places in the movies. I think you'll agree when you see the picture that she, as well as Norman McLeod and the whole cast, have caught the spirit of Lewis Carroll's yarn perfectly. It isn't true, as many people think, that Charlotte's a one-picture actress who isn't fitted for any other parts. She's been in Hollywood for years, has had minor parts in other pictures, and knows her acting. Unless I miss my guess, she's in the movies to stay."

I prepared to leave as various items of personal business connected with his trip began to crowd in on Cary.

"Hope you've liked our interview about Virginia, Mae, and Charlotte," grinned Grant in parting. "And if you ever want a story about Cary Grant, look me up again some time."

What Has Hollywood Done to Paul Muni?

Continued from page 55

that you cannot map your life. So we do not fret, but take what comes." He sighed. "At that, it is a more stimulating method!"

"However, we would like to know that we shall have security when we are old. I am at my peak now, from the financial

There he underwent the gruelling but unexcelled training of stock. And one day he was cast opposite a girl named Bella Frank. In less than two months they married! Her career has faded into the background, compared to his, yet she still hopes to act on the stage again.



Marion Davies plays one of the most amusing bits of her career in this black-face interlude in "Going Hollywood." Bing Crosby, that handsome Confederate soldier, is her leading man.

standpoint. And Hollywood has taught us that a home is the safest and best sort of investment."

A flash-back of Paul Muni's past will give you a keener appreciation of his argument. He grew up without benefit of advantages. Born in Austria, the son of itinerant show troupers, he was brought to New York City when a baby. His childhood was a hard and bitter one. He watched his parents' ceaseless struggle for existence.

At eleven, the age when the average boy is playing baseball, being forced to practice on the piano, and being marched to the dentist's for teeth-straightening, Paul was put to work at the only business with which he was familiar—acting.

By the time he reached his late 'teens he had portrayed so many character parts, as he barn-stormed about the country with his family, that he was able to secure a steady engagement with the Yiddish Art Theatre in New York.

Religiously applying himself to acting, believing in every rôle with unstinted faith, he gradually dented the consciousness of the big-league producers. A few years in major theatres and he was in demand at the studios.

"My first impression of Hollywood was an unfortunate one. Fox tried to make me a second Lon Chaney." If there is one topic upon which he is rabid, it is the subject of being typed in a particular classification. So completely does he sink himself into each characterization that the awed movie magnates want to rush him into a series of similar parts.

But you can't rush Muni. He's a bit stubborn. And if variety has allowed him to display every facet of his beloved art, why should he let them shove him into a rut?

I passed on a compliment a prominent screen ingénue had paid him.

"To me Muni is more exciting than Gable. If they would let him dress up



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and give him hot love scenes, he would be the most thrilling screen lover of all!"

Muni wasn't grateful. Or, rather, he doubted it. (Even though he has the most magnetic eyes of any male in Hollywood!)

"Some stars register on the strength of their good looks and personality. But me—no! I am not handsome enough. And, even if I were, I should not care to be a matinee idol. I have studied acting too long to receive any satisfaction from being a puppet. When the story calls for a love scene, I do my best. But I don't want people to come to my performances just to see me kiss!"

Being treated with respectful solicitude by Warners, he has little by little become quite fond of pictures. Despite all pleading, though, he will not do more than two films a year.

"I want to give outstanding portrayals," he contends. "It is not possible to find more than two convincing stories a year."

"But if the fans forget you because other stars are doing so many more films?" I prodded.

"Well," he mused, "it is better to be half-forgotten, if that be the penalty, and then to arouse interest all over again each time you do appear. They won't have a chance to tire of you, and they'll anticipate your next show."

"I endeavor to present a surprise in each film. 'Scarface' and 'I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang' were strong propaganda against two of our country's greatest evils—the gangsters and prison cruelties."

"They had news value, you might say. Whereas 'The World Changes' reveals the evolution of a family. A dramatic tale, but hardly an influential one. My second picture for this year, just finished, is still very different from these predecessors. 'Hi, Nellie!' is a boisterous, rowdy newspaper comedy. It will prove that I, too, have a sense of humor!"

That Paul Muni is sold on the talkies is evidenced by nothing so much as his choice of Hollywood for his permanent residence.

"This is really our first home. We did own a small place at Brighton Beach, in New York, but we only lived in it a few months. When I am doing a play I have to take an apartment near the theatre. To get into the country in the East would necessitate too many hours commuting."

"When we came out last summer we rented a house in Beverly Hills, having resorted to apartments on previous excursions to Hollywood. We learned the joy of having our own fireside. But Beverly was too formal and crowded. We finally discovered this ideal spot in the country."

"We probably will spend half of our time in the future here. I don't care for night clubs or stiff social functions, and neither does Mrs. Muni. This peaceful hide-away, with our books, our dogs, and the company of our few intimates, is all we ask."

Although he is unanimously hailed as a leader in his profession, Paul Muni indulges in none of the eccentricities dear to the heart of stage and screen royalty.

He is not a back-slapper. In fact, he declares he has only about twelve really personal acquaintances in Hollywood. He lacks other stellar tricks. The show-off complex, for instance. Invitations to glittery affairs are declined. He doesn't go for premières, splashy autos, Malibu, celebrity-chasing, or stepping out on his wife.

There is no fear of the Muni marriage crashing now that they are a part of the Hollywood scene. They are in but not of the movie crowd.

"If one wishes to be extreme and af-

fected, that is his inner self creeping out, and not to be blamed upon the acting business. Perhaps by going away half the year Mrs. Muni and I take Hollywood less seriously than those who get no perspective. We feel as though we participate in the worth-while things of the city, but are onlookers to the gaudy side. I honestly relish working in pictures now that I have a say on my stories. And the studio executives? They are just like Broadway producers."

Pressure was brought to bear upon Muni to enact the valiant attorney in Universal's "Counsellor-at-Law." It was in vain. Every inducement was dangled before him—whatever director he wished, his okay on all scenes. When Warners could not make him do it, he recommended John Barrymore for the rôle which he himself originated on the stage.

The reason?

"I don't believe it will be so good as a picture. The important objection, however, was due to the playwright having neglected to ask me about it. He sold it to Universal on the assumption that I would jump at the opportunity to play it on the screen. Everyone knew all about it but me. Had I been asked—!"

Which admission betrays to us that Paul Muni has the genuine brand of artistic temperament. He doesn't strut or brag, nor fight for superficial prestige. But he does like to be accorded thoughtful treatment!

His devotion to his wife is one of his most admirable traits. He includes her in all his discussions and "we" is a busier word than "I" in his vocabulary. Though he was not able to finish high school, he is a well-educated man. Intensive reading and studying for his hundreds of parts have done more for him than a college course does for most men.

Music is his hobby. He neither sings nor dances, (they couldn't inveigle him into any of the Warner musicals!), but he is a fine violinist and is an authority on Beethoven and Bach.

Politics and crusades for relieving unjust situations intrigue him. When it comes to culinary tastes, he is frankly plebeian. Scrambled eggs is his favorite dish, and to heck with fancy diets!

At the studio, when doing a play, he works at fever pitch. Nothing is spared to make his performance perfectly-rounded. At home—in Hollywood—he prefers to lounge around in cords and shirt-sleeves and wonder when his truck garden will begin to furnish the household needs.

"I am wearing this suit today," he informed me with an astonishingly naïve grin, "because I wore it to a studio conference yesterday, and it was the first thing that came to hand this morning!" Mrs. Muni nodded at this confession and murmured something about her chief duty being to keep him from going wholly native.

That, again, is our wholesome Hollywood influence!

As a final indication that he has tasted of California home life and found it unbeatable, you will kindly note that he has purchased two small ranches near his own. His mother, now retired from the stage, is installed on one. The other is being run by a musician brother who had been having tough sledding in the East.

Paul Muni and the lady in his life are getting out their fine feathers to do Europe in the proper style. But I know that they'll be thinking of their little pink nest in the West, worrying whether the caretaker is watering the walnuts, and envying him for suspected dips in that front-yard swimming-pool!



How to age quickly! Gloria Stuart is being made up by cosmetician Jack Pierce for a "forty-years-later" scene in the musical romance, "Beloved." It's her first starring rôle — a t t a Gloria!

Arliss Talks About Marriage

Continued from page 19

"But, having married, I think we should all give the ancient institution a fair trial. It has the elements of permanency else it wouldn't have endured through the centuries.

"There are two dangerous periods in marriage. One is the first three or four years of wedlock. That period of adjustment being over there is a good chance for the matrimonial ship to weather the rest of the life voyage. But there is another. It comes when each is about forty."

"The time that Sir Arthur Wing Pinero wrote about in 'Mid-channel' in which Miss Barrymore played?"

"Yes. When they have been married about twenty years. Pass the rocks of impatience and intolerance at that time and a couple is liable to reach the port of happiness together. In the earlier and later danger period and all others in married life I think selfishness is the rock of which to beware.

"As I have looked on at the marriages of my friends and others I cannot truthfully say that either the man or woman is more to blame. I believe that if both exercised the sense of fair play they might go on to journey's end together."

"Some students of marriage and its dangers say that the extravagance of women is the cause of most failures," I remarked. "You remember that Flaubert said 'There is no wind that blows so coldly upon love as the demand for money.' He may have meant an unreasonable demand for money."

Mr. Arliss registered unbelief. "Women seem extravagant because they do not know their husband's earnings. Men make a great mistake there. They should put their cards on the table. A man should say at the beginning, or before marriage, 'My income is so much. Do you think your share should be so much?' That ought to prevent misunderstandings and all unfairness. Most women who know what their husbands' incomes are do not spend more than a fair share of it. They are good sports-women.

"Women are more likely to be restless than extravagant," Mr. Arliss continued. "Many of them do not have enough to do. My earliest impressions were that a woman's horizons were bounded by home and that therein she found content. Now that is not so. Her home does not occupy all her time. Of course she has her clubs and bridge. Often the woman who is unhappy in her marriage has time to spare. She has half hours to waste in pitying herself and nursing her grievances. Small grievances grow into huge ones. If she has talents she does not have to work hard

enough at them to keep her from that same grievance nursing.

"Mrs. Arliss and I have a friend who once was a really brilliant writer. She married a man who could take care of her. Not especially well, but enough to get along. She has stopped writing. We asked her why. She said, 'It is fun to go to my desk and know that I don't really have to do anything!' A man, whatever his job, works like a dog at it. That makes him accomplish something and get on.

"Nowhere more than in marriage is needed a sense of proportion. Both must learn not to exaggerate trivialities."

I asked the man who had illuminated the characters of Disraeli and Voltaire if he had heard the story of a bride and her bridegroom who separated at their wedding breakfast because she thought the breakfast egg should be broken at the large end and he the small! He had heard it, but not of the woman who deserted her husband because he looked at his feet while they walked together. He told me of the couple who quarreled because one told the other of his dreams. "We lived in the same house with such a couple," he said.

"Do you think, as Hall Caine did, that permanence in marriage can be insured by keeping alive romantic love?" I asked.

"I think an effort to do that might make life artificial, but the solid friendship built upon the foundation of romance is a desirable and an enduring thing," George Arliss answered.

"Which involves common interests? The caring for the same things?" I suggested. "For instance, I happen to know you and Mrs. Arliss are both members and supporters of the Humane Society of New York."

"Ah, yes. And the Anti-Vivisection Society. Mrs. Arliss in those, as in all else, was the pioneer. She became interested in them first and I followed. In every step, in all the important decisions of my life, she has been the pioneer."

We salute, as he would have us do, Mrs. George Arliss, Pioneer. How many husbands, of Hollywood or other variety, are so gallant?

Which, perhaps, is the place at which to recall that her husband said, "While the attempt to keep alive romantic love might be artificial there are gallantries that should be a part of every marriage."

He reflected again and delivered his last and most memorable comment on stormy voyages and frequent wreckage of the good ship Marriage: "The Navajos say: 'Anger is the worst of sins.' Isn't it?"



LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

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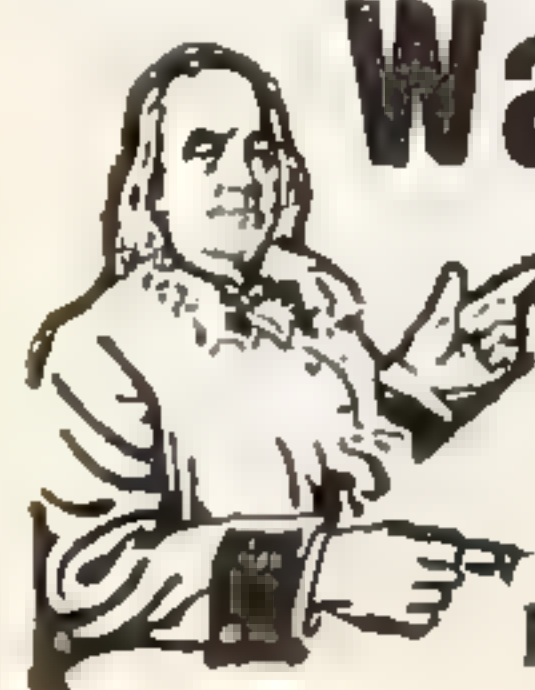
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Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition

Continued from page 53

with Rosson at least five months before she married him. At luncheon that day, Jean said to me:

"I'll marry again, all right—and I'm certain that Hal will be the unlucky husband who'll be burdened with me from the day of our wedding."

Unlucky husband who'll be burdened with me!—that's the way Jean habitually talks about herself. If she has an ounce of conceit, it has been perfectly hidden.

"Hal has asked me to marry him," Jean continued, "and I'm in love with him. But I think we should wait a few more months. I don't want to wait, but for the sake of appearances, we must. Many people would misunderstand if I remarried so soon after Paul's death. In this motion picture business, a gal must think at least a little bit about appearances."

"Don't be surprised, though, if I telephone you some day before long and tell you that Hal and I are announcing our engagement—that is," again that typical Harlow fun-poke at herself, "if he doesn't change his mind!"

Jean didn't telephone me. Her elopement took place too suddenly for telephone calls. She *did* telegraph immediately after the ceremony, and the day she returned from Yuma, where they were married, she and Hal and I dined together. Jean then explained that "the desert moon got her." She went to Mojave on location for scenes in "The Blonde Bombshell," and Hal was cameraman for the company. Now, there is no scene more beautiful than a moonlit summer night on the desert—and in the soft glow of that romantic lunar planet, Jean promised to wed Rosson immediately. So they eloped.

A number of critics, in their appraisals of "The Blonde Bombshell," sneered at that sequence in which Jean, portraying a famous movie star—goodness, if you haven't seen "Blonde Bombshell," by all means *do*—"yearned and yearned for the patter of little feet about the house."

Those critics claimed that it was out of character for Jean to want babies.

If they only knew! If they only could have heard Jean say, when she read that script for the first time, "Oh, I'm going to love doing the baby sequence." And though that particular series of scenes happens to be treated humorously in the picture, Jean's own emotions as she quoted the dialogue were far from comic.

Now, you may have observed nothing unusual about the way Jean portrayed that particular baby sequence. Unless you have known and observed her for years, you probably watched her, laughed and sighed with her, and left the theatre saying, "That Harlow is becoming a better actress with each new picture."

Jean's intimate friends saw something else in that sequence. They saw, if they cared to observe, a lovelier, softer, more womanly girl throughout the episodes in which she talked of babies, or during those scenes in which she visited an orphanage and fondled several tots. Did you observe? If you did not, I beg you to visit the theatre again and pay special attention to that entire sequence. The revelation will be worth more than the extra admission. I vow that if you watch carefully, you will discover a new character in Jean Harlow. Then, if you have been inclined to treat this story as publicity trash—as many will—I'm positive you will change your mind.

Now that I've confided Jean's ambition, you'll want to know *when* this procession of babies will commence. How can I know? How can anybody know? Such secrets are locked in God's own heart.

I can only tell you this much: Jean wants them. Jean will be happier than at any previous period of her whole life when the first one arrives. Be that a few months from now, or a few years, you may accept my word, as coming direct to you from Miss Harlow, that no career is going to stand in the way.

Hepburn's College Days

Continued from page 15

ate of an American woman's college—to make an outstanding place in films.

And it is hard to tell which people have been more *stunned* by her electrifying individuality and artistry in the photographic medium: those who knew her *before*, or those who *never heard of her before* the appearance of the picture version of "A Bill of Divorcement" with John Barrymore which introduced her to picture audiences.

You know what the people who had never seen her before—even in "The Warrior's Husband" or any of her other few rôles on the New York stage between college and Hollywood—did when they saw her first screen performance of *Sydney*. They just took her to their hearts, by the millions, of course. Even as you and I.

But the girls who had gone through Bryn Mawr with her, who had been in the same classes with her, and played tennis with her or even remembered those three splendid performances of *Pandora* on Big May Day, just could not believe it was true!

They had known that Kate Hepburn

was a grand girl—awfully careless as to clothes, of course—but clever and interesting. Very independent. Not particularly well-known to any but her own intimate crowd, which included Alice Palache of Boston, and the girl who is now Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt Field. Just one of them.

But they "didn't know it was in her" to do such big things, and in a way they were shocked to think what they had overlooked, but thrilled, of course. And with each of her successive screen appearances her former classmates have become increasingly proud of her.

There was no way in which Kate Hepburn displayed her independence more, perhaps, than in the matter of her clothes on the campus.

She was one of the girls to introduce the bare-legged fad into Bryn Mawr. (SCREENLAND, you remember, said in the beginning that she was "more modern than tomorrow.")

She wore battered sneakers about the campus. Big, heavy sports shoes and socks, also, sometimes.

And as a forerunner for the overalls and slacks that she now wears on the Hollywood lot and has brought so much discussion—she frequently made her appearance at breakfast in a suit or dress pulled hastily over her pajamas, with the sleep still in her eyes. A green corduroy skirt with raveled hem, and a shirt which needed pressing, and a beret or tyrolean hat with a long pheasant's feather are remembered as a favorite costume of hers. But she was known for her complete indifference to other people's criticism of her ensemble.

(This is conceded to be a fault of many college girls, however, not just an eccentricity of Kate's. One of the college magazines recently published an article comparing the campus "where there are no men" with that of the co-educational college, and found the latter much better-dressed.)

"Kate could be stunning!" I was told the other day by a girl from her class. "As a matter of fact, her clothes were exceedingly smart. She was lovely in the evening. Most of them, as I recall it, were made for her."

"In Hartford?"

"Yes, in Hartford. She designed most of them, or many, at any rate. Of course, at college during the week she did not dress up particularly. Bryn Mawr is not like the other women's colleges that have proms and tea dances all the time on the campus. Everyone goes home week-ends when possible—or to Philadelphia or some place.

"Katharine went home to Hartford, or over to New York week-ends. Sometimes she visited in Philadelphia."

Speaking of boys—I have been told by one of her best friends that there were always strings of boys around wherever she was. She has always been exceedingly popular with them since the head-standing, trapeze-sliding days at Hartford, and has usually been able to equal them in athletic games and contests. She met "Lud" Smith, as every one knows, at Bryn Mawr at the home of some friends whose son had brought him home for a visit, during her senior year, and was married her first year out of school.

She does not care much for dancing ex-

cept as a study, such as she made with Mordkin in preparation for her stage work, and rarely indulges in ball-room dancing, I am told.

"Katharine Hepburn could have been one of the most brilliant students on the campus if she had felt the urge," one girl from her class told me. "Just as she could have more easily than not become a member of the swimming team. Everyone was very much excited over her swimming Freshman year, hoping for great things from her on the Varsity. She was too much of an individualist, however, to be interested long in any community activity, and not interested enough to keep in training."

"Kate" majored in Philosophy and two of her other subjects were Psychology and German. She had a very quick and original mind and was able to understand and learn her work very easily. She had an amusing habit, like schoolboys, of addressing all male professors as "Sir" and would often preface an objection with "But, Sir, what about the other side of the question?"

"Of all the so-called 'children of nature' Kate was the most natural. She always managed to do what she wanted to no matter what the world said, and she was most contradictory," said a friend who knows her well. "She never cared at all for rules."

One of Hepburn's favorite spots on the campus on spring evenings was the greensward enclosed by the library cloisters where she loved to disport herself and roll around in the damp grass!

She lived in Pembroke West Freshman year and in Junior and Senior years in Pembroke East in the charming tower-room just outside the dining room.

She went through one period of aestheticism in the furnishing of her room when she decided to be as Spartan as possible, sleeping on the floor and having none of the accepted comforts and ornaments of life such as cushions and curtains.

This must have given the room, at least for a while, a very different appearance from that of either of the two rooms which we managed to snap the other day fitted up for the girls now occupying them.

"Kate" appeared to have plenty of money and took her meals out, for the most part, besides being an habitu  of the College Inn where she was usually to be found from tea time on, playing bridge sometimes with her own particular friends, but not when she could get out of it. Bridge gives her the jitters.

Katharine Hepburn is what they call, in educational circles, the "new" college girl. This means that she is independent, scorns "rah rah" things, is to be trusted to study because she is grown up enough to enjoy her classes, speaks up in class, dares to disagree with a professor, and thinks that following the deliberations of the League of Nations is as fascinating as the sweet girl graduate of the 1900's found making fudge.

Bryn Mawr may be called the "high-brow" of the women's colleges. Rather than going in for society, its aim is to develop intellectual eagles who will soar to great heights. In Kate Hepburn Bryn Mawr has hatched a beautiful golden peacock—also a soaring eagle, but so outside the pattern that American women's colleges have as yet set up for themselves, that Bryn Mawr does not exactly know how to take it!

There has never been exactly an entente cordiale between the motion pictures and the women's colleges. But now with a college girl a tremendous sensation on the screen, there is no telling what may happen in the future.



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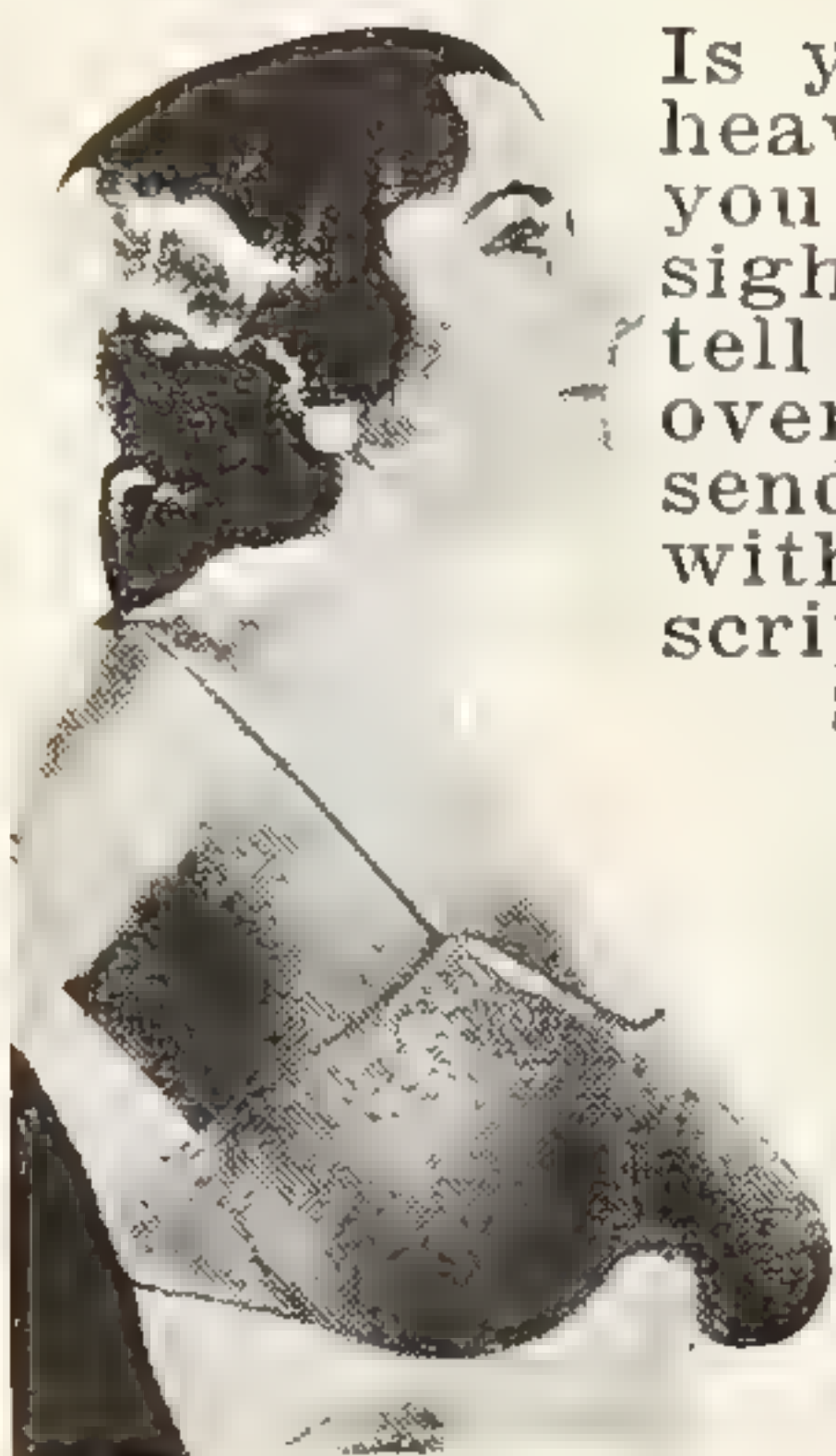
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Will Hollywood Accept Nudism?

Continued from page 17

very minutest of garments above their lovely waists. It is but a short step from the semi-dishabille of the California beaches to the complete nakedness of the nudists' mountain encampments.

How long will it be until the film stars take that step?

And who, if I may be so bold, could offer more to the cause of nudism, from a physical point of view? The most beautiful women in the world are gathered in Hollywood. Many of the most perfect masculine bodies are integrals of the film industry. The Harlows, Crawfords, Dietrichs, Colberts; the O'Briens, McCreas, Baers, Weissmullers—they would add much to the physical charm of a nature camp, without doubt.

"I think nudism is more than a fad," Richard Arlen said one evening at his home. "Of course, the cult is a radical change from a habit that is hundreds of centuries old, therefore nudism cannot become common in a day.

"What most people do not seem to understand is that nudism—honest nudism—is not shameful. Nudism and nakedness are as contrastive as art and vulgarity. I think the honest nudist is more modest than, for example, audiences who attend burlesque theatres to witness so-called strip-acts."

In an effort to ascertain the truth about nature camps, I visited one of these sites. It is located within easy reach of Hollywood. Permit me to relate the facts of my visit:

Arriving at the small hut that guards the entrance, I was invited to disrobe. I confess that I balked. I compromised by donning a pair of trunks. Thus partially garbed, I was permitted to enter the encampment.

This site overlooks one of California's beautiful lakes, and as I neared the closer shore with my guide, I discovered more than a score of men and women, all entirely unclothed, disporting themselves in the water, or on the beach.

For the first few minutes of my visit, I was horribly self-conscious. This, my escort took pains to explain, is common to nudism novices. Before long, my embarrassment vanished, and the naked bathers seemed as natural as the lake itself, and its surrounding landscape.

Those nudists to whom I was introduced were most serious. One and all, they believe that their cult will sweep the country. They are positive that when this occurs, healthier bodies and healthier minds will result. The creed of nudism is that

modest nakedness creates purity of both body and mind.

They are not publicity-seekers. In fact, until I assured them that my mission was entirely serious, and that my description of their encampment would be in no way derogatory, I was not permitted to enter their Edenesque little garden.

Following my visit to the encampment, I talked with several motion picture stars. They are about equally divided, for and against nudism. Lilyan Tashman, for one, is a rabid anti-nudist.

"Modesty will prevent nudism from becoming common," Lilyan declared. "There are really so few beautiful bodies in the world that the thought of nakedness is somewhat revolting."

Now read Jean Harlow's answer to that thrust:

"If human bodies are not beautiful, it is the fault of men and women," says Jean. "Bodies are created beautiful, and if we will exercise as much care in preserving our bodies as we do in beautifying our faces and hands and other commonly exposed parts of our bodies, we may retain physical beauty."

"The trouble is, clothes hide bodily disfigurement. People are prone to allow their bodies to disintegrate because they know their ugly bodies cannot be seen. If nudism becomes common, I believe the human race will be forced to seek ways to beautify their bodies. Exercises, sunbathing, and other methods will become prevalent—and anyone can see the possible benefits."

"If nudism comes into popular vogue, and all the horribly mis-shapen people, (together with the few good figures), walk around without clothing, I am sure all sense of fine feeling will disappear," further protests Miss Tashman. "It seems to me that such a situation would do something to us mentally—would make us a crudely-minded, crudely-mannered people."

George O'Brien says: "Miss Tashman seems to have disregarded the fact that nudism is not a matter of the sight; nudism is a cult for the betterment of health and mind. There is no reason for a normal man or woman to possess an ugly body. Proper exercise can build up too-thin people, or reduce too-fat people."

"If nudism does become a vogue, men and women who have fat or ugly bodies will strive to beautify themselves. Frankly, I can see remarkable benefits to the human race from the cult."

A few statements made to me by Gloria Stuart as of especial interest, because

Gloria was once a model for her now-estranged husband, Gordon Blair Newell, the young sculptor:

"I do not doubt that before long a nudist colony will be established *right in Hollywood*," Miss Stuart said. "The Bohemian spirit of the town would not frown upon the idea as quickly as other localities do."

"There is nothing bold or vulgar about nudism. Civilization has merely given us a certain false modesty, and this will prevent nudism from becoming generally established. The greatest of all art, through the ages, has been nude art, and people generally respect the beauty of the human figure. But conventions and the fear of sex today discourages nudism."

"If the public ever reaches that point of intelligence when it will not confuse nudity and nakedness, and nudism and sex, then nudism as a cult may arrive and be strongly adopted. Today, the only race of people who have reached that point are the Balinese. The true spirit of nudism exists among them, and there is less sex misinterpretation among them than anywhere else in the world."

"So, there's bares in them thar mountings!" Jack Oakie said, after I had told him about my visit to the nudist encampment. "I know nothing about nudism—

it sounds to me like a skin game."

Despite Oakie's levity, and the pro-and-con arguments of the remainder of Hollywood's film colonists, nudist cult leaders are now engaged in a quietly persuasive campaign in and out of the studios. Throughout the winter and spring months, the campaign will continue.

With the arrival of summer, 1934, a concerted effort will be put forth to lure at least a few motion picture notables to the cause of nudism. Such an effort would be doomed to failure at this moment. But much may be accomplished within a few months' time, and perhaps the campaign of the cult leaders may be successful before summer comes.

Meanwhile, in spite of the mandate of the Will Hays office that no motion pictures depicting the life in nudists camps be produced, an independent motion picture director recently visited an important encampment near Hollywood, and there obtained scenes for a photoplay that is in direct opposition to the Hays edict.

Not only did this daring producer make such a picture, but it has been shown in Hollywood and nearby towns, and many audiences greeted the film with stormy applause.

"Anyway," as Oakie says, "I'll bet the tailors won't vote for it!"

Home's Where His Art Is

Continued from page 57

addresses the ex-service men who have come to Washington seeking government aid. Most of the extras were old legitimate actors whom Walter in his early days had looked up to and revered and envied. Now through circumstances they have been reduced to \$5.00 and \$7.00 a day extras. They were hired by the day. During the shooting of the scene, the director, Frank Capra, decided to go through a rehearsal first and shoot the scene on the following day. But Lee Tracy put so much into his rôle that the company, all experienced actors, realized that he could never duplicate the performance and all, of their own accord, without any order from the director, entered into the scene spontaneously with all the art of their long stage experience. They made the scene then and there although it meant losing an extra day's pay, which for most of them meant meals for the week. And then and there Walter Connolly realized that there could be sacrifice in art in the movies as well as on the stage.

Simply and unaffectedly, indication that this was a daily custom, the youngster replied: "I shall." And grace was said.

But let us go back to hear what Nedda Harrigan has to say. Mrs. Connolly confessed that Walter is much nicer since he entered the movies. He is less temperamental.

"When he is working on a stage play he concentrates all his energy on the play. He works at top speed, and during the months prior to the opening he is not the easiest man to get along with. The artist *will* break out! Meals must be on time. The house must be quiet. And he notices nothing. He reacts to movies much easier. That is due a great deal to the fact that he does not study rôles, but only characterizations. Before he can arouse himself up to his highest pitch he is through with the picture and beginning a new one. He is charmed and delighted by the intricacies of motion picture production. He comes home and relates all the details of the new technique. He is

as enthusiastic as he was in his early stage days. Every new picture brings him into a new world. He loves going on location. He enjoyed making 'Master of Men' because so many of the scenes were shot in a steel mill. He feels that motion pictures, for the performers, are a broadening experience. It took him some time, however, to readjust himself to Hollywood existence after the routine of acting on the stage.

"During his theatre days he dined sparingly. He was accustomed to a huge meal after the play. It took him some time to acquire an appetite for a seven o'clock dinner, and that is an ordeal when one is trying to run a well managed house.

"Actors in the movies," Nedda Harrigan continued, "should live longer than stage performers, for there is less wear and tear on their nervous systems. This, not because rôles are easier to prepare, but on the stage every performer feels that the success of the play depends individually on him. In the motion picture, however, the players never see the finished work until it is too late to do anything about it, and the success or the failure of the picture occurs many months later while they are working on another feature and so they are freed from that responsibility."

Nedda Harrigan and Walter Connolly have been married thirteen years. They met when they were on the stage. They refer to their early courting as a "milk-bottle romance." Their first interest in each other came into being when Walter used to bring her a bottle of milk every day to her dressing-room as it had been prescribed by the doctor and she never remembered to drink it of her own accord. He has not changed in all these days. He still loves old clothes and cannot endure being perfectly dressed. When they go out in the evening he always does something to disarray his attire—a tie out of place or a handkerchief awry. He abhors feeling that he has just stepped out of a band-box.

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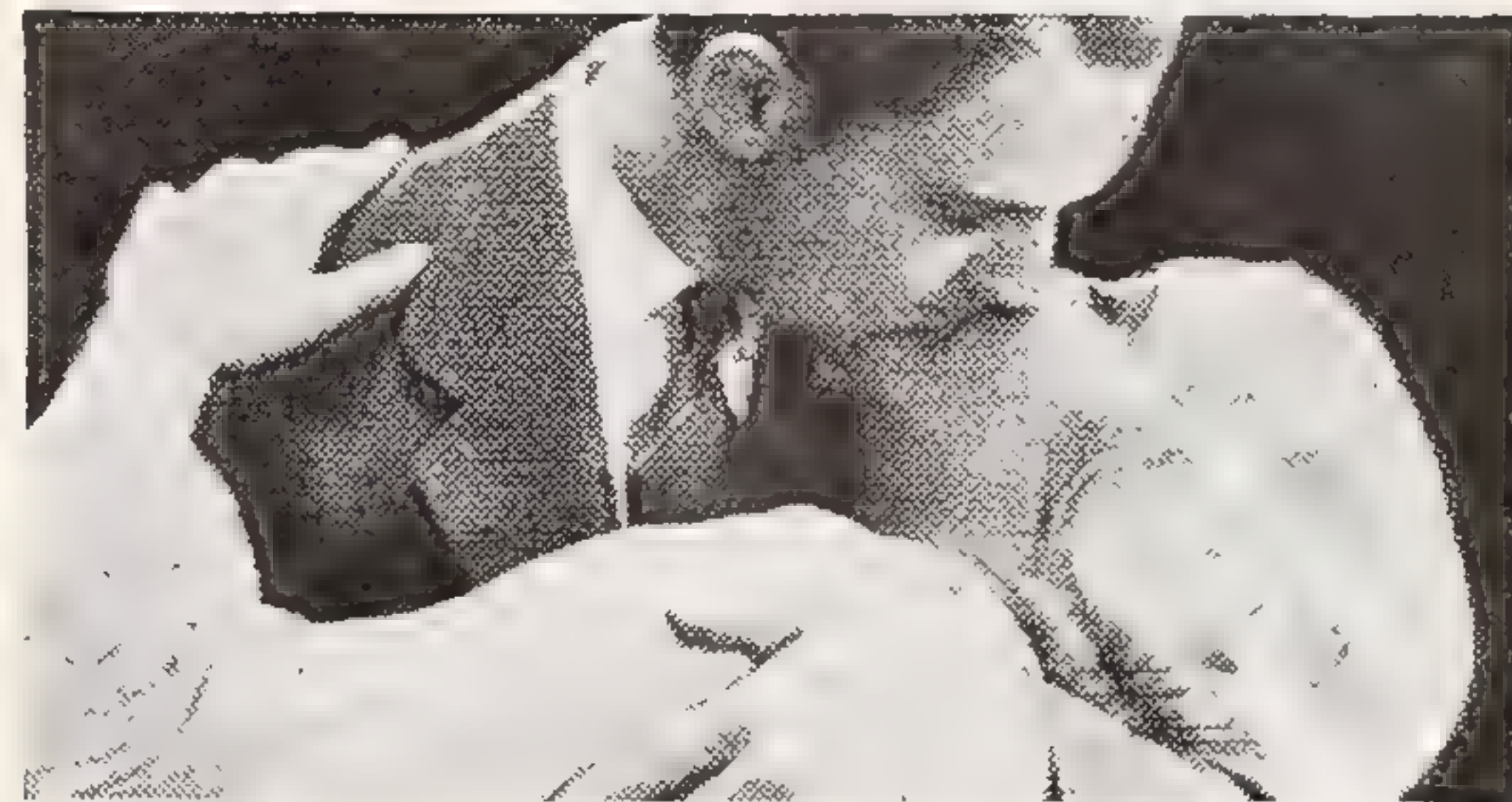
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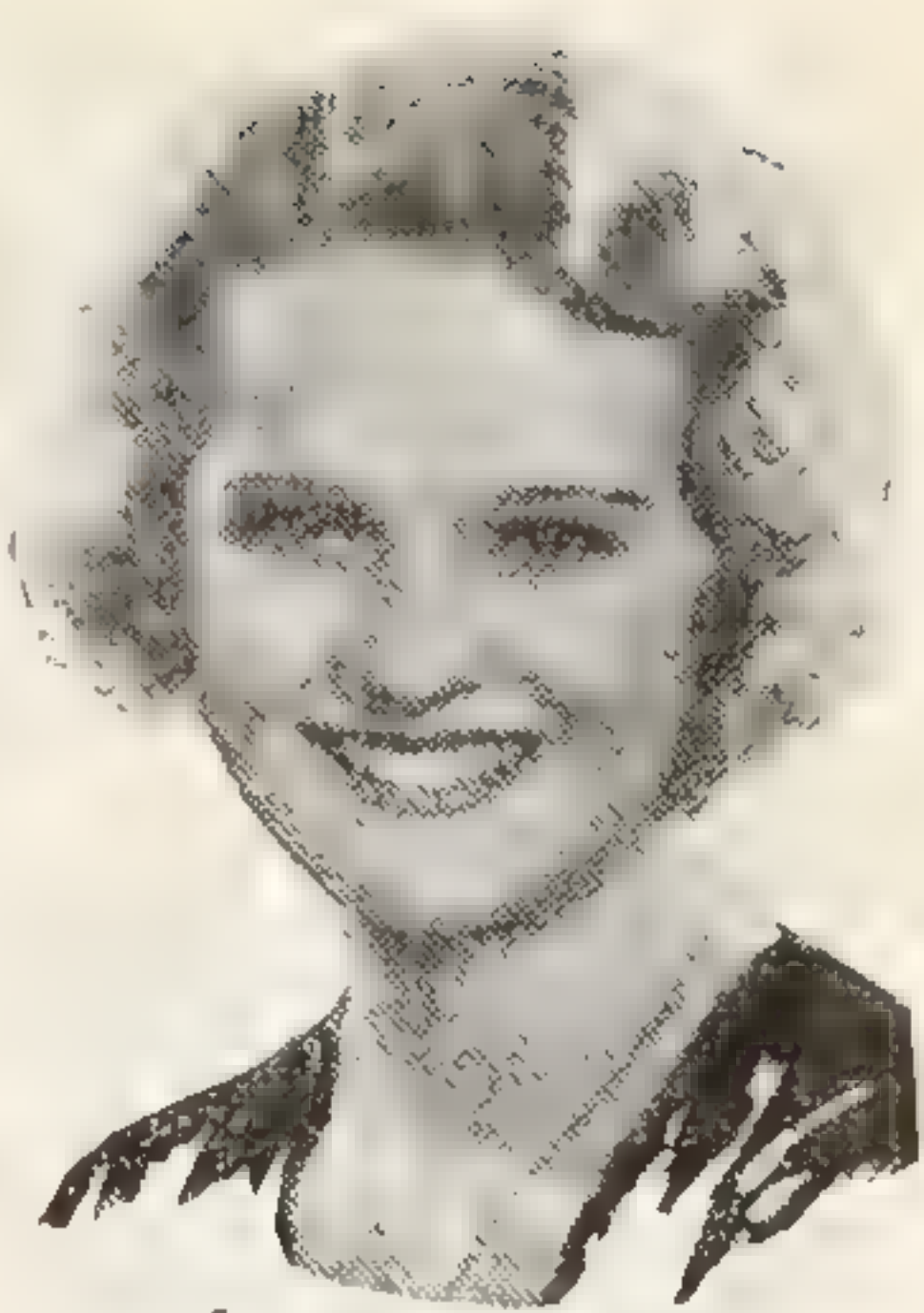
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his livelihood by being a night watchman. Although Walter Connolly's contract calls for five years in Hollywood, Nedda is sure that he will ask Columbia to allow him to come back to New York for at least one or two plays. The Harrigan tradition, although it was acquired by marriage, runs strong in his veins.

"It is either that," Mrs. Connolly admitted, "or I will spend my time between plays travelling Westward. I want to stay in the East until Anna, our nine-year old girl, finishes her schooling. I don't think it is fair for her to change schools."

"That is about all," Mrs. Connolly said when we tried to coax her to tell us more about Walter. "I probably have said too much already, but then Walter always said, 'Nedda, you talk too much!'"

Original!

Continued from page 33

Delving into Peggy's family history, there isn't the slightest trace of a theatrical blot anywhere. And until she was eighteen, Peggy never gave the slightest hint that she would be the exception to prove the rule.

She graduated from Chatham Hall, an exclusive institute at Chatham, Virginia, and entered Sullings College at Bristol. Her family wanted her to major in Art, the most genteel of all avocations for a nice little Southern girl—but Peggy spent all of the first semester majoring in "How to Leave College!"

She passed with flying colors when she didn't write home for several months, her punishment to her parents for making her so miserable and unhappy. In despair, they sent for her.

No sooner was she home again than she began to make up for her "silent" treatment by talking herself hoarse in an effort to "sell" her family on the idea of going "No'th" to study dancing at the Denishawn School. Again, in despair, they let her go.

After all, Boston was a cultural seat and dancing (asthetic dancing, of course!) was considered one of the Seven Arts. Besides, if the truth were known, their fond offspring was beginning to be an awful little pest!

Sooooooo, Peggy, "tripped the light fantastic" at Denishawn—until that fatal day when she attended a matinée, and after viewing the leading lady's performance was convinced that she couldn't possibly be *that* bad—and she might even be a whole lot better!

Which explains why the next day Denishawn was *minus* a dancer and the Copley School of the Theatre *plus* a new student.

Journeying with this group of young collegians for a summer's stock engagement at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, Peggy played important rôles in "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Constant Nymph," "Coquette," and other noteworthy productions. But despite the New England atmosphere, she still retained her Southern accent, so when she heard that Brock Pemberton was casting for the road company of "Strictly Dishonorable," in which the heroine hailed from below the Mason-Dixon line, she came to New York and applied for the part. And "on account of" she sounded like Yoakum, Mississippi, she got the job!

By a happy coincidence, her tour of the South included a one-night stand in Norfolk. Having failed to apprise her family of her "Strictly Dishonorable" venture, her return home was interpreted with only



Lovely Lil puts these miniature editions of Gary Cooper and Douglas Fairbanks through their paces in "I Am Suzanne."

one meaning—she had finally given up all this silly nonsense about a stage career. And Peggy didn't disillusion them!

It wasn't until they saw her picture grinning at them from the front page of the morning newspaper, headlining the news, LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD, that they knew the true reason for her home-coming.

"Poor darlings, I'm afraid it was quite a shock to them!" Peggy confessed with a twinkle in her eye. "But, bravely, they came to the opening night. Remember in the second act when I disrobe on the stage? I wish you could have seen Mother's horrified expression—and was Daddy's face red!"

But these blushes were anemic compared to the crimson hue that diffused their cheeks when, a few months later, they learned that Peggy had been signed for

the title rôle in a play called "A Modern Virgin." Peggy, a thousand miles away, could hear the Sullavan ancestors turning triple somersaults in their august graves!

It was as this "Modern Virgin" that Margaret Sullavan was launched on the Broadway consciousness. Every critic anointed her in superlatives. Every producer asked, "Where have you been all our lives?"

Hollywood, of course, immediately began to cast its Lorelei spell. Long-term contract. Fat salary. World adulation. But Peggy remained immune. She couldn't see herself as a screen personality. She still can't. For some inexplicable reason, she has a terrific inferiority complex about her looks that intensifies itself in a wholesale beauty mart like Hollywood.

It was this unfathomable barrier that no film producer could ever break down, until John Stahl came along with the script of "Only Yesterday."

Ever since Universal had decided to make the picture, Director Stahl had been carrying on an endless search for an actress to play the feminine lead, a rôle more dominant, more exacting than that of Irene Dunne's in "Back Street."

After testing every available leading lady in Hollywood, none of whom suited his rigid requirements, he was on the verge of giving up in despair, when he suddenly remembered an ingénue he had seen a few months before in a play called "Chrysalis." If he could only reach her now—she was the living counterpart of Mary Lane—young, aristocratic, with a fresh, unspoiled loveliness and a dramatic talent and poignant voice that could capture all the delicate beauty and richness of the rôle.

Sending a frantic S.O.S. to New York, he discovered that she could be found at the Music Box Theatre, where she was playing the rôle of Paula Jordan in "Dinner at Eight." But could she be had? That was the question of "Universal" importance!

An emissary of Stahl's was sent to visit her back-stage with the script of "Only Yesterday" under his arm—and a prayer in his heart. Peggy was still as adamant as ever on the subject of herself as a film choice. But when she read this hauntingly tragic story of "a girl who was true forever to a man who kissed and forgot," all her former prejudices were completely obliterated in her enthusiasm for the part of Mary Lane.

Thus it came about that on May sixteenth on her twenty-second birthday, Margaret Sullavan arrived at Universal City—and a new screen star was born.

From May 22nd until the end of August, Peggy stayed in Hollywood, seeing nothing of it but the road between her bungalow in the hills and the entrance gate to the Universal Studios. Stahl is a tireless worker. The opening of a door, small, quickly disposed of gesture to any other director, was given as much attention as an important scene. Three exhausting weeks were spent on one sequence that is now on the cutting-room floor!

During the entire making of the picture, Peggy didn't see a single day's rushes. With that old inferiority complex working over-time again, she was afraid that once she had seen herself on the screen, she wouldn't have the courage to go on! Even when she was told that it was on the strength of these daily rushes that she was being elevated to stardom, a rare achievement in a first picture, even then, she couldn't believe she was any good.

Without even waiting for the first preview, she hopped a plane back to New York. It was here that we met again—and a Hollywood acquaintance grew into friendship.



I was so lonely and friendless. With only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

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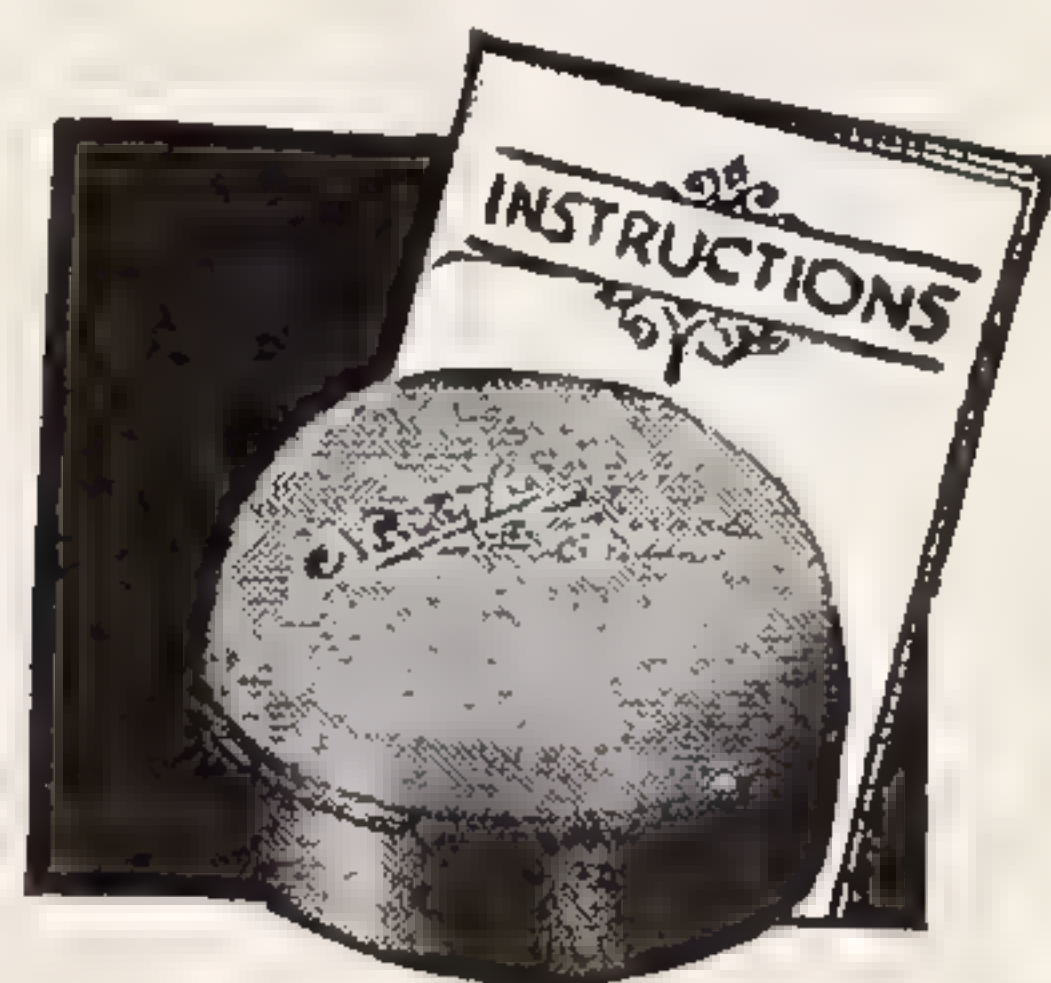
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Peggy has been accused of pulling a "Garbo" on all interviews. She has been condemned for being snooty and high-hat. Nothing could be further from the truth! Being a very direct and honest young person, she hasn't developed the art of subterfuge. She says exactly what she thinks without worrying about how it is going to look in print afterward. It is Universal who does the worrying then!

Before the release of "Only Yesterday" she would never sign her own name in an autograph book. "No one knows me yet, so how could anyone possibly want my autograph?" she would ask in amazement as she obligingly scribbled the name of "Farina" or some other "known" signature for a somewhat puzzled fan.

It was in Hollywood, too, that she used to spurn the private dining-room of the studio commissary, where all the Big Shots ate in grandiose seclusion, to eat at the counter with all the grips and electricians who adored her. If this be "snootiness," make the most of it!

Unlike a great many actresses, who begin to splurge as soon as they are "in the money," Peggy still lives in the modest, unostentatious style to which she is accustomed. No elaborate hotel suites and Beverly Hills mansions for her! In New York, she shares a small apartment with some elderly friends of the family. In Hollywood she lives alone in a small, rented bungalow. In New York, she rarely permits herself the extravagance of a taxicab but travels everywhere by street car or bus. In Hollywood, she drives a second-hand Ford.

Wise with the wisdom of youth, she knows the instability of a stage and screen career. Her name gleams high in electric news. In five years, the fuse may blow out. And Peggy believes in preparedness.

As I have already hinted more than once,

she is excessively unassuming about herself and super-critical, where her work is concerned.

Lunching with her after she had seen "Only Yesterday" for the first time, she greeted me with a face as long as Stan Laurel's.

"Well, I've seen it and my worst suspicions are confirmed. I look exactly like a Pekinese!"

"Some people like Pekinese," I kidded back.

"Yes, but not as a leading lady in a picture," she retorted. "I think I had better leave the country—there's a boat sailing for Europe and points East in three days!"

At luncheon a few days before, she had been torn between motoring through New England, taking an eight minute part, (but a swell one, mind you!), in a new play, and getting a job in a book store. So I decided to wait until our next luncheon before bidding her *bon voyage*.

In the meantime, I made her a handsome wager that when "Only Yesterday" had its world premiere at the Radio City Music Hall in Manhattan, she would be acclaimed by press and public alike. I had already caught her performance at a preview and I knew that my bet was like taking gags from Sam Goldwyn.

A few days later, when I read her notices, unanimous paeans of praise, I did the unforgivable thing. I said, "I told you so!"

Peggy paid her debt and this time over the luncheon table, I *did* say "Bon voyage!" For Universal, quick to make the most of her over-night success, was luring her back to Hollywood with another beautiful script, Hans Fallada's best-selling novel, "Little Man, What Now?" and the promise that Frank Borzage would direct it.

Fields for Fun

Continued from page 56

achieve this ambition by living at Toluca Lake, right beside the Lakeside golf course. They have to give Bill a very early studio call, or keep him after dark, to gyp him out of his daily golf.

Bill Fields is strictly a man's man. The only girl Bill falls seriously for is one Angela Moran. She is the five-year-old daughter of George Moran, the other *Black Crow* to Charlie Mack. Angela is the cutest little dame you ever laid eyes on, and does Bill go for her in a big way! Just to prove that some kids like Bill, Angela stoutly maintains that he is her husband. Dutifully, Bill has presented Angela with a real diamond and platinum wedding ring which is never off her finger. Here is one Hollywood romance that is going to last.

Perhaps one reason why Bill is not so hot as a ladies' man is due to his rough and ready boyhood. Little Willie got off to a slow start in life. He was born in Philadelphia. That is, on the outskirts in a suburb called Rising Sun. Sounds like an Indian camp! Bill and gang were Indians, at that. At the tender age of eleven, Willie had a serious tussle with his old man, and ran away from home, never to return. He didn't run far, but he sure was an independent little cuss. For several years of formative boyhood he eked out a precarious existence, living by his wits. He slept in livery stables, on wharves, and in cheap club rooms where an odd gift made him welcome. That gift was juggling!

This wild kid of eleven happened to see his first feats of juggling at a cheap burlesque show. Next day found him sitting under an apple tree, juggling apples. The lad had mastered this difficult art all by himself. I'll skip over this boyhood from eleven to eighteen. Why? Because every day of those seven years, and for many, many years afterward, Willie Fields did the same thing. He practiced juggling for hours and hours and hours. He loved it. He could juggle anything, objects that were so vastly different that they created comedy. His favorite props were, and still are, a tennis ball, a cane, and a high hat.

No one who saw W. C. Fields during his nine years of stardom on Broadway in Ziegfeld's "Follies," or in other shows and vaudeville, can ever forget his famous billiard-table act. Not only was it the most amazing and difficult feat of comedy juggling, but in that act Bill Fields elevated juggling to the heights of pantomime. Don't get the idea, those of you who never saw this artist on the stage, that he was just a juggler, to be classified with acrobatic acts. W. C. was the master comedian and actor, the droll pantomimist who staged one of the greatest one-man "dumb" shows in the world.

Though his acts were ludicrously dumb, Bill wasn't. From a runaway lad of eleven, he rose to fame all over the world. For years he was one of Broadway's favorite comics, whose salary sky-rocketed over \$5000 a week.

Today we find the estimable W. C. an established success as a Paramount comedy star. Believe it or not, a couple of years ago a comedy producer rejected Bill's offer to make a picture for nothing, just to show what he could do!

By succeeding in Hollywood he is enabled to carry out that "health, wealth, and freedom" idea. No longer must he roam the world. Not only can he play his beloved golf, but he can wear his equally beloved bedroom slippers every day in the year.

Like John Barrymore his sartorial taste startles even the natives out here at times. Bill wears bedroom slippers on all occasions. He has a nice shiny black pair for evening clothes. Not that Bill likes to doll up. Liking the open neck shirts and sweaters of the great outdoors, he hates to wear a tie. When he does he runs to stripes. Never wears a hat. Always a cap, if any.

Oh, Bill has his share of eccentricities. For example: he always combs his hair the last thing before going to bed. And if he gets up during the night he can't go back to sleep unless he combs his hair.

He is a great hand for waking up at 3 A. M. When he does, he usually eats a cold snack and imbibes a bottle of beer. Bill likes to eat, and he likes to eat roast lamb best.

He knows most of the famous eateries of the world, but his favorite haunts were Joe Leon's in New York and Henri's on Long Island. He plays no favorites in Hollywood.

Golf, of course, is Bill's favorite game, sport, and exercise. He shoots in the seventies and pals around with all the great pros. He has played with Bobby Jones. He doesn't hunt or fish, but he likes to play tennis. He boxes with a trainer every day to keep in trim.

Bill Fields has long been a great friend of Bill Hart and Bill Rogers, but that doesn't mean he can ride a horse. In fact, horses usually bite or kick him. Just a case of "If you are going to get on, I'll get off."

He's a great nature lover. Loves to motor through the countryside stopping off somewhere to picnic. Imagine that!

His favorite actor is Lionel Barrymore. But he hasn't a favorite actress—he likes them all!

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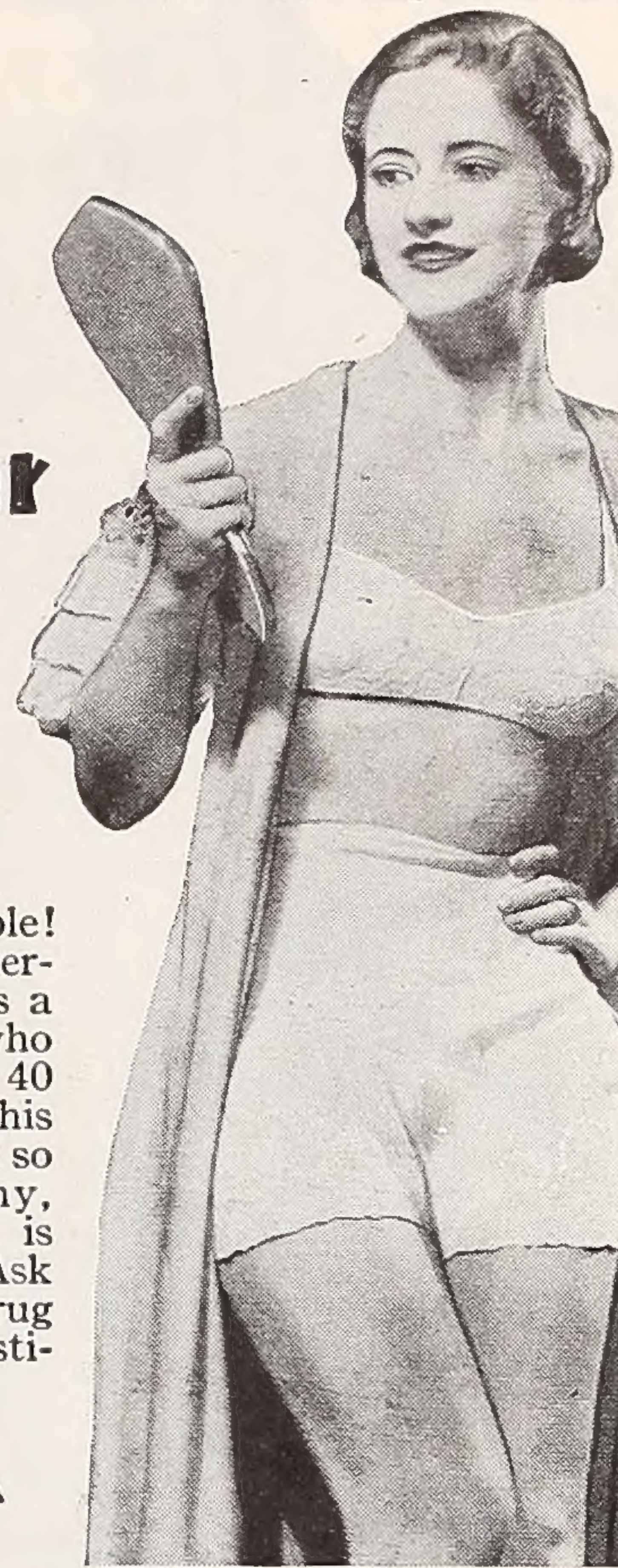
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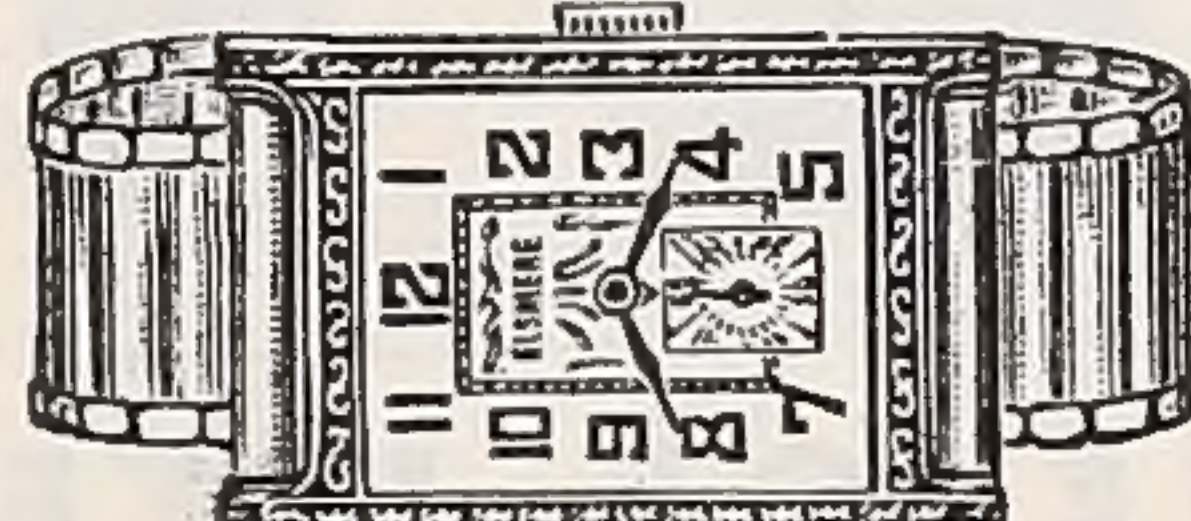
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GLORIA STUART, piquant Universal Pictures star, has a perfect figure for the season's slim-hipped silhouette, as this delightful town tailor clearly shows.



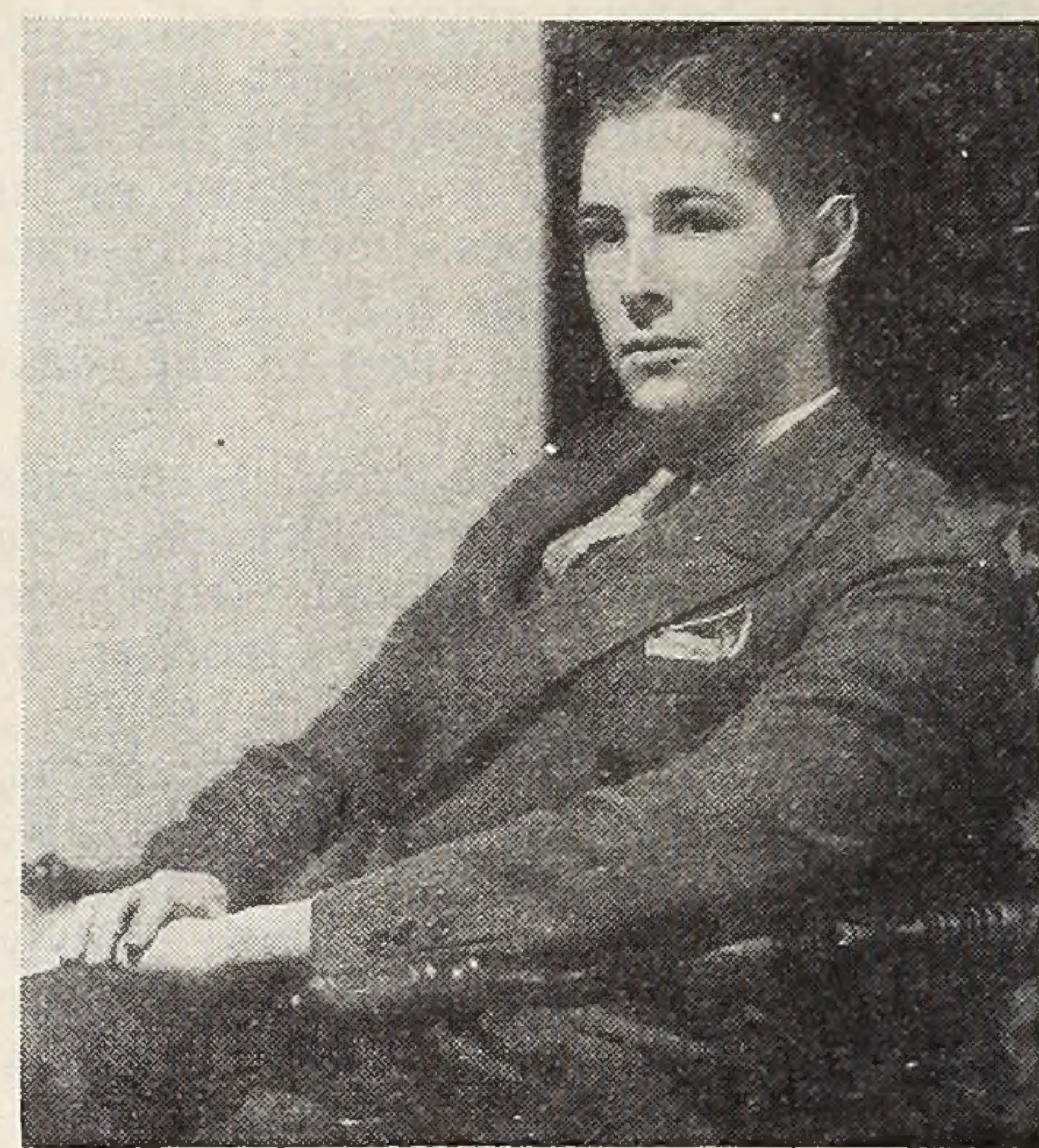
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Hail! Radio's New Home

Continued from page 65

thirty-five studios of various sizes. A special studio for children, and five special studios for auditions. Each broadcasting-room is decorated differently—all of modern design. Even in the press department the desks are of black and silver! 325 electric clocks throughout the building are synchronized so that they always show exactly the same time. And there are 250 microphone outlets in the studios.

All in all, this was Hollywood-on-the-ether month! Marie Dressler's birthday party celebration brought all the bright stars into your home. Then, of course, you listened to the grand send-off Hollywood gave to Radio City. And Rudy Vallee very kindly presented Margaret Sullavan, the newest screen sensation; Miriam



Here is Sam Taylor, popular radio announcer whose pleasant voice you hear on SCREENLAND'S Friday afternoon programs over WMCA.

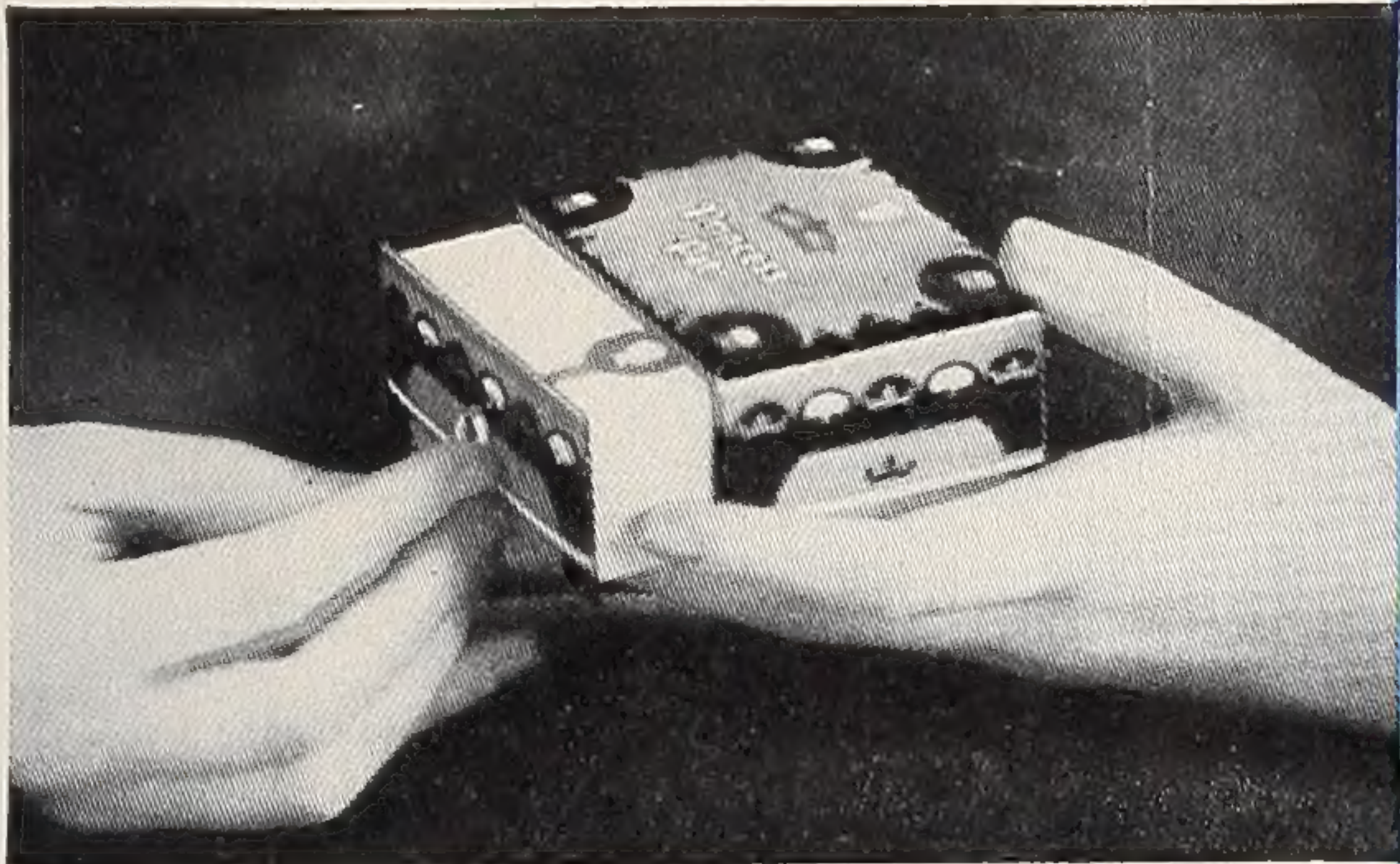
Hopkins, and Ernst Lubitsch, to us listeners. You've probably been listening to Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers every Sunday. Bing Crosby is back thrilling the tuner-inners with his grand voice. And don't forget our own Jimmy Fidler who, each week, introduces screen celebrities from Hollywood.

I sat in on John Florence Sullivan's first broadcast from the new studios. (Yes, folksies, here I am back at Radio City again!) What, you don't know Mr. Sullivan! All right, I'll break down and tell you who he is. Hey, come out from under that moniker, Fred Allen! There!

The swanky studio didn't effect Allen's droll comedy, he was just as funny as ever in this elegant setting. You know, of course, that Fred writes his own material. And you may also know that Portland ("I'll Intimate!") Hoffa is his wife. They've been married for six years. Allen started his career as a juggler. He had a vaudeville act and toured the country for years. His next step from there was the Broadway stage. He was starred with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb in "Little Show," and followed that with "Three's a Crowd." But now Radio has his undivided attention. He puts in an appearance at the studio every day, trying out bits of his funny business.

He puts on a good show from the beginning to his unique wind-up: "This is Fred Allen saying Good, spelled G-o-o-d, Night, spelled N-i-g-h-t!" Even Mack Sennett thought this a wow—he was a guest, too, the night I was there. And Sennett knows his comedy!

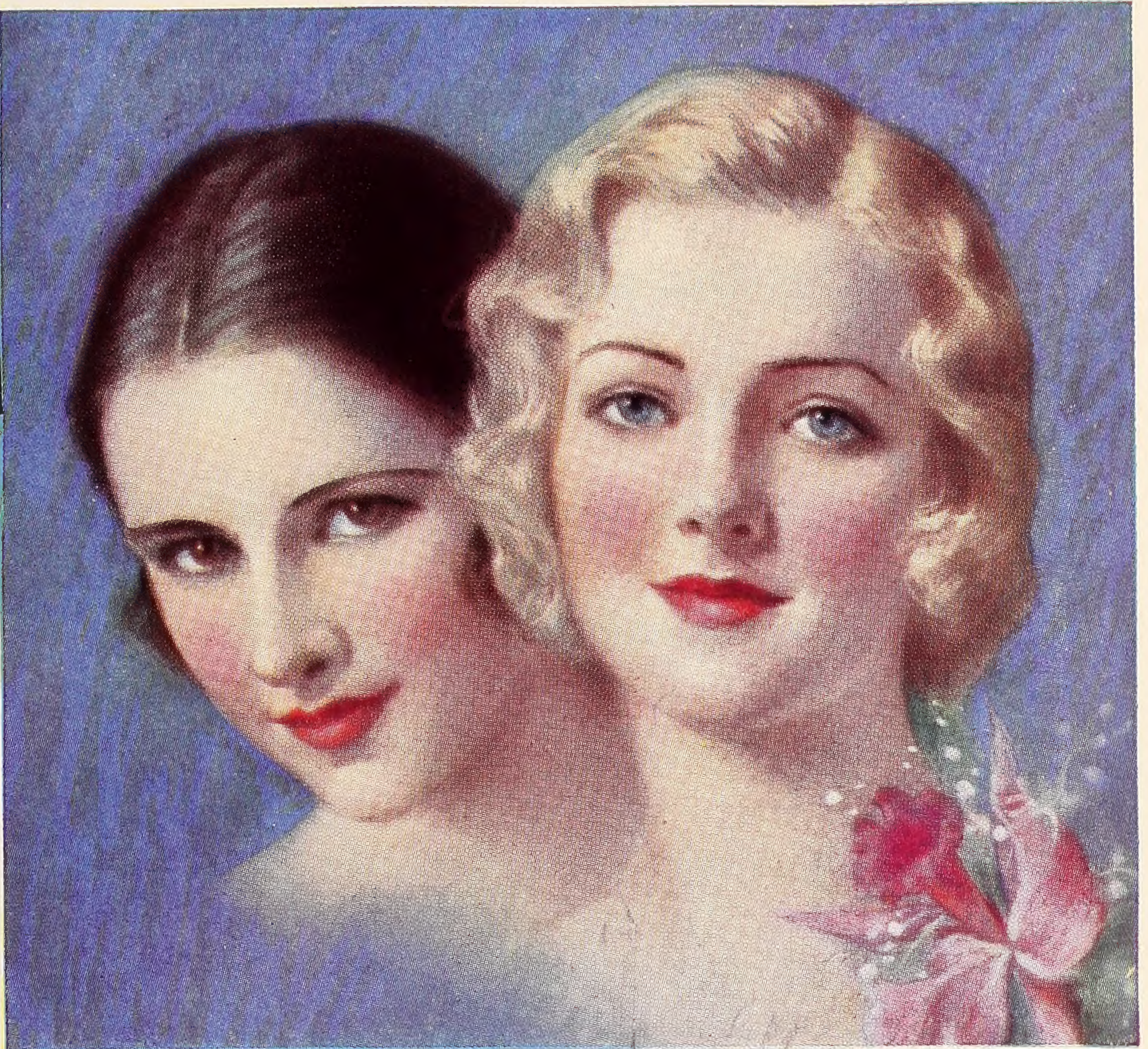
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• here we shall try to give the facts - - read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

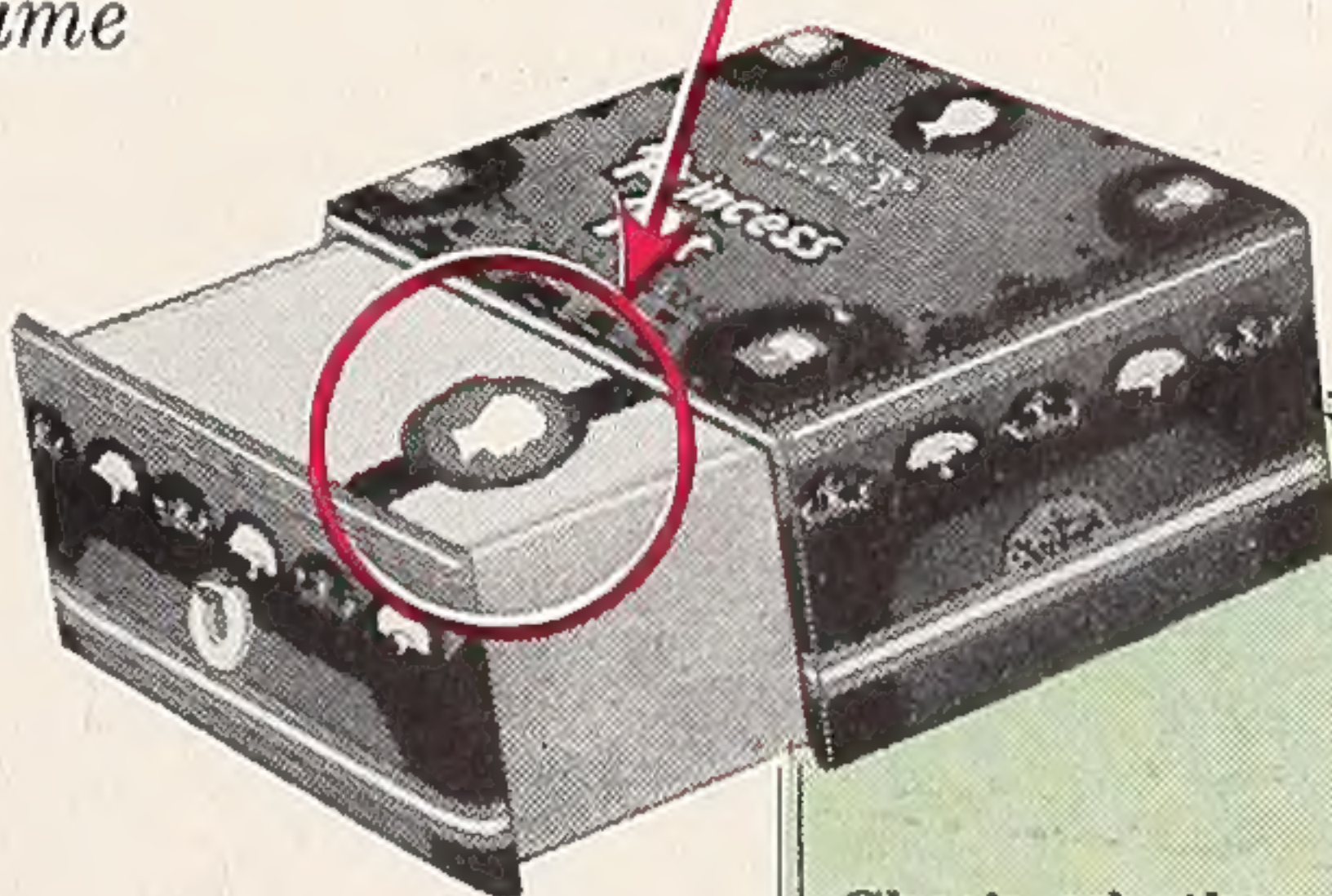


Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. *So point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is fragrance. Will you like Princess Pat? Yes. For its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of romantic things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume. *So point three* in favor of Princess Pat powder is a fragrance of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder. For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in *no other face powder*. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

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What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent *entirely free*, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago. Dept. A-3042. I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. ENTIRELY FREE, postage prepaid, send me the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled, with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold _____ or Silver _____ finish is desired.

Name

Street

City and State

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON

CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

It takes Healthy Nerves



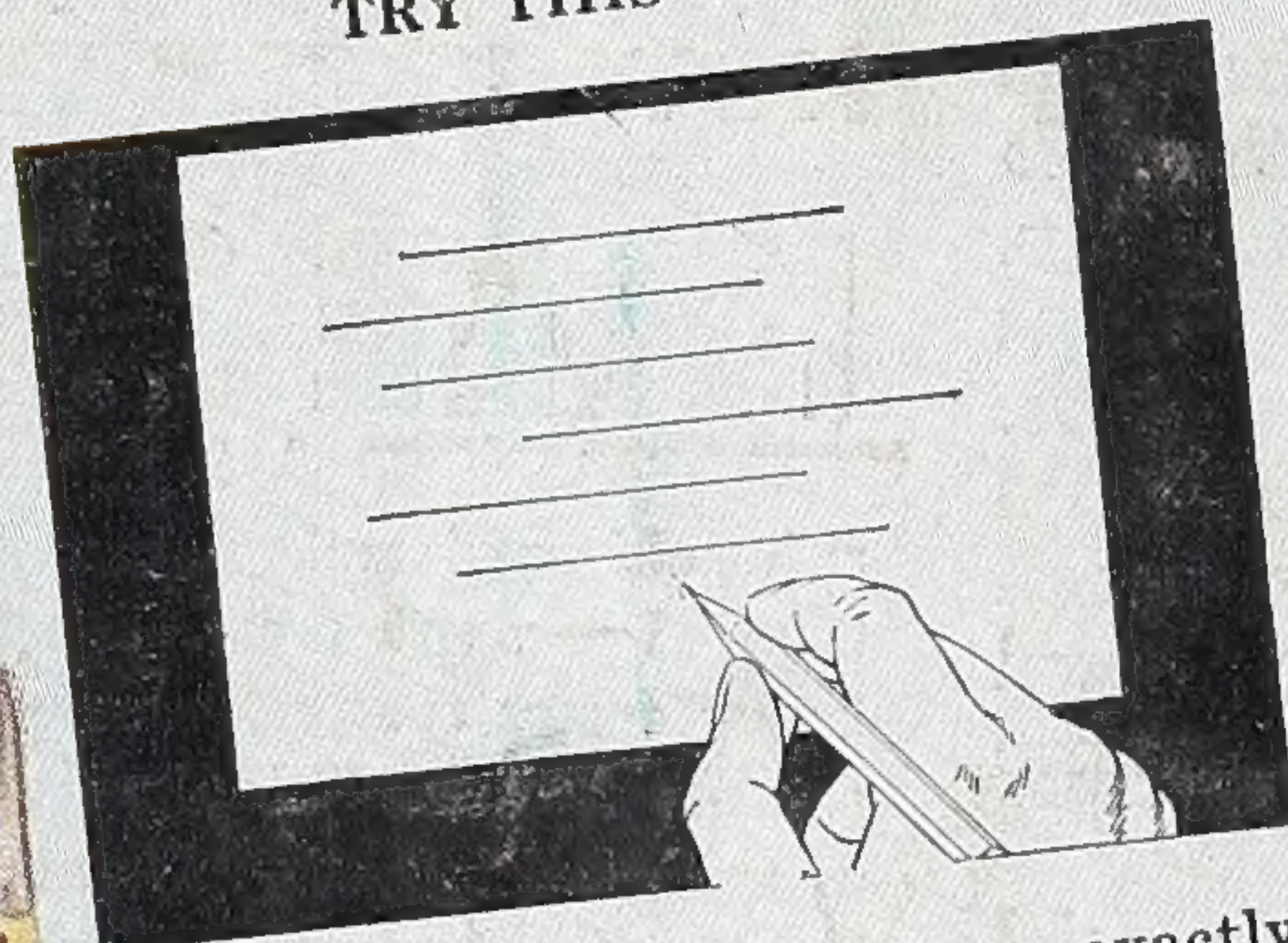
TO BE A
CHAMPION
SKI JUMPER



ANTON LEKANG—National Ski Jump Champion of the United States, 1932. With over forty titles and trophies behind him, Anton Lekang, a Camel smoker for many years, says: "A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. They never interfere with healthy nerves."

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HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?
TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of six lines, exactly the same length. Have someone count quickly, one, two, three, four, five, six, while you divide each line exactly in half. Now measure each line with a ruler. What's your score? The average person divides the lines within one-eighth of an inch.

Florence Burnham (Camel smoker), famous woman motorboat racer, divides them within one-sixteenth of an inch.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

It is a fact that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

A MATCHLESS BLEND



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

ANTON LEKANG, winner of over 40 titles and trophies, smokes Camels steadily—without a sign of jangled nerves. He says:

"The most important elements in ski jumping are correct timing and healthy nerves. In fact, they add up to the same thing because you cannot have correct timing *without* healthy nerves. I have been jumping at championship ski-runs for years.

And I have smoked Camels steadily for even longer. They are the only cigarette that I don't get tired of. A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. And Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

Countless thousands are changing to Camels. And they are urging others to join them! Camels are milder. They have a rich, satisfying flavor. And they leave your nerves smooth and unruffled.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE